THIS BOOK BELONGS TO
NAME Dorothy Oates
Honor
Bravery
Fidelity
Truth

MY BOOK
One of my best and staunchest friends
Whose faith and comfort never ends
Humor
Wisdom
Peace
Romance
Henry Pitz

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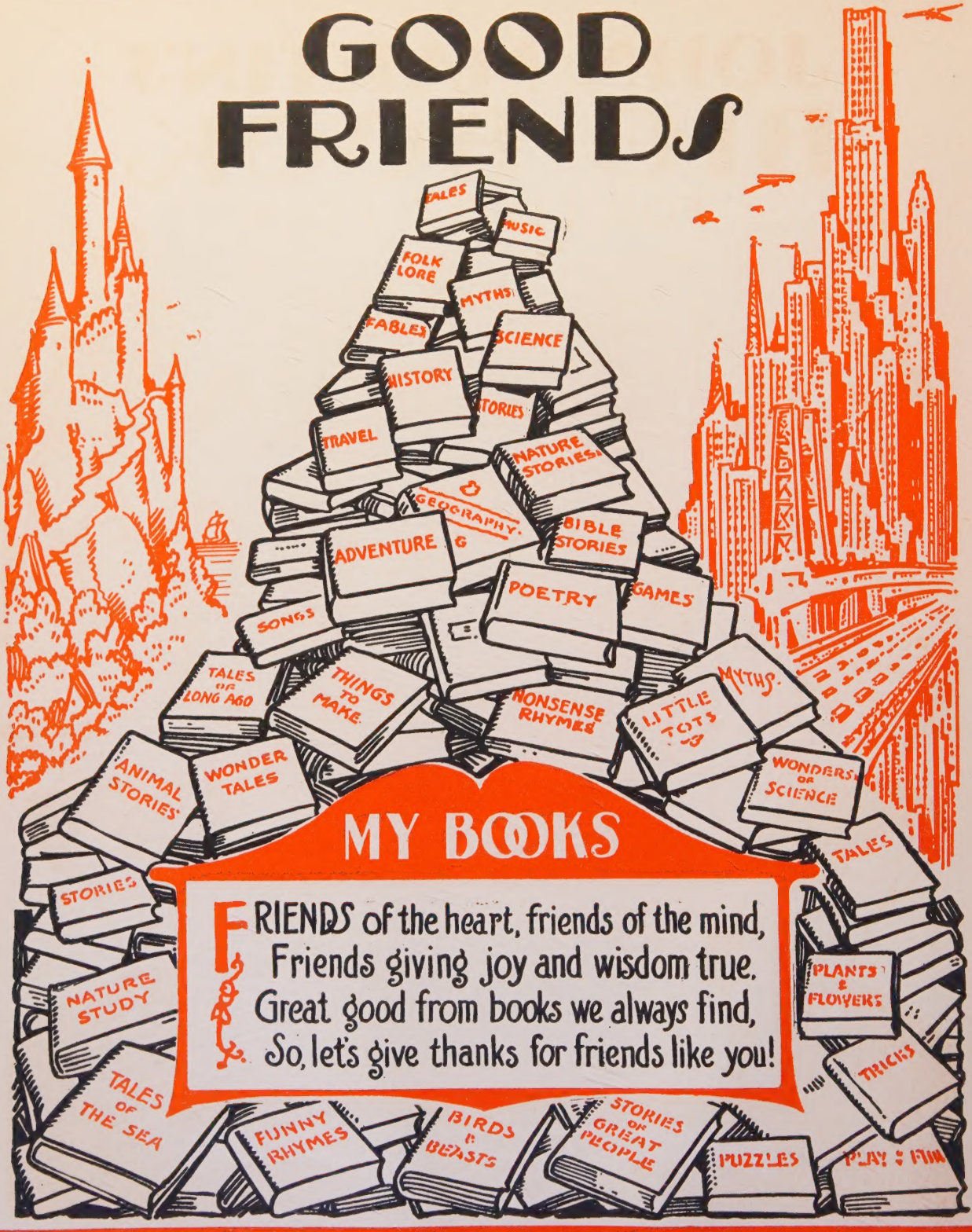
GOOD FRIENDS



MY BOOKS

FRIENDS of the heart, friends of the mind,
Friends giving joy and wisdom true.
Great good from books we always find,
So, let's give thanks for friends like you!

JOHN MARTIN'S BIG BOOK

FOR LITTLE FOLK

THIS BOOK

MY Big Book is another Friend
To bless my spirit, mind, and heart;
Upon its friendship I depend
To take its ever-loyal part.

JOHN MARTIN'S BOOK HOUSE
Publishers
NEW YORK

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UNCLE SAM'S BIRTHDAY

IT was Uncle Sam's birthday, the Fourth of July,
And the States of the Union had brought a supply
Of the wealth with which Nature had each of them blessed,
As a gift to their uncle from east and from west.

Illinois, and Missouri, and Kansas, gave meat,
Minnesota, Wisconsin, and Michigan, wheat;
Rhode Island brought jewelry, also some screws,
And Connecticut, good ammunition to use.

Alabama gave steel and New Mexico, wool;
New York had a bag that was brimming so full
Of petroleum, wheat, dairy products, and books
That she hardly could bring it, to judge from her looks

The Virginias offered coal, iron, and oil;
And from Washington waters and Oregon soil
Came salmon, and wheat, and the tallest of pines,
In addition to iron and gold from their mines.

Massachusetts presented a case of new shoes.
Pennsylvania seemed quite unable to choose;
For of coal and of oil she had more than the rest,
And her iron would certainly rank with the best.

Indiana brought cattle and Texas brought sheep,
Ohio brought oats in a sack wide and deep.
Colorado gave silver, Nevada gave gold,
Montana brought silver too heavy to hold.

There were added, by Maryland, oysters to eat,
And by sunshiny Florida, oranges sweet;
New Jersey gave peaches so luscious and round
That their equal in flavor could nowhere be found.

From Delaware's wonderful storehouse of fruit
There were grapes so delicious a monarch they'd suit.
There was corn from Nebraska, and granite from Maine.
Louisiana gave rice, the Dakotas brought grain.

Tennessee offered marble, her joy and her pride,
And Kentucky, the finest of horses to ride.
There was silver from Utah, from Idaho, lead;
There were apples from Arkansas, juicy and red.

Arizona contributed good copper ore;
California added some gold from her store;
And the present from Wyoming caused much remark,
A souvenir-geyser from Yellowstone Park.

Mississippi brought sugar-cane, Georgia, a gift
Of cotton and peanuts she scarcely could lift.
From the twin Carolinas came rosin and pitch.
Corn and grain came from Iowa's prairie-land rich.

Old Vermont and New Hampshire gave granite and slate,
But, from loit'ring to eat maple sugar, came late.
Oklahoma, the youngest of all, sent regrets
And enclosed corn and cotton to help pay the debts.

M. B. Willis.

Sonny Boy and the Yesterdays

IT was a very queer dream that woke Sonny Boy. It looked like a policeman with wings, and a wreath of pink roses around his neck. Maybe you have seen dreams like that. But Sonny Boy never had.

"Come along with me," said Policeman Dream, growling and taking Sonny Boy by one blue and white checked pajama arm. "Come along with me."

Sonny Boy sat up in bed, and tried to shake his head. He remembered that there were exactly seven thousand, seven hundred and seven reasons why he did not want to go, but he couldn't think of the first one. And, of course, you can't say the second thing until you have said the first. So Sonny Boy got out of bed, put on his slippers, and got a clean handkerchief, then he took the Policeman Dream's hand. They went sailing out of the window, over the tops of the apple-trees, and the maple-sugar trees, and the willow whistle trees, until they came to the end of the world. And there was the sun with a face just like a clock, and a lot of little men turning a key in its back.

"They are winding up to-morrow," said Policeman Dream. He pulled Sonny Boy up some steps, and knocked crossly at the door at the top.

"If you please, sir," said Sonny Boy, "where are we going?"

"This is where we store all the old, worn-out yesterdays," said Policeman Dream. "Yours are in here, and your father's, and the President of the United States's. Come in."

Sonny Boy remembered that there were six thousand, six hundred and six reasons why he did not want to go in, but he had forgotten all but one of them. The one he remembered made his ears feel red and uncomfortable. And this was the reason Sonny Boy remembered. He had been a naughty boy all yesterday. He did not like to tell Policeman Dream this reason, so, when the door opened, in he went.

What I'm telling you is as real as the Man in the Moon. As soon as Sonny Boy stepped inside that door, fourteen hundred and forty little creatures came running and flying to meet him. They each had a black, black face, and green, green eyes, and a turned down nose, and turn-in toes, and they stood in a long row, and pointed their fingers.

"Why have they such dirty faces?" asked Sonny Boy, scornfully.

"Because they belong in Yesterday," answered Policeman Dream, "*You* can't wash *your* face yesterday, can you?"

"Who are they?" asked Sonny Boy, hastily. He did not want to be reminded of yesterday.

"They are the minutes of *your day*," said Policeman Dream. "Don't you know them?"

An ugly little creature with a long tail flew out of the line.

"I'm the minute when you pulled the pussy's tail," he said, sneeringly. "I'm sure you remember *me*, Sonny Boy. Poor pussy yowled nicely, didn't she? It was great fun, wasn't it? We like to pull pussy's tail, don't we?"

"And I'm the minute when you pinched Sister," cried another. He had a red thumb and a red forefinger. Sonny Boy thought he had never seen such an ugly creature. "Didn't she squeal, though!"

At this, all the little, black minutes joined hands and tails, and went buzzing and dancing around Sonny Boy.

"I'm a frown, I'm a scowl,
I'm a kick, I'm a howl!"

they sang. Their voices sounded like needles, and vinegar, and bumble bees.

"I'm a pout, I'm a bear,
I'm a sulk, I don't care!"

"Stop! stop!" begged Sonny Boy, putting his hands over his ears. "I'll be good, I *will* be good," he cried.

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the little black minutes scornfully. "You can't be good yesterday, can you?"

"No, but he can to-day!" said a pleasant voice, like molasses candies, and mother's kisses, and ice-cream sodas! "Go away, unkind little black imps, for it is almost cockcrow, and you can't come into to-day, you know."

A lovely Lady Dream, with hair the color of sunrise, stood beside Sonny Boy. Behind her were fourteen hundred and forty pretty little white creatures, with clean, clean faces, and bright, bright eyes, and smoothly brushed hair. The Lady Dream pointed to them.

"These are the minutes you are going to live to-day," she said to Sonny Boy. "Don't you want to keep them as nice and clean as they are now?"

Sonny Boy remembered five thousand, five hundred and five things he wanted to say. But he only snuggled up to the lovely Dream Lady, and whispered one of them very low, so that only she, and maybe his mother in her sleep, could hear what he said.

"I'm going to be good every minute to-day!" promised Sonny Boy.

DOROTHY D. CALHOUN.

Why Little SKY-RACK has no Tail

A Strange Story by a little girl 12 years old. Her name is Maurine Willows.

Perhaps YOU *know how a Sky-rack looks. Perhaps* YOU *can draw his picture. So we have left a blank space for you, all framed in stars, to put his picture in. Don't copy* JOHN MARTIN'S *Sky-rack; draw your own.* J. M.

MANY, many years ago the animals didn't have *tails* as they have these days. But there was a day set apart for all the animals to go to a town near by and get them each a tail.

On this day all the animals but little *Sky-rack* got up very, very early in the morning and started off fresh and happy for their tails. When little *Sky-rack* awoke, the sun was shining and it was very warm; so little *Sky-rack* decided not to go out, but to stay in the cool shade of a tree and ask some of the other animals to get his tail for him.

Very soon Mr. Horse came along on his way to get his tail and little *Sky-rack* said: "Mr. Horse, won't you please get my tail for me? The sun is so very warm, I don't want to go out in it."

"Yes, I will get it for you," said Mr. Horse.

Little *Sky-rack* was very much pleased and lay down to take a nap.

After a while he woke up and wondered if Mr. Horse would forget his tail. Fearing that he might forget it, he called Mr. Fox who was on his way to get *his* tail, and said: "Mr. Fox, will you please get my tail for me?"

Mr. Fox said: "Yes, I will get your tail for you."

The little *Sky-rack* thanked him and lay down again for another nap.

On waking again he saw Miss Pussy Cat passing by, so he called to her: "Miss Pussy Cat, will you please get my tail for me?"

Miss Pussy Cat said: "Yes, I will get your tail for you."

Little *Sky-rack* lay down again, feeling sure he would get a tail.

About noon all the animals came prancing by with their new tails. Oh, how happy they were. When Mr. Horse passed, little *Sky-rack* said: "Mr. Horse, did you get my tail for me?"

"No," said Mr. Horse, "I didn't get your tail for you."

Little *Sky-rack* felt sure then that Mr. Fox would bring his tail to him. After a while Mr. Fox came along and little *Sky-rack* called out: "Mr. Fox, did you get my tail for me?"

"No," said Mr. Fox, "I only got my own tail."

Little *Sky-rack* still hoped that he would get his tail; surely Miss Pussy Cat would bring it. In a very few minutes little *Sky-rack* saw Miss Pussy Cat coming, and he ran to meet her and said: "Miss Pussy Cat, did you get my tail for me?"

Miss Pussy Cat scratched at him and said: "Mew! mew! No, I didn't get your tail for you."

The little *Sky-rack* felt very badly about it and wished so much he hadn't been so lazy and had gone after his tail instead of depending on some one else for it.

Poor little Sky-rack! To this day he hasn't ANY tail. To tell you the truth he never WILL have a tail. Most animals are so proud of their own ONLY tails that they are apt to forget about the tails of OTHER animals which would not be at all useful to them.

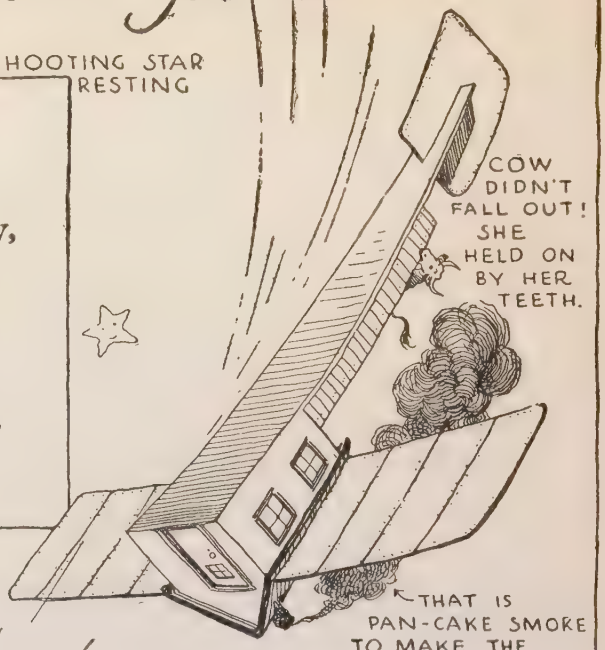
John Martin's idea of a Sky-Rack.

MOTHER GOOSE UP TO NOW

by Julia Lestarjette Glover

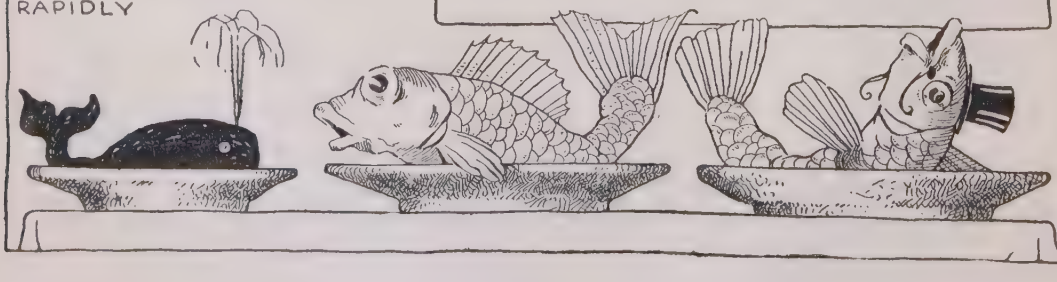
MOTHER GOOSE

Old Mother Goose,
When she wanted to fly,
Sailed in an airship
Straight up to the sky;
The airship tipped over
One fine windy day,
But she spread her umbrella
And floated away.



JACK AND JILL

Jack and Jill
Went down the hill
To catch a string of fishes;
They cast the bait,
The fishes ate,
And here they are in dishes.

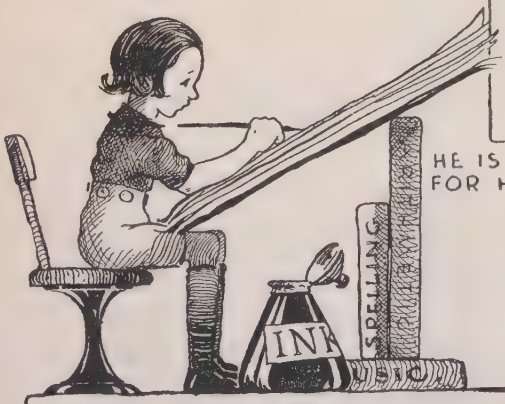


MY WHITE HEN

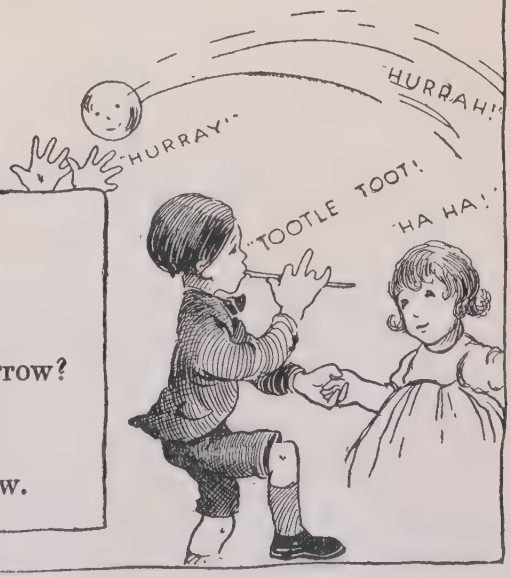
Hickety, pickety, my white hen
Lays good eggs for little men;
Boys and girls come every day
To see what my white hen doth lay.

A NEW SCHOLAR

A diller, a dollar,
A good little scholar
Is always prompt at school.
With book and slate,
He never is late,
And always keeps the rule.



HE IS WRITING POETRY FOR HIS TEACHER.



MARY

Mary, Mary,
Not contrary,
How does your schoolroom grow?
With girls and boys,
And fun and noise,
When recess comes, you know.

Jo McMahon

CAEDMON *and the* FIRST ENGLISH HYMN

MORE than a thousand years ago, long before the oldest oak tree you ever saw was even the tiniest acorn, there lived, near the great Monastery of St. Hilda, at Whitby, a plowman named Cædmon. Now Cædmon did his work faithfully every day and would have been happy enough but for one thing—he had never learned to sing. Especially at times of merrymaking was he saddened because, when the others sang, he could not join with them.

It so happened that one night a great feast was held, to which Cædmon was invited. The sort of feast enjoyed by Englishmen in those days would seem very strange to us now. The great hall was lighted partly by flaring, smoky torches and partly by a pile of blazing logs in the huge fireplace at one end. The room was dim with smoke and noisy with the shouts and laughter of men, who sat at the long table, eating roasted meat and drinking ale from the horns of oxen. A harp was passed among the guests, and each, as he took it, struck music from its strings and sang some song of bold deeds and battles.

Amid all this noisy merriment, Cædmon sat silent and abashed, for he did not love to boast of his own strength. When the harp was passed to him, and all waited to hear what Cædmon would sing, he knew no song to give them and could only hang his head while the others laughed at him.

When he could bear their taunts no longer, he left the table and fled away to the cattle-shed to hide his shame among the gentle oxen. Cædmon loved the oxen. He it was who fed and cared for them each day; and it seemed to him that their great, soft eyes looked at him lovingly, as if they understood his sorrow.

At last, when his work was done, he threw himself upon a heap of straw and soon fell asleep. Then there came a wonderful dream to Cædmon. He dreamed that a bright-faced stranger stood before him and called him by his name.

"Cædmon," said the stranger, "sing to me."

"Alas," Cædmon answered sadly, "I cannot sing at all."

"Nevertheless," gently replied the stranger, "you *can* sing—**for me.**"

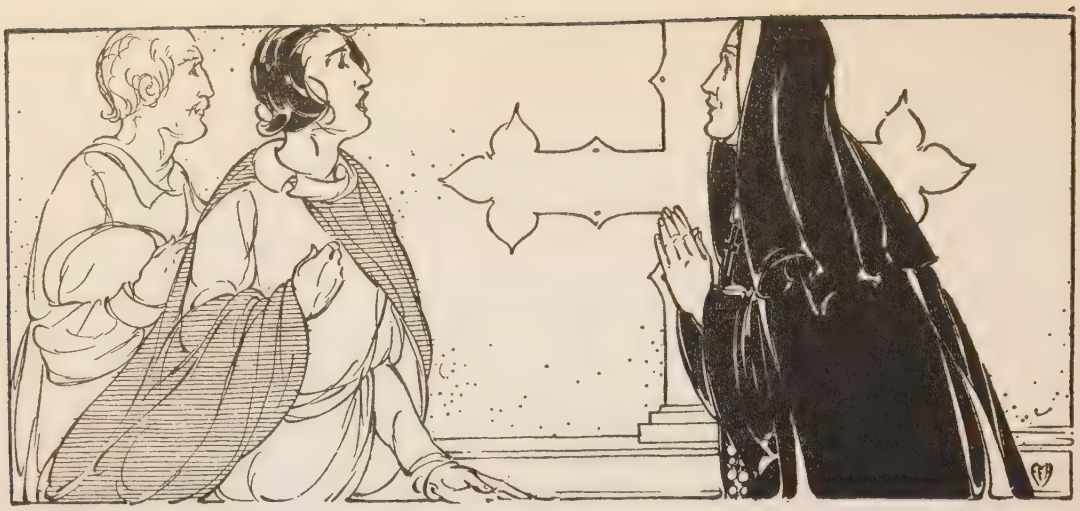
Then a sudden joy flooded Cædmon's being and he lifted his face and asked, "What shall I sing?"

Clear and ringing came the answer: "Sing me 'CREATION.'"

Then Cædmon sang, not a song of boasting, nor of battle, but a new song that no man had ever before heard. It welled up in Cædmon's thankful heart, and overflowed in the music of his voice. It was a hymn of gratitude to God, the gracious Father, Almighty Creator of all things good.

It was a glorious song that Cædmon sang in his dream. When he awoke he longed to tell of the wonderful thing that had happened to him. He went to the Town Reeve and told him of the great song gift that had come to him while he slept. The Reeve, when he heard the story, marveled greatly.

"Cædmon," he cried, "a miracle has been wrought for you. Come, let us tell the Abbess, for she must know of this wonder which has come

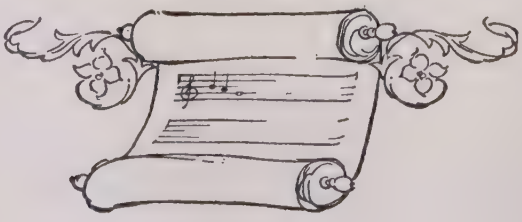


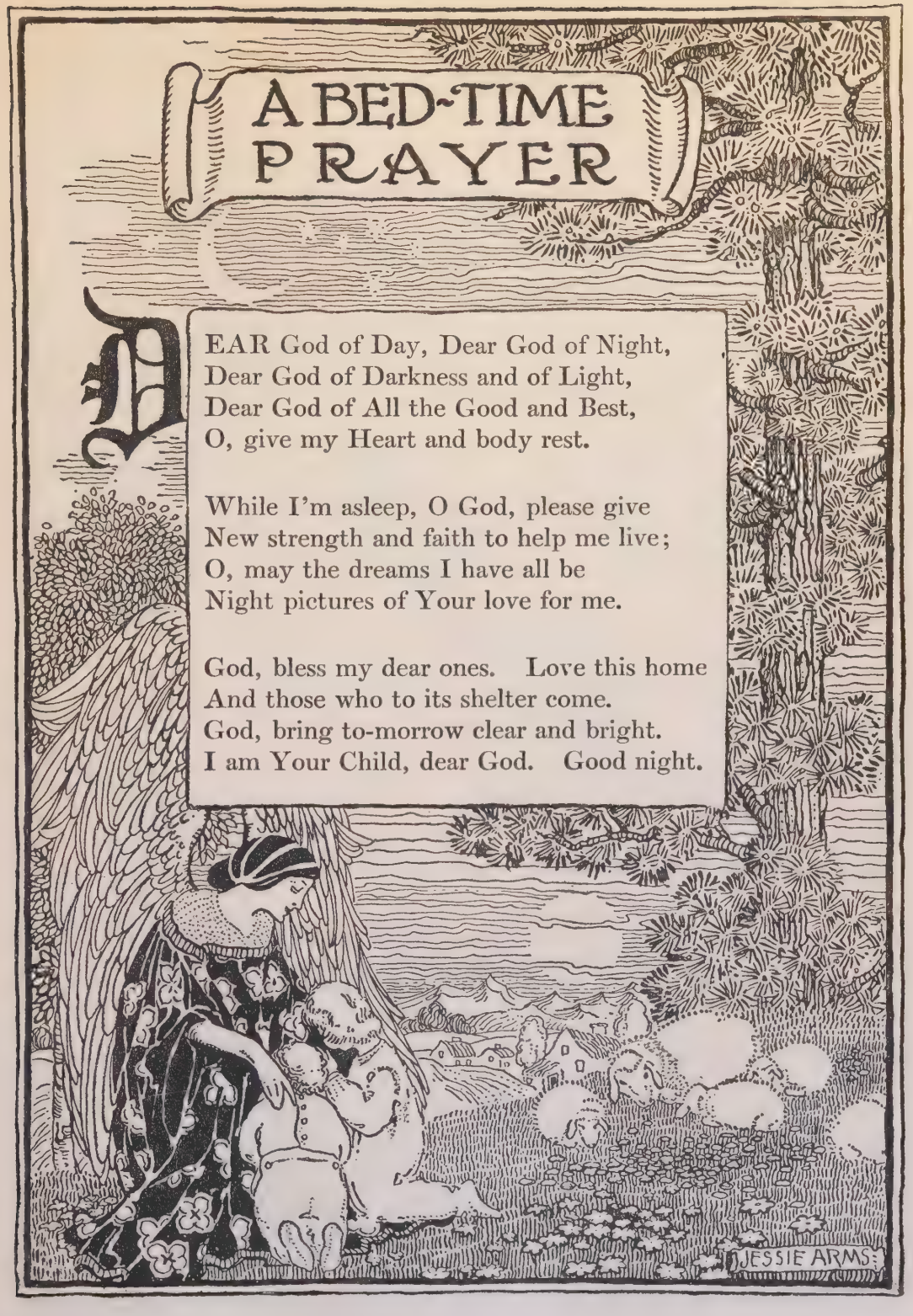
to pass." Then he led Cædmon to the Abbess of St. Hilda, and she called together all of her most learned men to hear Cædmon sing and to judge whether or not it was, indeed, a miracle, as the Reeve had said. The Abbess and the learned men listened in silence while Cædmon sang; and as they listened, they were filled with awe.

"Surely," they said when he had finished, "it is God, himself, who has taught this man to sing."

Cædmon stayed at the Monastery after that and heard many stories from the learned men there about the lives of saints and prophets. As he cared for his oxen, he would think upon these stories and make them into songs. Many other men, following Cædmon's example, soon began to make songs, too; but, because Cædmon's singing was a gift of God, none of the other songs were so beautiful as his. So sweet and inspiring were they, in fact, that men, when they heard Cædmon sing, forgot their love of unworthy things and were straightway filled with love for the good, the beautiful and the true. Thus was the English race made better because of Cædmon's divine gift of song.

RUTH DONALDSON




A BED-TIME PRAYER
DEAR God of Day, Dear God of Night,
Dear God of Darkness and of Light,
Dear God of All the Good and Best,
O, give my Heart and body rest.
While I'm asleep, O God, please give
New strength and faith to help me live;
O, may the dreams I have all be
Night pictures of Your love for me.
God, bless my dear ones. Love this home
And those who to its shelter come.
God, bring to-morrow clear and bright.
I am Your Child, dear God. Good night.
JESSIE ARMS

Odd Sights through a hole in the Fly-away Rug

Originated and drawn by W. S. Bronson

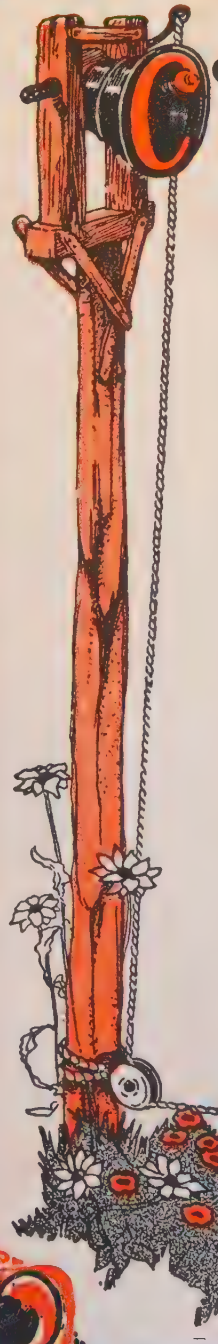
I'M looking down upon the world right through a ragged place
That's in the rug on which I sit and spin through airy space.
Strange sights I see below me there. I wonder where I am!
It must be some strange foreign place like Java or Siam.
A heathen idol on the left appears to grin at me,
Perhaps I seem as strange to him as he appears to be.
Then there's a queer gigantic face, a bald spot, ear, and eye,
I'm glad we don't meet face to face such creatures in the sky.
Now comes the sunlight through a cloud and casts a shadow blue,
The objects which appeared so odd are now revealed to view.
The bulbous nose of old Chee Foo is but a milkmaid's bonnet,
And now I see she bears a yoke with two pails hung upon it.
The face is but her bossy cow that's tethered in the meadow,
If you would see them plainly, too, just pencil in the shadow.

H. W.

A FAIRY'S SONG
(To the tune of a Little Breeze)
THE wind in the willows,
The wind in the grass,
The sun in the clover
As Fairy Folk pass.
And it's flying,
And spying,
And dancing around,
First up in the tree-tops,
Then down on the ground.
So, come to us, Children,
O, come while you may,
For fairies are always
Just ready to play.
Avery

DING DONG BELL
ALL IS WELL

DING DONG BELL
ALL IS WELL



COME little Birdies, Squirrels, too;
I will not eat nor frighten you.
No longer will I lie in wait
And *pounce* at you around the gate.
I will not gaze at you at all
When seated on the garden wall.
Your little babies need not be
The least afraid of pleasant me!
And Mousey *Dear,* come out and play,
For it's a very lovely day.
I'll feed you all on crumbs and cheese,
And you may feel at perfect ease.
With friendly feelings, we will sup.
I'd sooner *die* than eat you up!
I pray you *all* be certain that
I am a pleasant Pussy-cat.
Come one and all, *ding, dong, ding, bell!*
Come play with me, for all is well.

CHORUS BY ALL

We *thank* you, sir, but we must say
We'd rather keep quite well away.
We know that Pussy's coat is warm,
And you'd *try* not to do us harm.
But, maybe, it is just as well
To keep our distance, *ding, dong, bell.*

JOHN MARTIN.

Thus Sayeth the Sage

A Story of the East

IN the long ago it so happened that a boy of twelve was ruler of a tiny country huddled together with many other kingdoms, between the desert and the mountains. One day he sat in the high chair at the end of the council chamber with his councilors, ranged on either side, reaching back to the door. On a priceless rug before him, his Minister bowed low.

"Your Majesty, we have spoken. We await your decision."

The boy ruler remained silent. He had heard but he knew not what decision to make. The bright sun, shining through the beautifully colored windows of the council chamber, reminded him of his father's face as he had last seen it—his father who had lived out his span of years while still a young man.

"My son," his father had said, "I go in peace knowing you will make a just king. Your youth is in your favor; it will make you cautious. What you lack in experience and wisdom you have at hand in the sage, Hahmur. Through study and travel he has acquired the wisdom of the East, the West, the North, and the South. Fail not to make use of his wisdom."

The boy turned now to the Minister.

"Summon the sage, Hahmur, to my presence," he commanded.

The door opened and closed noiselessly, opened again and the sage was on his knees before the throne chair, touching his head again and again to the rug.

"Arise, Hahmur, we have need of your wisdom. You know of the outlaw bands that lurk in the Garenab forests and feed on the fat of our lands. They plunder our villages and carry off our stock. For this reason I would send our army against them, but some here think they should be let alone as they do much greater damage to the fields and villages of our neighbor, King Sparmack. They say this king, who is now friendly, may become dangerous if the outlaws no longer bother him. What think you we should do?"

The aged sage was silent. Then he lifted his voice and said, "Oh, Beloved Ruler, am I permitted to ask a question of Ashmed, the victorious leader of our armies?"

"Speak."

"Then, O great Ashmed, you think our army could wipe out these troublesome bands?"

"Easily."

"And King Sparmack, is he strong enough to go against the bands if he so desired?"

"No, his small army would have no chance against them in the forests."

The sage stood a moment stroking his long white beard and then turned to the young king.

"O Beloved King, hear this tale from the North:

"Once a little ant was far from her home when night fell. She must needs make her way the best she could through the great darkness. But it happened that a glowworm was crawling along the ground, going in the same direction.

" 'How very fortunate I am,' thought the ant, 'the light of the glowworm will show me the rough places.' And, though the glowworm did not know it, she followed along behind. When she reached home she wished to thank the glowworm, for she felt very grateful for the aid of the light.

" 'Kind Glowworm,' she called, 'I thank you for the light.'

"The glowworm turned about angrily.

" 'How dare you use my light. I would rather do without it myself than have such as you use it.'

"And it straightway withdrew its light. A traveler, hurrying along in the darkness, failed to see the glowworm and crushed it beneath his foot."

The sage bowed low, and the boy king stood up, no longer doubtful or uncertain.

"Thank you, O Learned Sage."

Then, turning to the councilors, he said, "We, who are strong enough to destroy the outlaw bands, should not hesitate to do so merely because our act will aid a neighbor. The glowworm should have been glad to share his light. We will be glad to share our strength, and will keep our neighbor friendly by helping him while we help ourselves.

"You have the answer. Go, and may you return victorious."

MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

ONCE upon a time, years and years ago, there weren't any apples in the whole wide world. Not one round, red apple. Not a big, fat, yellow apple. Not even a little brown, mottled apple! No apples at all!

There were plenty of apple-trees—yes. They grew in gardens, yards, and parks, and were very lovely trees. During the springtime they were covered with the most beautiful pink and white blossoms. But they grew no apples.

One big apple-tree stood in front of a little white house. When it was in full bloom, it made such a lovely picture that all who passed by liked to look at is. A dear little boy and girl lived in the little white house. The apple-tree made them feel very happy. They played around it all day long, without ever quarreling. Above them, the Mother Tree swayed gently, singing soft lullabies to her blossom babies.

Then, one day a bee came to get honey from the blossoms. She told the tree she was going to store the honey in cells, so that children could eat it and enjoy it. A little later, the wheat stalks in the field sang about the flour that was going to be made from their grains. Every little breeze brought news of the peas and the beans, the grapes and the berries, all of which were growing something good for children to eat.

"Everything else is making good food," thought the tree. "We apple-trees must lead the laziest lives in the world."

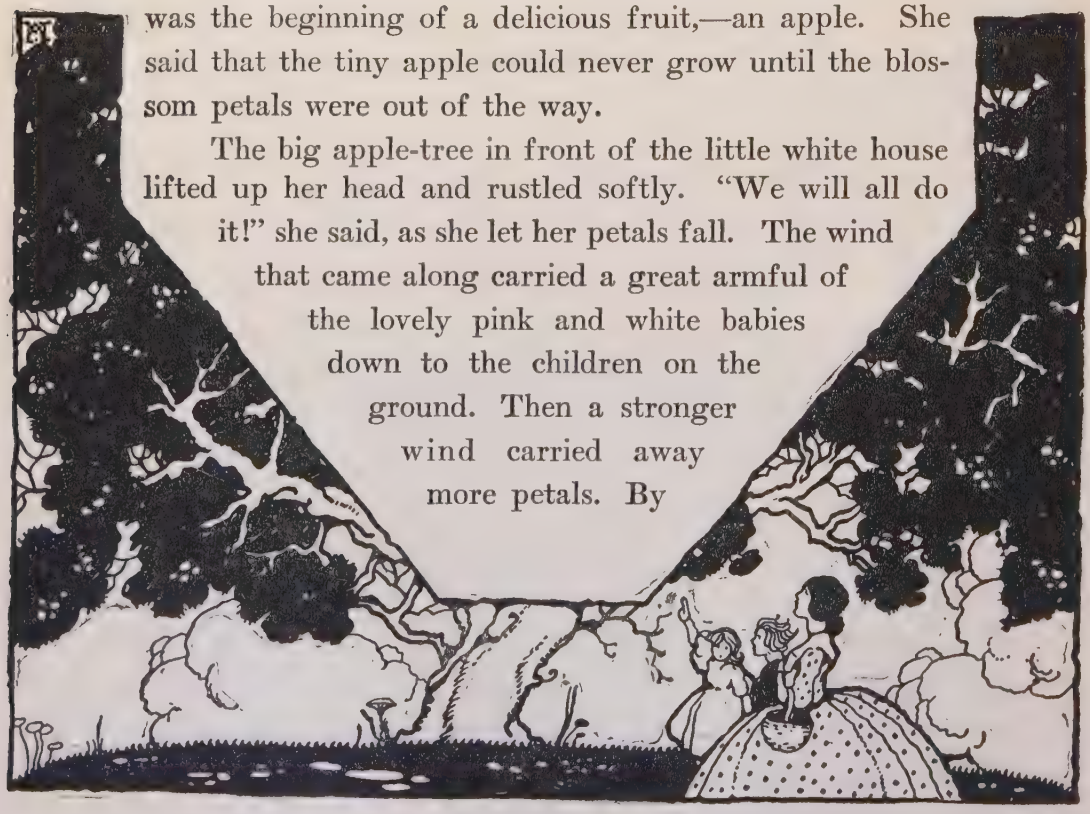
Then she began to whisper about it to a near by tree, who in turn talked to the next tree. Soon all the apple-trees in the country were wishing they could grow something worth while.

They talked about it and they talked about it, until old Mother Nature heard them. Now Mother Nature wants all her children to be happy, and she hurried quickly to see the apple-trees.

"Oh, Mother dear," they all cried when they saw her. "We are ashamed of being lazy. Can't we, too, learn to grow something for little children?"

"Yes, indeed," said Mother Nature. "But have you noticed that to grow anything, or to make anything, you have to give up something that you love? The bee gives up playing and works hard. The fruit trees and vegetables give up their little blossoms. Would you be willing to do that?"

The trees were sorrowful when they heard this. They loved their blossom babies very much. Then Mother Nature told them *why* they must give up their blossoms. She explained that in the heart of each blossom was the beginning of a delicious fruit,—an apple. She said that the tiny apple could never grow until the blossom petals were out of the way.



The big apple-tree in front of the little white house lifted up her head and rustled softly. "We will all do it!" she said, as she let her petals fall. The wind that came along carried a great armful of the lovely pink and white babies down to the children on the ground. Then a stronger wind carried away more petals. By

the next day, not a single tree had a blossom left on any of its branches.

"Some one has pulled all the blossoms from my tree," cried the little girl to her mother.

"Let's wait and watch closely," answered Mother. "Maybe something else will grow there."

Before very long, the children discovered little round, green knobs where the blossoms had been. These little green knobs grew into little green balls. The little green balls grew until they were big green balls—as big as baseballs.

The tree was very proud of them. She sang a lovely murmuring song to them, and rocked the balls gently, just as she had rocked her blossom babies. One day she became prouder than before. A faint little pinkness had appeared on one side of each green ball. The pinkness deepened and spread until they were shining red apples. Every one who came by said, "How very lovely!" Then they would stop and sniff the air and exclaim, "What a delicious smell!"

One day a big wind came roaring through the yard. When he had gone the little boy and little girl found two red apples on the ground. The children ran to pick them up. They felt soft and tender. They smelled, oh, so good!

"Let's taste one," said the little girl. She put her little white teeth in,

and bit off a tiny bite. "Um-um-um! That's fine." She took a bigger bite. Then she ate and ate until the apple was gone.

She looked around to tell her brother how good it was, and, what do you think? He had finished eating one and was climbing the tree for another!

They gave one to Mother, and she said it was the best thing she had ever eaten.

The tree was prouder and happier than she had ever been before. But she couldn't help thinking about her blossom babies and wishing they, too, could still be a part of the perfect fruit.

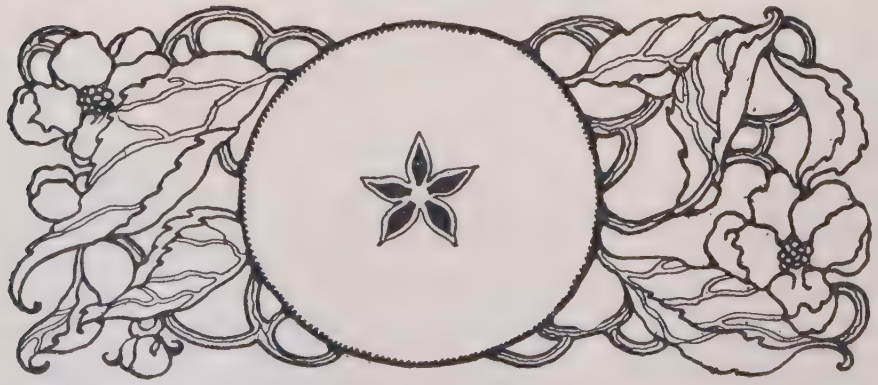
Just then the little boy cut one of the apples right through the middle.

"Oh, look, Mother," he cried, holding up the halves of his apple. "Here is one of the blossoms in the apple."

They all ran to look. The tree bent over them. There it was, as plain as could be—the exact outline of one of the blossoms, with its little petals outspread, in the middle of the apple. The tree had given up her blossoms so bravely that Mother Nature had given them back to her in the very heart of the apple. Wasn't that a beautiful thing for Mother Nature to do?

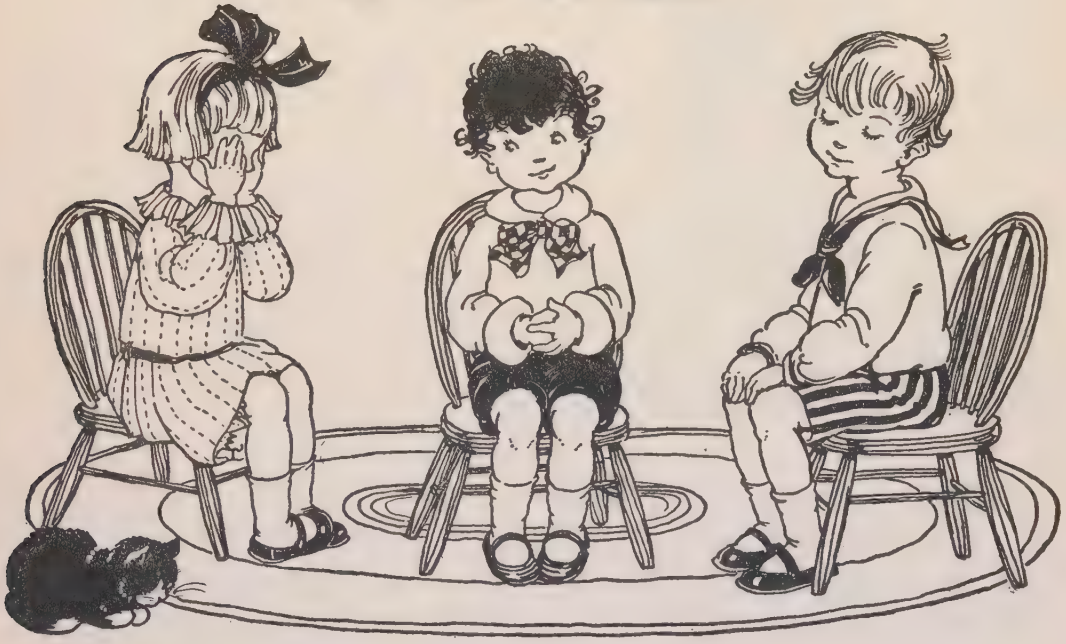
In these days all apple-trees shed their blossoms and bear apples, and in every apple, if you will only look, you will find the little blossom baby living again in the apple's heart.

ELIZABETH MARTIN SANFORD.



INDOOR GAMES for LITTLE FOLKS

"I SEE!"



WHEN you are tired and want to play a quiet game, sit down in your chairs and close your eyes—all except the youngest child. When the eyes are tight shut, the youngest one looks all about the room and chooses some object. She does not tell what it is but gives its color. If it is a rug she may say, "I see something that is brown, tan, and green with a bit of black." All open their eyes and look about. The youngest then goes around asking each one in turn to guess once. The one who guesses correctly may be leader next time and choose an object when all eyes are again closed. You may select a child's dress, a hair ribbon, a book or picture. What a hard time we had one day guessing "newspaper" when the youngest one said she saw something black and white.

MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

How Does Your Garden Grow?

THE twins thought it great fun to help Granddad make his flower garden. They loved to see the gleaming hoe bring up the fresh-smelling earth, and to watch the rake smooth it down into powdered softness for the little seeds to nestle in. Very soon tiny plants would appear, and, before they knew it, the garden would be a fairy-land of bloom.

Granddad loved his garden, and he loved the twins. When the last little seed had been tucked away, he called the little girls to him.

"How old are you, Anne?"

"Seven, Granddad."

"How old are you, Mary Louise?"

"Seven," answered Mary Louise, her eyes very round, for Granddad knew they were twins.

Granddad's eyes twinkled. "Same age, same height; I wonder which could make the best garden."

"A garden of our very own?" asked Anne.

"Where?" asked Mary Louise.

Granddad held up a beautiful five-dollar gold piece not so very large, but oh, so very shiny; he told them that, on August the fifth, the girl with the most beautiful garden should have it as a prize.

"Now," went on Granddad, "I'll get you the seeds and help you plant them; then you must do all the rest yourselves. You must water and hoe your garden, and take all the care of it."

You can just imagine how excited the twins were when they reached home that evening. They persuaded Daddy to let them have their gardens on opposite sides of the house. They could scarcely wait until school closed to begin working in them.

School closed on Friday, and early Saturday morning Granddad came with packets of seeds—zinnias, phlox and sweet peas. They all went to work with a will. When Mother called them to dinner, two little gardens stood primly on either side of the house, and two little workers came proudly in.

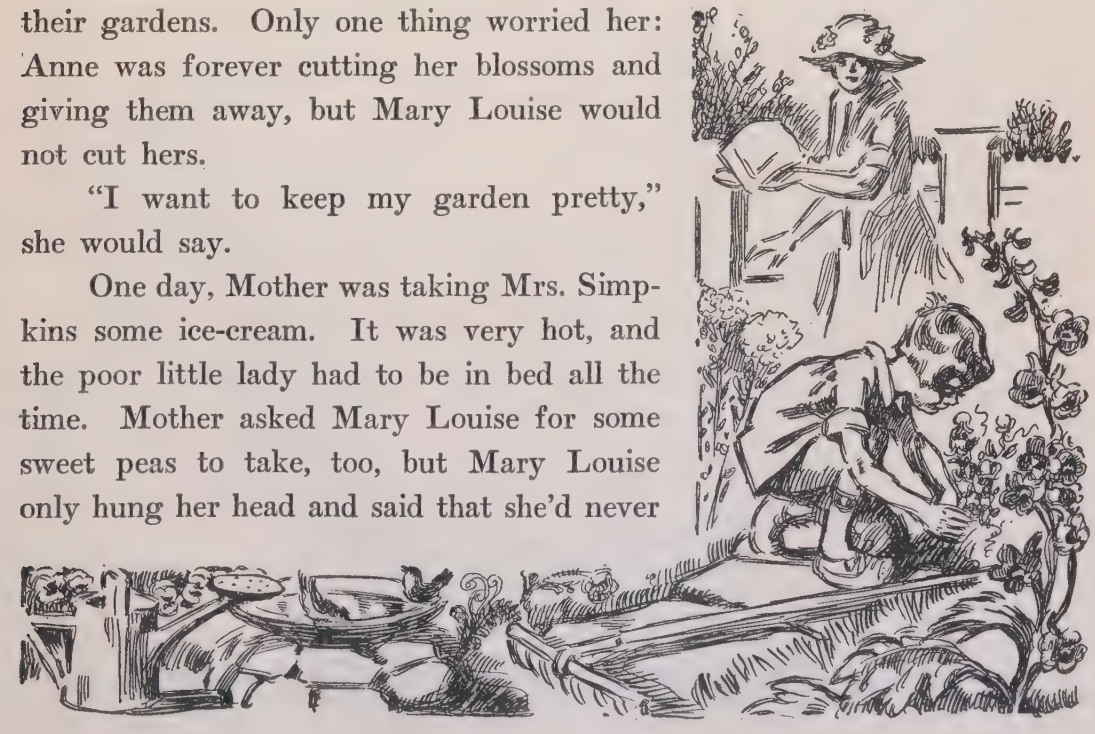
It seemed a very, very long time to Anne and Mary Louise before the ground began to show tiny cracks, and little green shoots began to appear. But they tended their gardens faithfully, and, before long, the tiny shoots were sturdy stalks. Then, as if saying, "thank you for all your loving care," the stalks put forth leaves and blossoms.

Such lovely gardens! It was too bad that Granddad was called away and wouldn't be back until August. And yet, had he been there, he couldn't have decided which was lovelier, so much alike were they.

Mother was proud of her little girls and their gardens. Only one thing worried her: Anne was forever cutting her blossoms and giving them away, but Mary Louise would not cut hers.

"I want to keep my garden pretty," she would say.

One day, Mother was taking Mrs. Simpkins some ice-cream. It was very hot, and the poor little lady had to be in bed all the time. Mother asked Mary Louise for some sweet peas to take, too, but Mary Louise only hung her head and said that she'd never



win the five dollars if she had to keep giving flowers away. Mother said nothing, but a queer look came into her eyes as Anne came running in with an armful of lovely flowers.

Days came and went. As the weather grew warmer, Anne's flowers found their way into more and more sick-rooms. People loved her for them; and, strange to say, Anne's garden only bloomed the more.

Mary Louise could not understand why her garden did not seem to thrive. As August drew nearer, her flowers grew fewer and fewer. The vines drooped; the plants refused to bloom.

When Granddad came back, he came to see his little granddaughters. What was his surprise to see one garden so fine and flourishing, and the other so forlorn.

Then Mother called the two little girls and Granddad into the house, and told them the story of the selfish and the unselfish owners of the gardens.

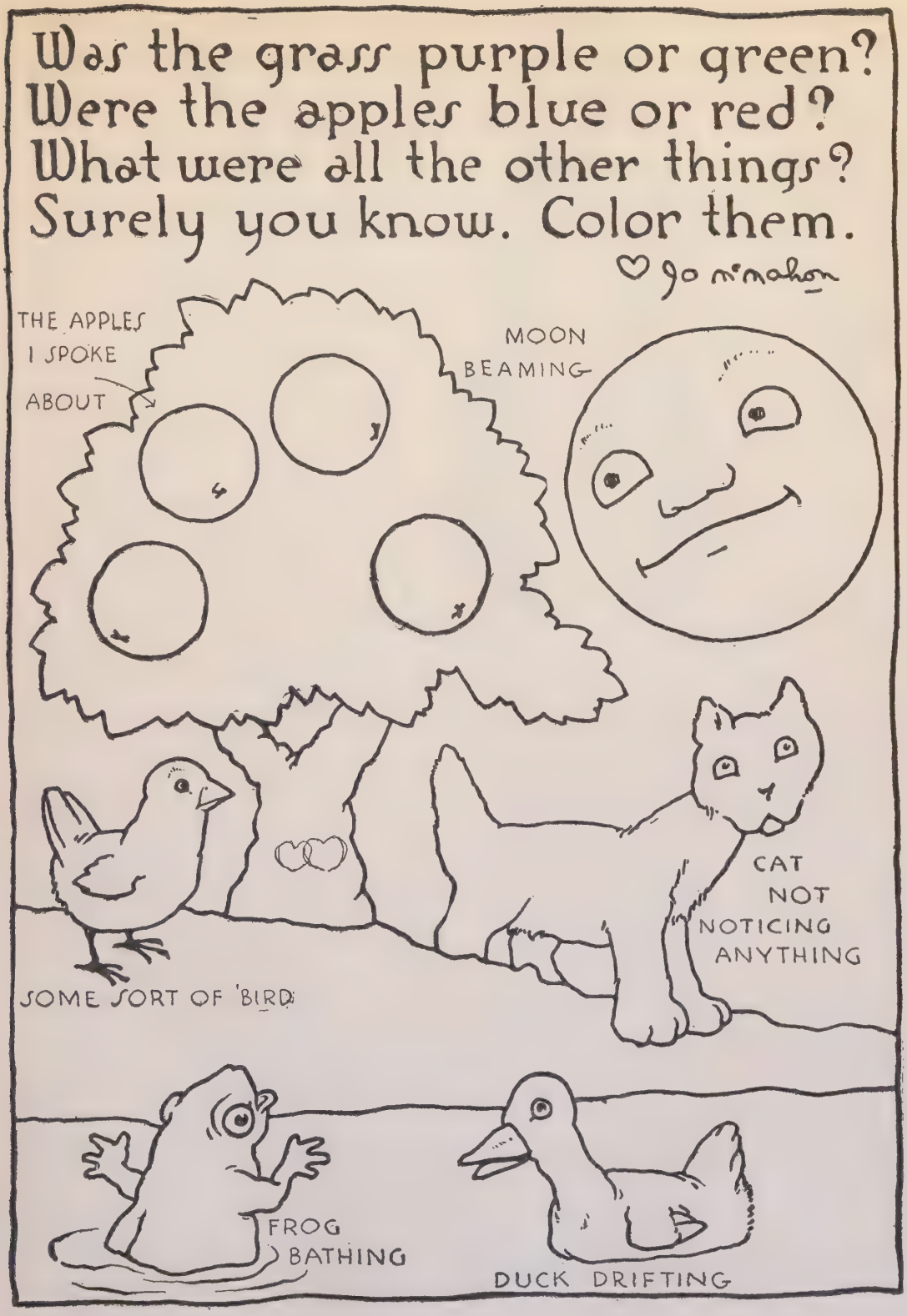
"Granddad can tell you," said Mother, "that the more blossoms you cut from flowers, the more the flowers will bloom for you. When you do not take the gifts they bear for you, they feel their usefulness is over and stop blooming. It's just like Mother's love: the more you take from it, the more it grows. Mother could have told you, Mary Louise, that you were ruining your beautiful garden by refusing to give away the blossoms, but she thought, perhaps, it might help you to remember the next time to be unselfish."

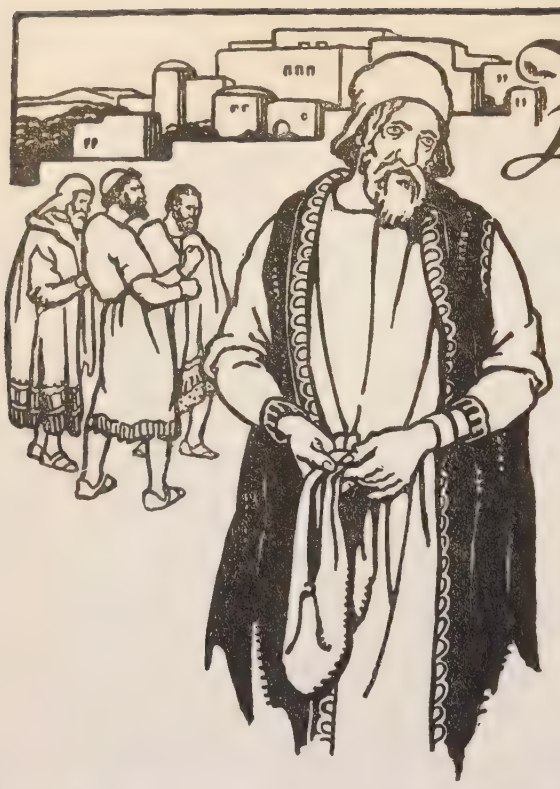
It was a hard lesson; Mary Louise blinked her eyes as Granddad handed the beautiful gold piece to Anne.

But Anne flew to her sister's side, and, hugging her, said:

"Don't mind, sister; we'll buy us a pair of skates apiece. It's lots more fun for us to do things together."

KATHLEEN ELSTON


Was the grass purple or green?
Were the apples blue or red?
What were all the other things?
Surely you know. Color them.
♡ Jo McMahon
THE APPLES I SPOKE ABOUT
MOON BEAMING
CAT NOT NOTICING ANYTHING
SOME SORT OF 'BIRD'
FROG BATHING
DUCK DRIFTING



ZACCHEUS
The Man who needed a friend

ON THE paved Roman road about fifteen miles east of Jerusalem lay the old city of Jericho. Here lived Zaccheus, a man who had great riches, but who was lonely and unhappy. One day Zaccheus heard of a great teacher who was traveling about preaching a gospel of love. He was reminding people that they were children of one heavenly Father, and that they should behave kindly toward one another. As Zaccheus wanted to learn more about this man Jesus and what he had to say, he made inquiry of all travelers who came to Jericho.

He soon found out that Jesus was teaching a new kind of friendship. Jesus taught that a man should love his neighbor; but that was not new. Jesus said that a man should love his neighbor as he loves himself. *That* was something to think about. Furthermore, Jesus had put a new meaning into the word *neighbor.* Your neighbor, as Jesus put it, was the person that you could help in any way. Then, as nearly as Zaccheus could make out from what travelers told him, Jesus seemed to think that a man's chief business in life was just being a good neighbor. "If Jesus would only come to Jericho," thought Zaccheus," he might be able to teach my people some manners."

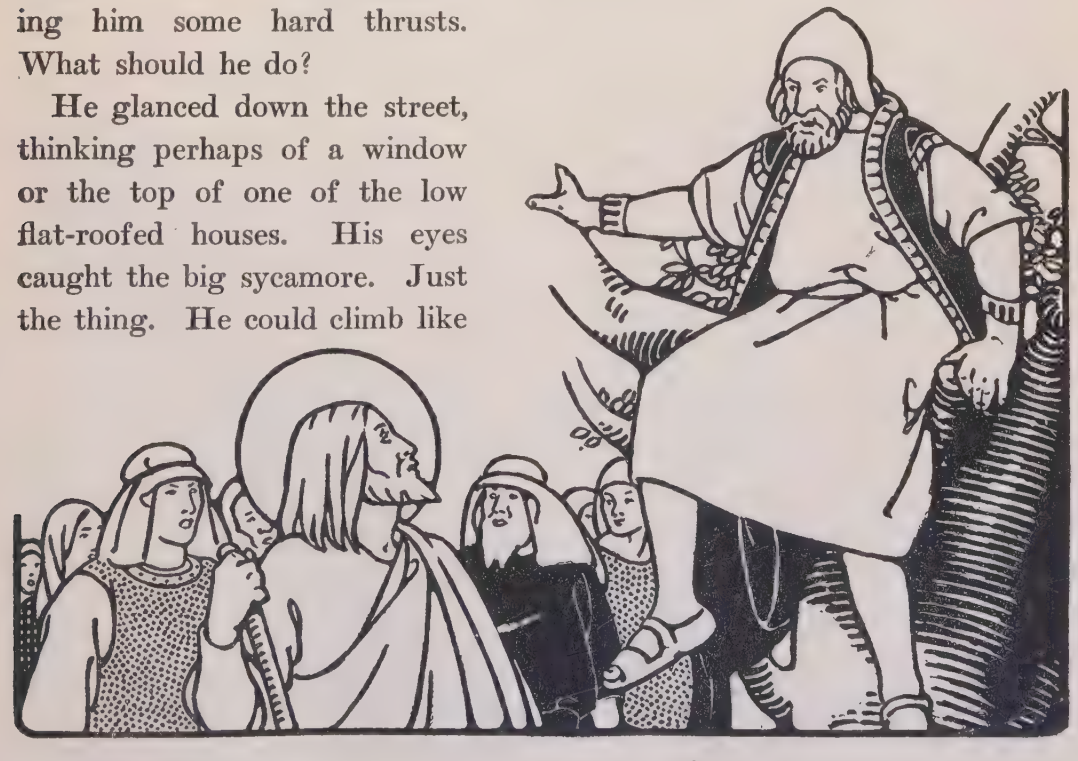
There was a peculiar reason why Zaccheus wanted so much to have Jesus visit his town. Poor Zaccheus! He knew that everybody in Jericho hated him. Perhaps you are thinking that he must have been a

very bad man, to be so disliked by his neighbors, but that was not so. The whole of the country at that time was ruled by the Romans, and Zaccheus had consented to collect the taxes for the hated Roman Government. So it came about that, though his office brought him a very good income, it made him very poor in friends. But a man cannot live without friends; and Zaccheus, in spite of all his money, felt lonely and wretched.

Then one day Jesus came to Jericho. What an event that was! Without doubt it was the greatest day in all the history of that little city. Everybody was in the street to see the great Teacher, and everyone was pressing close to hear the wonderful words that he had to say. But Zaccheus was not in the crowd. He was standing a long way off watching. As the crowd came slowly nearer and nearer, a great longing filled his heart; for in all that city there was probably no man who had wished so earnestly for Jesus to come.

There seem to have been two reasons why Zaccheus did not approach that crowd and try to reach the center of it: In the first place, he was a little man; and secondly, there were the sharp elbows of his neighbors who would enjoy giving him some hard thrusts. What should he do?

He glanced down the street, thinking perhaps of a window or the top of one of the low flat-roofed houses. His eyes caught the big sycamore. Just the thing. He could climb like



a boy, and in a moment he was up the tree and out on a big branch that stretched across the narrow street. Jesus would pass so close that he could almost touch him.

However, it was not merely to see the great teacher that Zaccheus climbed the tree. He hoped to speak with Jesus and in some way to become his friend. We must remember that Zaccheus felt wretched and outcast because he had no friends, and that he really had a warm and loving heart. Then we shall understand how he came to form a sudden resolution, to decide upon a great sacrifice.

As he sat perched there he was thinking rapidly. How would it be possible for Jesus to think well of him, when all his fellow-townsmen thought only ill? What could he do to win the esteem of this clear-eyed stranger who read the hearts of men at a glance, and who valued a man not for what he had, but for what he was? From the reports that had come to Jericho, Zaccheus had learned that Jesus taught a gospel of giving, of being kind to the poor. From this he knew that Jesus could not love a dishonest man, especially a dishonest tax-gatherer.

I do not know how much Zaccheus had been accustomed to give to charity. But I imagine that like most of the kind-hearted people we know, he went down into his purse only when to look upon the suffering was more painful than to part with the money. He resolved to give, to give such a big sum that Jesus could not help being pleased with him. Jesus would know that he was in earnest.

Now, one of the wonderful things about Jesus was his power to know what those about him were thinking; and he was especially quick to perceive it when a man's heart was changing. And so it happened that before Zaccheus spoke or in any way attracted attention, Jesus looked up and called to him, "Zaccheus, make haste and come down, for I must abide at your house to-day," in other words, "I am going to take dinner with you."

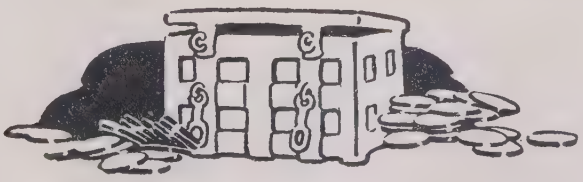
Can you imagine how that nimble little man got down out of the tree? Well, I know how I should have come down.

Standing face to face with the Master, he did not forget his good resolution. His first words were, "Behold, the half of my goods I give to the poor." Then, as he felt the unfriendly eyes of the crowd fixed upon him, he remembered that they hated him because they thought him a dishonest tax-collector. He added then, as if he were trying to recover his good name, "And if I have taken anything from any man wrongfully, I restore it fourfold."

Do you suppose he would have dared to make this declaration in the presence of Jesus if it had not been the truth? I think not. Every one seemed to know how useless it was to try to deceive Jesus. Such frankness on the part of Zaccheus, and such earnest desire to undo in a generous way any wrong that he may have committed should have broken down the wall of hatred that separated him from his fellows. Whether they became his friends or not, I do not know; but of this I feel quite sure, one person did become his friend—one who satisfied the deepest, noblest desire of his being. With Jesus as his friend, no matter what happened, he could never again feel utterly lonely and cast down.

I do not know what Mrs. Zaccheus was like, or what she had prepared for dinner that day, nor can I guess what the talk was about. We may be sure that it was great talk; and we may also be sure that Zaccheus kept the sayings of Jesus in his heart as a richer treasure than all the money in his strong box.

ADDISON LEROY PHILLIPS



Making a House of Cotton

OUT in my flower garden, I came upon a would-be tenant. She did not want to build a house for herself, she wanted it at some one else's expense. She was looking for a hollow reed or the burrow of an early worm, and, failing to find these, she would take up with a crevice in the brick wall, or even the hole in the lock of the gate.

It is hard work to build a house, it is often enough work to furnish it; and this bee did not want to waste her strength constructing her dwelling, she wanted to house herself in some place ready made.

The reason of this is plain;—the cotton bee, unlike the bumble bee and honey bee who live in colonies, is a solitary soul and does all her work herself. If she had to make chambers and passages by taking out the earth atom by atom in her mouth, then glaze the sides so that they would not crumble, then if she had to line it with wadding, to gather down from cottony plants, to make the down into bags for the honey paste, it would call for too great a spending of her strength.

After selecting a dead, dry stick, which must also be hollow, out goes the bee to get her furniture. She is looking for soft wadding, and the plants which have it must be dead and dry to avoid the mildew which would surely come if the hairs or cotton which she selects were still filled with sap.

She does not so much care what plants she gets it from if the conditions are right; she may take it from a dried mullen stalk, from a thistle, or from some of the mints.

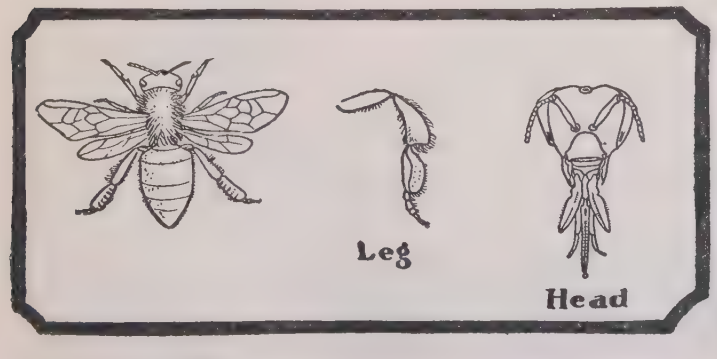
She goes to work always in the same way; with her mandibles or big teeth she scrapes up a tiny flake and passes it down to the hind legs which hold the pellet; this she continues until she has enough cotton to make the

ball about as large as a pea. Then she takes it again in her big teeth or mandibles, as they are called, and off she flies with her bale of cotton to the place she has selected. In a few minutes back she comes for another bale which is made in the same way. Occasionally she stops for lunch and then goes on with her cotton picking again until her nest is done.

Sometimes the hollow reed will contain as many as eight or ten cocoons. This is the way she works: The legs card the cotton, the big teeth divide it and the forehead does the pressing.

Before the honey has been put in, we can admire this most elegant specimen of nest building which is very beautiful especially where the cotton is a dazzling white. It is a wonderful bag and even with our hands and the finest tools we should have hard work to make one like it.

You might think that the honey would trickle through the porous walls of the honey pouch, but not so. The pale yellow honey is only about half liquid, which prevents its soaking through the cotton walls. When the house is done and the provision ready, then comes time for the little dweller in the soft house, and the bee lays an egg with its head downward, floating on the top of the soft paste. When the grub hatches with



Some parts of a bee.

its head still plunged in the delicious pool, to slake its thirst it has only to take long draughts of the honey.

As I said before, there are as many as eight or ten cocoons, one above the other in the hollow stalk. But once the soft nests are provided, they must be protected in a different manner.

The bee closes the top of the last cocoon, and then she begins to make it safer. Did you ever rub your face with a mullen leaf and then have it smart for half an hour afterward? Well, the bee knows the value of these stinging bristles and after plugging the end of her home with thick cotton, into the stop she puts the stiff prickly mullen hairs, until the entrance bristles with these frightful bayonets and it would be a bold insect that could get past this defence. Thus the tiny stopper will remain whole and unbroken until the little dwellers inside outgrow their quarters and burst it open when they come out to greet the world of sunshine.

LILLIAN C. FLINT.

HOME

NO stately castle do I ask;
No palace made for pampered kings.
No marble villa splashed with gold
And crowded with a thousand things.
In all of this I could not see
The little *home* that pleases me.

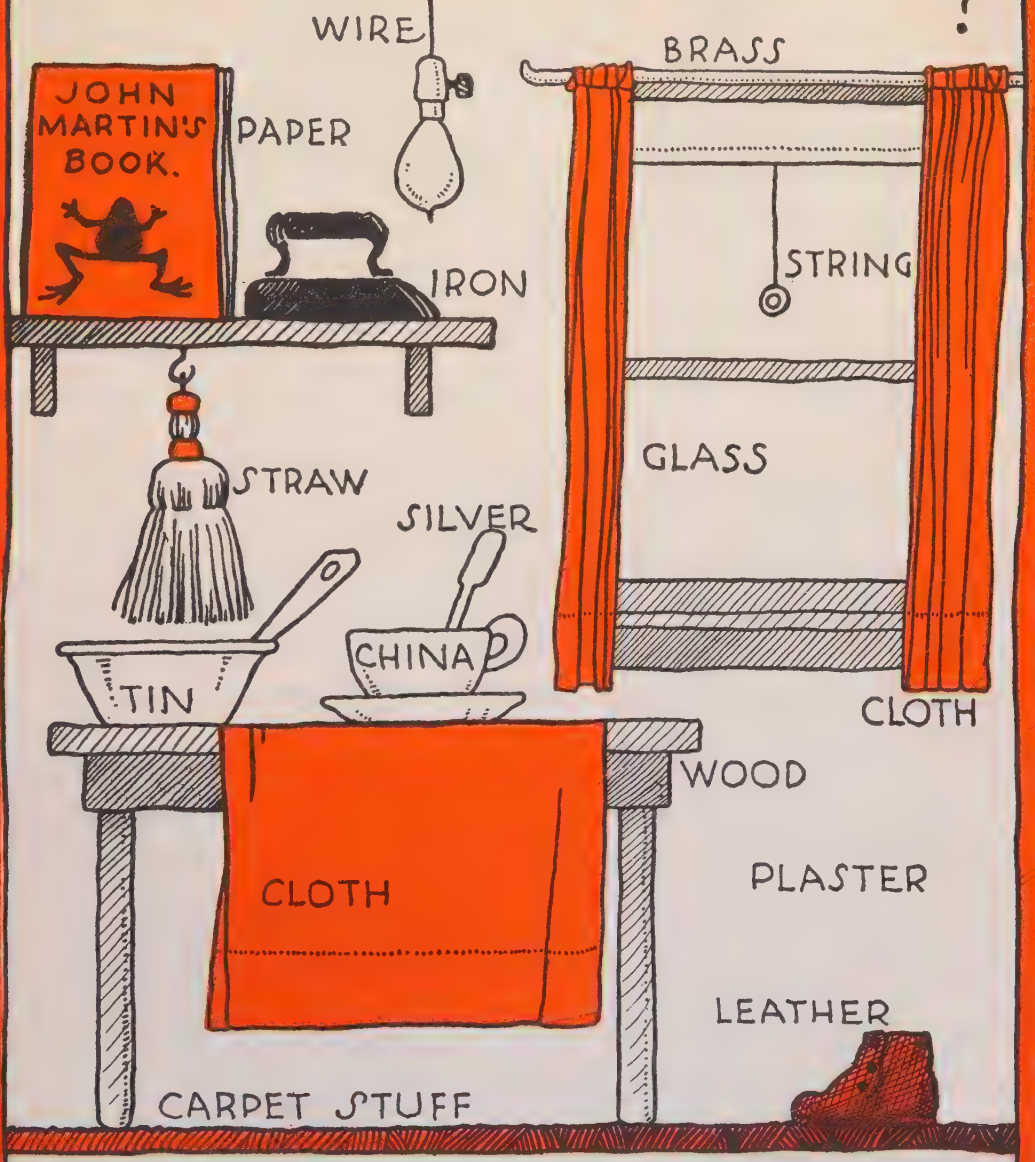
A quiet nook, a humble place
With cozy corners here and there,
Some little treasures just our own
That show the touch of thoughtful care.
Love only holds the golden key
Of this sweet *home* for you and me.

Enough to eat, enough to drink,
Contentment fills this dear retreat;
Friends come and go, time softens all
With happy hopes and memories sweet.
A dearer haven could not be
Than such a *home* for you and me.

CORNELIA MORGAN

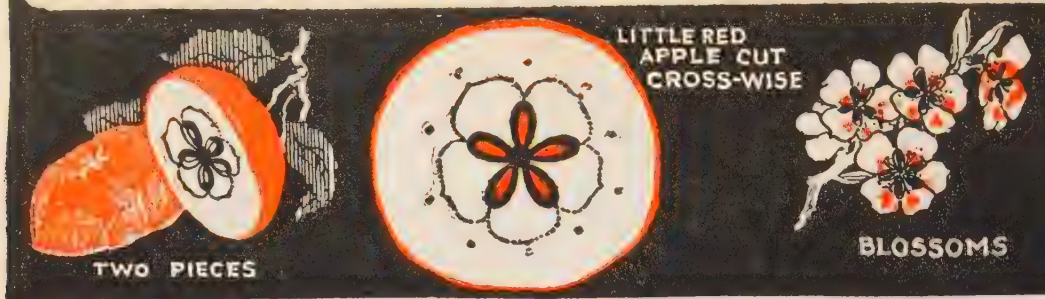
DID YOU EVER THINK

of all the different kinds of stuff that there are around the house?



Of course there are ever so many more. See if you can think of ten. ♥ JOHN MARTIN

LITTLE RED APPLE'S SURPRISE



FOR WISE LITTLE EYES

EVERY springtime the little apple-trees are full of pretty pink and white blossoms. As the breeze blows over them, you catch their fragrance. The trees are like big nosegays—all spreading and sweet and lovely!

Then comes the time when the pink and white petals fall to the earth and leave the little green heart of the apple-blossom flower all alone. The ground under the trees is all white, almost as if snow had fallen. None would ever think that there was a little apple in the heart of each blossom, because it takes a long time before the little apple begins to show red. But the rain and the sun care for it and when Fall comes the little apple has become round and red and mellow.

Do you know that every little red apple has a surprise in its heart? Yes, it has! It holds within itself the lovely outline of a pink and white apple-blossom! This is the way to find its secret. Take the roundest, reddest little snow apple you can find in the late Summer or early Fall. Cut it through the center, crosswise. Then from one half, cut a thin, *thin* slice. Hold it up to the light and there you will see a pink and white apple-blossom as sure and sure! Yes, you will. This is Nature's own magic that she makes for little girls and boys to find, when they know just how to look for it.

PATTEN BEARD.

JOHN MARTIN'S BAKING DAY

SOMETIMES I get to thinking what a happy thing 'twould be
To bake a batch of cookies for John Martin's family!
I'd love so much to do it that I've planned it out just so,
And I believe I'll tell you for I think you'd like to know.

It doubtless would be difficult to settle on a day
When every little Martin child could plan to get away;
But when that was decided, what an easy thing 'twould be
To find a meeting place and shape our plans accordingly!

We'd have to build a kitchen, for I'm sure we'd never find
One large enough to handle well the thing I have in mind.
It must be clean and roomy, windows many for the sun
To peep in if it wanted to and watch our jolly fun.

We'd have the largest baking ovens, heated to a turn
And lots of careful watchers, that our cookies might not burn;
Big baking pans a-shining and all buttered with a brush—
We'd do that first because we might forget it in the rush.

Assembling the ingredients a monstrous task would be
When we had all decided on our cookie recipe.
The sugar by the barrel and the eggs in baskets tall,
And butter, say a hundred tubs—I think we'd need them all.

The milk, just cans and cans of it, all cool and fresh and sweet,
And baking powder, some good kind no other brand could beat.
The flavoring must be varied if we'd please us every one,
Vanilla, lemon, nutmeg, too, and yes, some cinnamon!

We'd tie our little aprons on all stiff and snowy white,
And put into our mixing bowl each thing just measured right.
We'd beat and sift and stir and mix till everything was in,
Then turn it out upon a board and get our rolling pin.

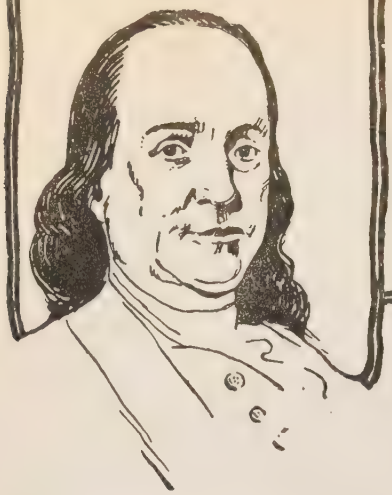
Each little Martin child could bring his favorite cutter, too,
A cat, a horse, a fish, a bird, most any kind would do,
And we would pat and roll and cut till everything was done,
And then we'd put a raisin, for an eye, on every one.

Oh goodness! I can see those pans of cookies piping hot,
With every little fish and pig and chick done to a dot,
And all you little Martin folks, wide-eyed and eager, too,
Would slip into a paper bag the cakes that came to you.

I venture when we'd rested some and cleared away the muss,
We'd vote to leave, just as it was, the kitchen built for us.
The pans and ovens all in place, the rolling pin hung high,
The mixing bowl, the moulding board, the measuring spoons close by.

For I am sure another year, and probably before,
We'd feel the need of cookies, and we'd long to bake some more;
How easy then 'twould be to write a little note and say,
"John Martin calls his children for another baking day!"

MARGARET OSWALD SPARRENBERGER



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

PRINTER

MORE than two hundred years ago there came into the simple Franklin home in Boston a tiny baby to whom was given the name of Benjamin. He was the tenth baby to come to that home and an education such as we plan for children of to-day was not to be thought of. Benjamin's nine brothers had every one learned a trade. The father was very poor and managed to eke out a bare living by making soap and candles. Little Benjamin was kept busy cutting wicks, pouring tallow into the candle-moulds, and selling soap to his father's customers.

He had early learned to read and at eight went for a year to the Boston Grammar School, and for another year to a school for writing and arithmetic, then back to the candles he had to go to help his father.

But when he was not at work he was reading good books, and since he was so fond of reading, his father, who was wise although he was poor, thought it would be a good plan to send him to learn how to print books. But first, he took the boy to walk with him among the shops of Boston. Here they saw all kinds of workmen, carpenters with their saws and planes, masons laying bricks, men making brass and copper kettles, men turning the legs of chairs with a lathe, other men making knives, scissors, and razors. But the boy loved best the thought of being a printer.

Soon after this, Benjamin's brother set up a printing press in Boston, intending to print and publish books and a newspaper. Benjamin went to work in his brother's printing office. Here he found it easy to satisfy his appetite for reading, for he could borrow a book in the evening, sit up all night to finish it and return it in the morning. In those days there were no

books for children, such as there are now, so he read stories like "Pilgrim's Progress" and many histories.

But his life with his brother James was not happy, his brother was a hard master and Benjamin made up his mind to save his money and run away from home and go to New York. This he did, never saying good-by to his father or mother or to any of his family.

There was no one in New York that he knew, but as soon as he landed he went about the streets looking for work. New York was a small town then, with only a few printing houses and at each place he was told that work would be more easily found in Philadelphia. At that time there were no railroads and Philadelphia seemed very far away. But Franklin made up his mind to go there and trudged bravely forth in the pouring rain, following the lonely wagon tracks to show him the way.

No one who saw him as he entered Philadelphia could have guessed that there walked one of the greatest men of all time. He was hungry and tired, and his simple working clothes, the only ones he had, were soiled from his long journey. His pockets were stuffed with shirts and stockings for he had not even a bag to carry his few possessions. It was Sunday morning, he had a dollar and a shilling in his pocket, an alert brain and hands trained to a useful trade. So why should he care if a pretty girl from a doorway laughed at his awkwardness?

To be friendless is not a serious misfortune if one is friendly. Franklin soon found employment and a place to live. He could set type fast and well, and he took great pride in work well done. He made many friends and although he was so young, only seventeen at this time, he gained the confidence of every one who knew him. Before many years he was recognized as one of the leading men of Philadelphia and of the colonies. The young girl who had ridiculed his awkwardness, Miss Deborah Read, was proud to become his wife. For twenty years he was the foremost publisher

in the colonies. He published the Pennsylvania *Gazette* which is still published in Philadelphia as the *Saturday Evening Post.*

He is well remembered by Poor Richard's Almanac, which came out annually for twenty-five years. In those days books were very expensive and one of the few books that plain people could have was an almanac. They were cheaply made books that had calendars, movements of the planets, the daily rising and setting of the sun and moon, the tides, eclipses, weather predictions, etc. But Franklin hit upon an idea of making one that held some good advice as well as knowledge of the weather. He was only twenty-six and probably he thought people wouldn't value advice from so young a person so he called his almanac Poor Richard's. It was full of wise sayings and proverbs gathered up from all ages and peoples, and it was quoted and enjoyed from the frontier log cabin to the city mansion.

Franklin was a strong man with excellent health, and he accomplished a great deal of work. He believed heartily in cold baths and fresh air and exercise. He was an expert swimmer, and on a trip to England in his youth he was urged to stay and give swimming lessons rather than go back to printing in America.

In his beloved Philadelphia, Franklin was always watching for ways to make the city better, safer, and more beautiful. Remembering his own great need of books, he established the first circulating library. This is now the Philadelphia Public Library. He organized the first police force and fire company in the colonies. He started a city hospital and an academy which became the University of Pennsylvania. He paved the walk in front of his

own house and placed street lamps before his gate so that others might see them and do likewise.

All this time he was teaching himself French, Spanish, Italian and Latin, and experimenting in science. The telegraph and steam engine were then unknown, and many things that now give us comfort were still undreamed of, but Franklin was thinking and trying to understand all the mysteries about him. More than anything else the lightning fascinated him and he believed it could be made a useful force. So he made a great kite of silk with a string of hemp. He placed an iron rod on the kite and tied an iron key to the kite string and waited for a thunder storm. Then he took his little boy and they together watched the kite fly way up above the clouds. The lightning flashed, the thunder rolled, and sparks of fire came flying down. He was wild with delight for his experiment had succeeded, the sparks of fire

were electricity; he had drawn them from the clouds.

He made some wonderful discoveries about the Gulf Stream and found the direction that storms take along the Atlantic Coast. Some of his inventions were most commonplace and were concerned with simple home comforts, a portable fireplace called the Franklin Stove, and rockers for his easy chair. He would never patent any of his discoveries.

Great as were Franklin's services to his own city, there came a time when the colonies needed a man for an important mission abroad, and the choice fell upon the printer's apprentice. He went to England where he stayed ten

years. There great honor came to him as a scientist and publisher as well as a diplomat. Learned societies and great universities vied with one another in doing him honor and he was called Dr. Franklin. His chief work there was in trying to keep peace between Mother England and the American Colonies. A great Englishman has said that if Parliament and the King had accepted Franklin's just claims, the Revolution might never have been fought.

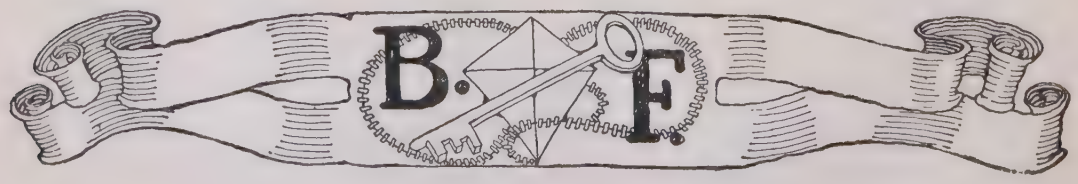
At the end of these ten years he returned to America to work for war as hard as he had for peace. He helped write the Declaration of Independence and remained to be one of the loyal men who signed it. Then he again set sail on a mission for the Colonies, this time to France.

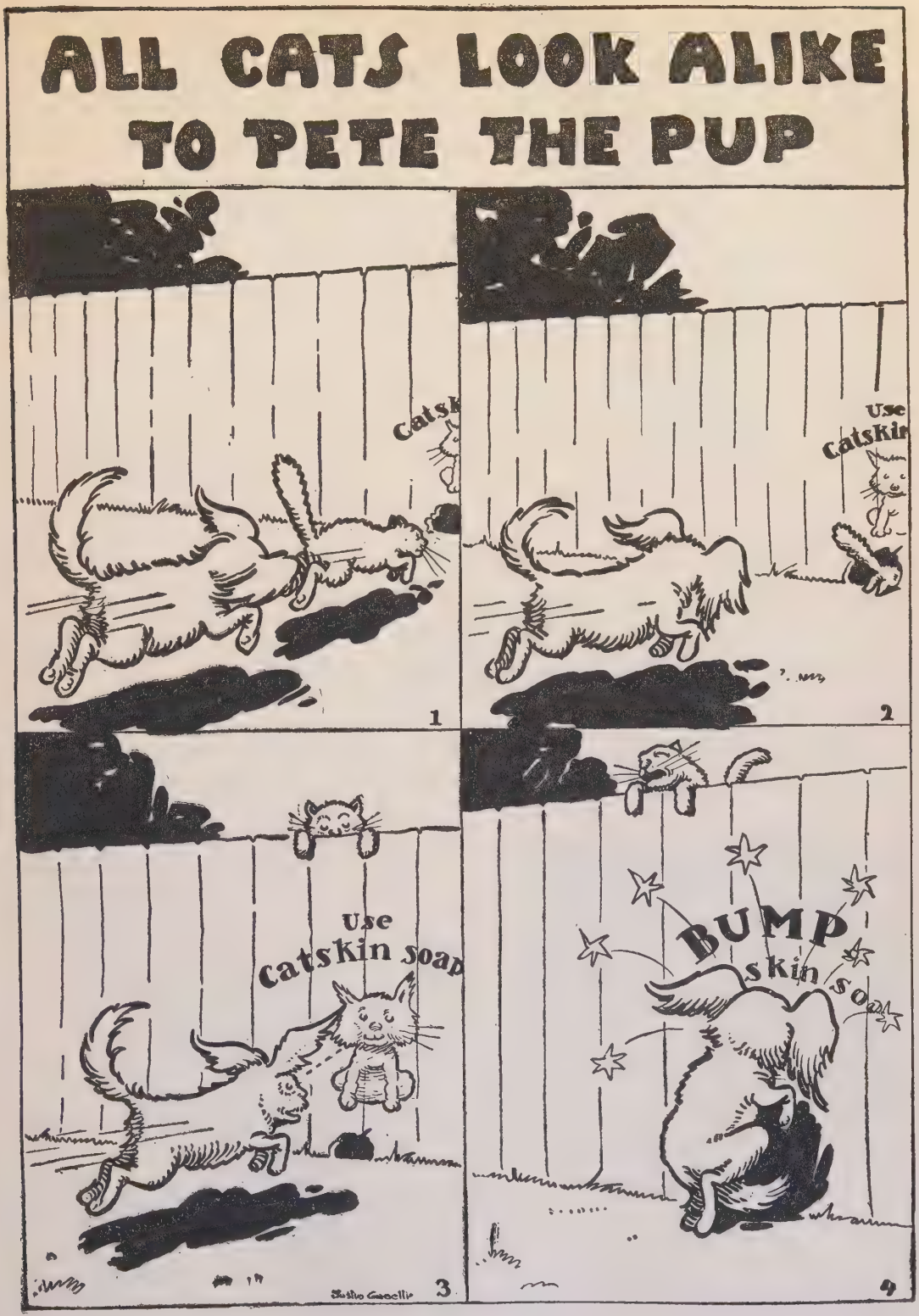
Can you see that simple American gentleman moving quietly through the pomp and formality of the gay French Court? He represented a few poor, struggling, rebellious colonies, yet he was so wise and so clever, so honest and straightforward that he received a welcome everywhere.

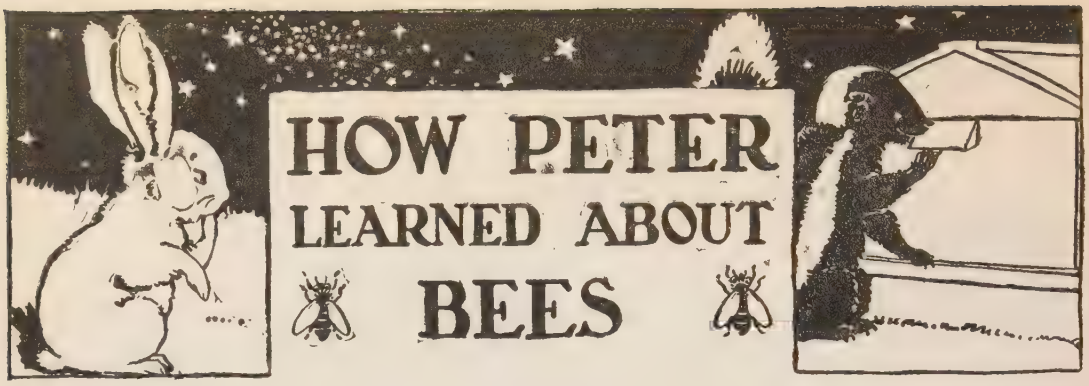
His quaint severe dress became the fashion, and Paris was filled with medallions and cameos bearing his likeness. In an artificial and autocratic court he stood for what we know so well and what we to-day are fighting for—the ideals of democracy and freedom. No man of the people had ever before appeared before kings in a simple man to man equality, and it amazed and fascinated the people. He won his way among all classes, and fired the imagination of the noble youth of France for our Cause. A great Frenchman wrote, "It is impossible to refuse money and ships to the Countrymen of Franklin." Largely through his influence, the French, under Lafayette and Rochambeau, came to our aid, helping us to win our independence.

Franklin lived to be eighty-four years old, having served his country faithfully for fifty-three years. There is no man of Colonial times whose mark is more widely felt in these modern days than that of the printer's apprentice who began life making soap and candles and who had only two years of school.

C. L. Cheever.




ALL CATS LOOK ALIKE
TO PETE THE PUP
Catsk
1
Use
Catskin
2
Use
catskin soap
3
BUMP
skin so
4



HOW PETER LEARNED ABOUT BEES

PETER'S left ear drooped, which meant that Peter was feeling sad. When his right ear drooped, it meant that he had an itch and was wondering where it was. Peter was feeling dejected because he did not dare to do something which he wanted very much to do.

The night before, when he had come out into the moonlight as all rabbits do, he had discovered Mr. Skunk having a fine meal in the apiary. Mr. Skunk stood before a hive where lived a colony of bees. With his claws he scratched underneath the alighting board, and a number of bees hurried out to see what was the trouble. Quickly he licked them up and then scratched again.

Peter was impressed. His Mother had told him that bees stung, but he could not well believe it after that. They did look good to eat, too. He must have some.

Perhaps they did sting.

To-night, after finishing his dinner in a near by garden, he hurried up the path which led to the apiary. But his hops grew steadily shorter. He stopped often to consider. Perhaps they did sting. His left ear began to droop.

But they didn't sting Mr. Skunk—and they did look very good. His ear straightened up, and he hopped on. But perhaps they didn't sting skunks. His left ear began to wilt. Perhaps they *did* sting little rabbits. His Mother said they did. He stood stock-still.

After a moment he was roused by a moving shadow. It was his friend Joe, and up came Peter's ear at the sight. Joe was younger than Peter and looked up to him as the boldest, bravest rabbit of his acquaintance. He looked admiringly at his comrade.

"It's 'most morning," remarked Peter. "What's a little fellow like you doing up so late?"

"I overslept," explained Joe. "Mother says I must hurry and feed myself before sunrise. Are you looking for a bite, yourself?"

"Why, yes; I thought I should."

"What are you after—carrots?"

"Why, no," responded Peter, carelessly, "I thought I'd try a few bees."

"Bees!" exclaimed Joe. "Bees!" he repeated in amazement.

"Yes, I thought I should. I'd rather like to see how they taste."

"But, rabbit alive! Don't you know they sting?"

"Oh, I fancy they won't. They won't sting *me*."

Joe looked at Peter with mixed admiration and envy. "When d'you begin?" he breathed in awe.

"Why, I was just on my way. Do you care to come?" The thought of an audience was pleasing to Peter.

"Yes, *sir!*" and Joe followed Peter, just one hop behind.

They came to the apiary—the hives gleaming white in the moonlight. Peter advanced to the first. Joe followed slowly, and waited at a distance.

Peter took his station before the entrance to the hive. He sat very straight, ears alert. Then he reached out a paw to scratch. But his left ear drooped. Perhaps he had better not scratch. Possibly if he waited long enough, a bee would come out of its own accord. For a while there was only the steady hum of the busy workers within. But at last a gold and black object wandered aimlessly out upon the alighting board.

Peter wasn't afraid of *one* bee. His paw quickly swept it toward his mouth. But the angry little bee bumped against Peter's nose and stung it. With a cry of pain, Peter leaped for the field, and the spaces between his jumps were very broad, indeed. Peter was the most frightened little rabbit on all that hillside. The bound which brought him to his front door carried him way down the hall and almost into the nursery, where Mother Rabbit was getting his brothers and sisters to bed for their all-day sleep.

"Is he gone?" Peter gasped.

"Gone? Is who gone?" asked his Mother. "Whatever has been chasing you, Peter?"

With his paw to his swollen nose, Peter mumbled, "My dessert. He stung me!"

After his Mother had bandaged his nose, she asked: "Well, Peter, the bee punished you himself. I do not need to. Will you remember?"

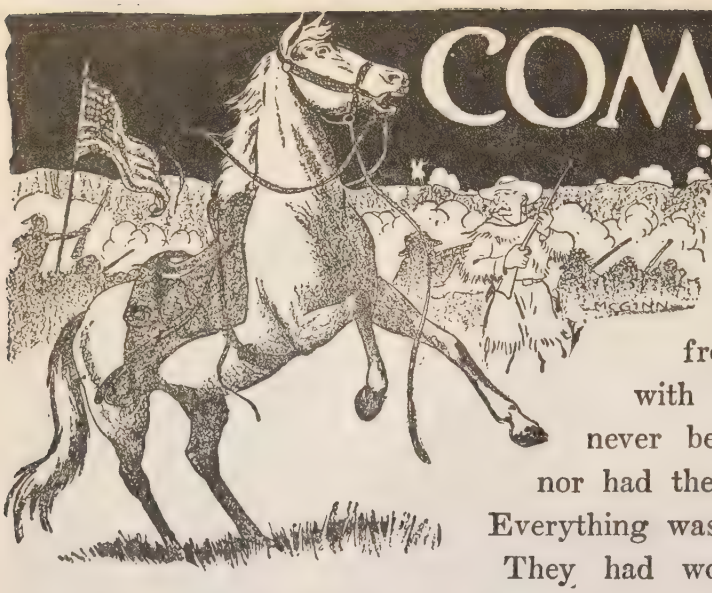
"Yes, Mother," he murmured, contritely, "I will remember."

And he did. The sting helped him. For several days Peter's right ear drooped mournfully. He had a distracting itch, but he didn't have to wonder where it was.

FRANCES C. LONG.

THROUGH YOUR EYE-LASHES

THE original from which this picture was made is entirely cut from thin, black paper. The artist removed parts of the black surface, letting in pure, white *light*. The picture of a ship was in his mind's eye; his skilful fingers put his mental picture into *form*. What wonders the *magic of light* gives to our eyes! All good pictures are lights and shadows arranged for the joy of our eyes and hearts. Peep through your eyelashes at this page and see a ship in the moonlight, on the tossing waters.



COMACHE

PAUL and Elizabeth were making a journey from California to Montana with their parents. They had never before slept upon a train nor had their meals in a dining car. Everything was interesting and new.

They had wondered how they could possibly spend so much time without any outdoor play. But Elizabeth had found at the bottom of her traveling bag a little love of a doll waiting to be dressed in the silks and laces beneath which she was hidden. Elizabeth was glad that she was ten years old and knew how to sew. Paul, who was nearly eight and liked to read, found in his bag a new book of Indian stories in which there were pictures to be colored with crayolas. There was also a puzzle map of the United States, and by means of this and time-tables of the route over which they were traveling both children kept close watch along the journey and learned many things about the places they passed through.

Best of all they made a new friend who told them stories, really true stories, the kind that every little boy and girl in the world loves best. Captain Smith was a veteran of the Civil War. His hair and beard were snowy white, and in his eyes was a kindly twinkle which made Paul and Elizabeth his friends at once. The three spent many hours together.

As they neared Montana, the children studied their maps more and more closely.

"I wonder why so many forts were built around here?" exclaimed Paul, spelling out the names on the time-table as the train sped along.

'Because the Indians at one time made a great deal of trouble in the Northwest," replied Captain Smith.

"Was there fighting?" cried Elizabeth, giving her finger a sharp prick in her surprise.

"And real battles? Even in Montana?" asked Paul excitedly. Playing Indian had always been one of his favorite pastimes, but he knew very little about the bloody Indian warfare of the pioneer days, when *Indian* to frontier children meant anything but play.

"One of the fiercest Indian fights in our history took place where these two rivers join each other," replied the Captain as he pointed on the map to a certain spot in Montana.

Both children bent eagerly over the page and read, "Big Horn River, Little Big Horn River, Fort Custer!"

"Oh, Elizabeth, we are going to hear about it!" exclaimed Paul, who had guessed that the Captain had another story for them.

"Have you never heard about Comache?" the Captain began.

"No, Captain Smith," answered Paul. "Was that the name of the Indian chief?"

"Comache," replied the Captain, "belonged to the United States cavalry, and in this fight he was the only survivor. It is nearly fifty years since the battle of the Big Horn River, which took place in Centennial Year, 1876. At that time many bands of Sioux Indians lived in Montana. They were a brave race, but wild and cruel. They hated the white men who were taking possession of the forests and prairies which, for hundreds of years, had been their hunting grounds. There they found food and furs for the needs of their families. If we put ourselves in their place, we cannot blame them, I am sure. Endless warfare was carried on between the early ranchers and the savages, for the Indians never gave up their hope of getting rid of the pale-faces. While we are riding safely along upon this comfortable train, it is hard to realize the great dangers that were met by the men who surveyed and built our first railroads."

"Did the Indians actually fight those men, too?" exclaimed Paul.

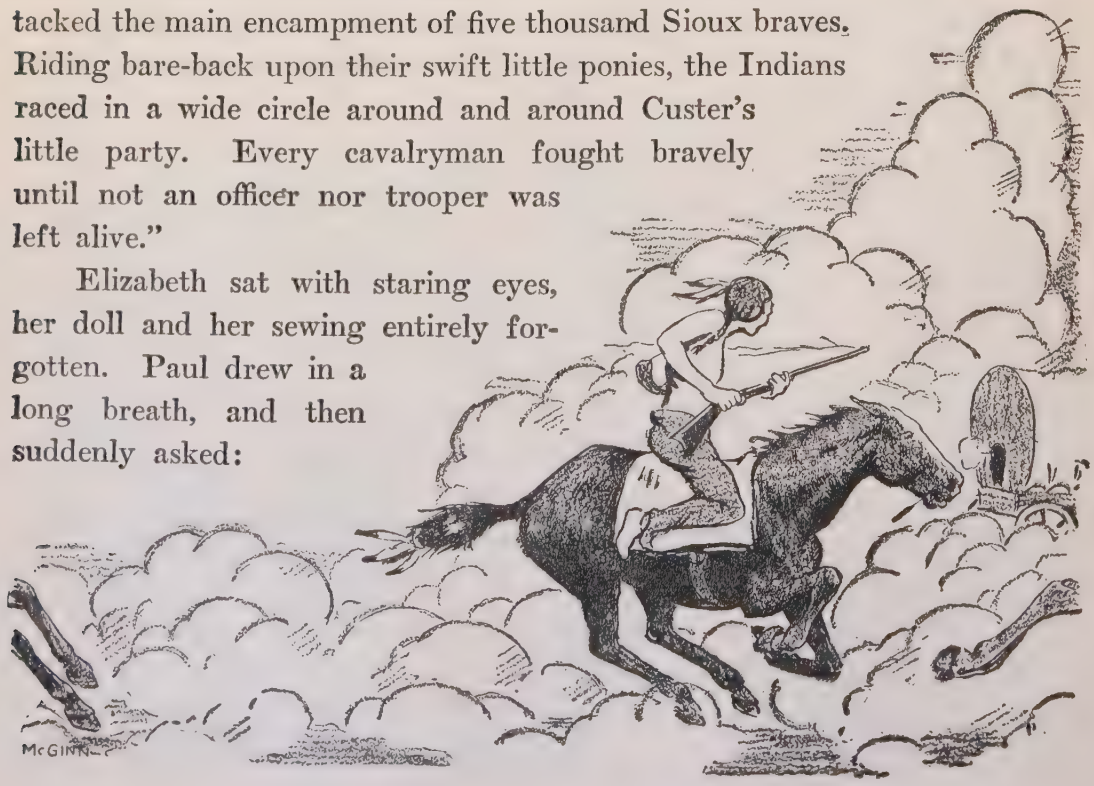
"Indeed they did. There was so much trouble that the United States government sent out an expedition against the Sioux. General Terry was in command, and Colonel George Armstrong Custer with the Seventh Regiment of United States cavalry was the advance guard.

"One evening in June, Colonel Custer's men arrived at the meeting place of the Little Big Horn River and the Big Horn River. Orders were given to make camp. The infantry was two days' journey behind, and the Colonel determined to wait for them at this point.

"A scouting party soon reported that a band of Sioux was near by, and Colonel Custer at once made plans to capture them before they could rejoin their tribe.

"In the morning the regiment was divided into three parties, each one to advance upon the Indians from a different point. Custer led the center column, in which there were two hundred and sixty-four men. The troopers were eager for the fight, but so were the savages. The Indians poured from their camp in such an endless stream that Custer's men were quickly surrounded and they realized they had attacked the main encampment of five thousand Sioux braves. Riding bare-back upon their swift little ponies, the Indians raced in a wide circle around and around Custer's little party. Every cavalryman fought bravely until not an officer nor trooper was left alive."

Elizabeth sat with staring eyes, her doll and her sewing entirely forgotten. Paul drew in a long breath, and then suddenly asked:



"But what about Comache? Was he an officer or just a cavalryman?"

"Comache was a large gray horse, the cherished property of Captain Keogh who fought and died with Custer. No one can tell how the horse escaped, but he was found many miles from the battlefield. He was nearly dead for he had received seven wounds."

"Did he die?" asked Paul and Elizabeth with one voice.

"No, he was given the best of care, and when he was returned to the Seventh Regiment he was treated like a hero. The scars upon his body told their own story of the desperate struggle from which he had escaped.

"A command was issued from Headquarters about the care of Comache. In order to prolong his life he was never to be ridden, nor given any work to do. He was to have an especially comfortable stall. Every morning he was to be saddled and bridled and led out for regular inspection. On days of ceremony he was also to be draped in mourning and led in parade by a mounted trooper."

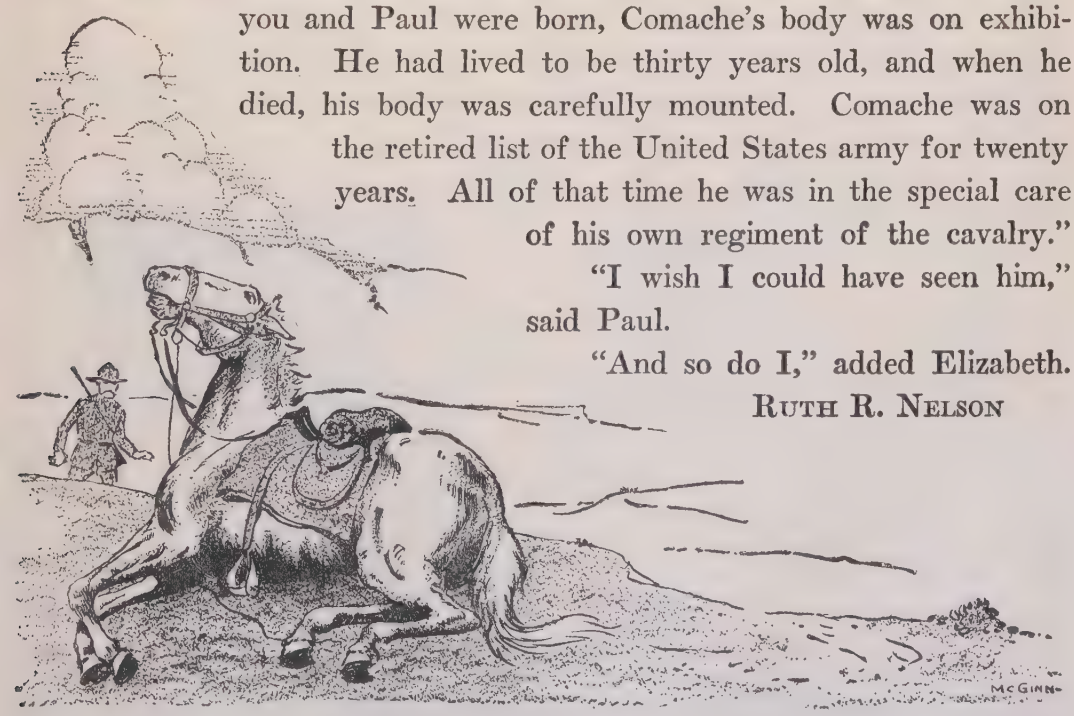
"Oh, Captain, did you ever see Comache?" asked Elizabeth.

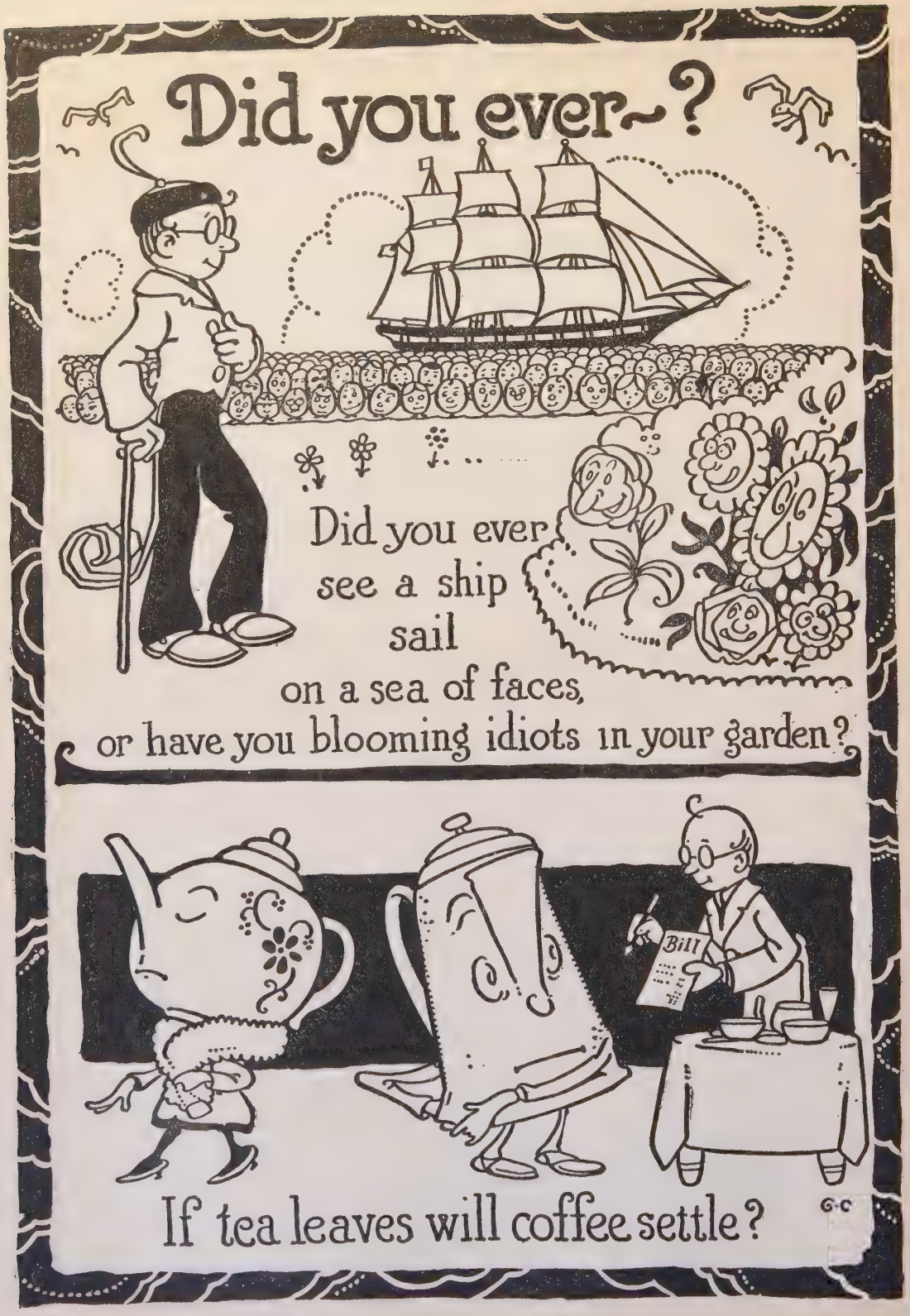
"Not when he was alive," replied Captain Smith. "But at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, which was years ago and long before you and Paul were born, Comache's body was on exhibition. He had lived to be thirty years old, and when he died, his body was carefully mounted. Comache was on the retired list of the United States army for twenty years. All of that time he was in the special care of his own regiment of the cavalry."

"I wish I could have seen him," said Paul.

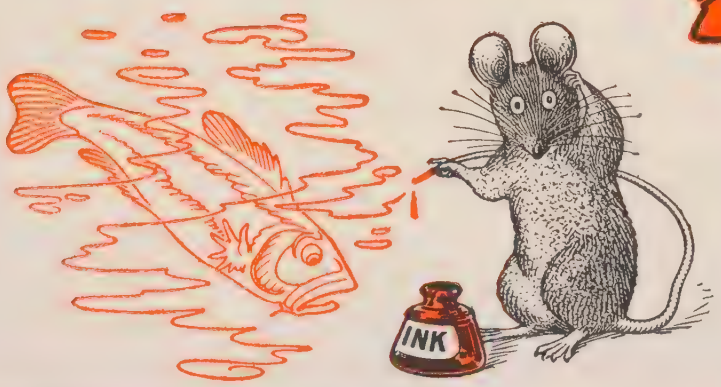
"And so do I," added Elizabeth.

RUTH R. NELSON



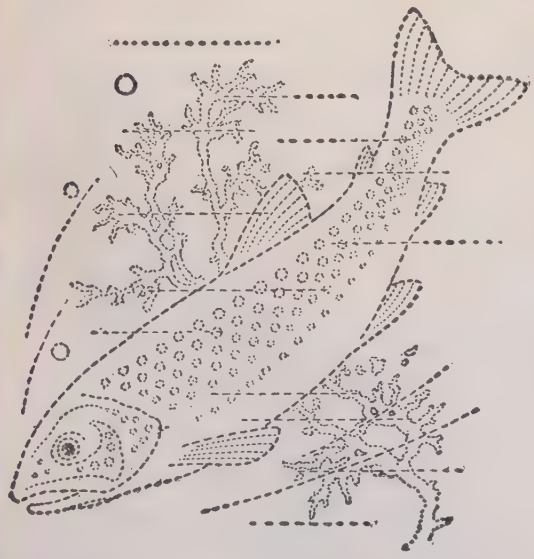

Did you ever~?
Did you ever see a ship sail on a sea of faces,
or have you blooming idiots in your garden?
Bill
If tea leaves will coffee settle?

I Shiver when I think about that awful Owl I drew;
I hope John Martin wasn't scared and all his children, too:
And I do hope the one you made was handsome as could be,
To make old Wise-Owl say: "Well, that looks pretty much like me."



GEORGE O BUTLER

HOW TO DRAW A FISH by Mr. MOUSE



I HAD this drawing quite complete
Before I chanced to think
That little fishes do not care
To swim around in *ink*—
Especially in ink that's *red!*
So we'll pretend that he
Is just a lone Red Herring who
Lives in a bright Red Sea.
Now you can paint the water blue,
And then *your* Fish will look
Just like a really live one that
Is swimming in a brook.

FISH. Drawn by _____

QUEER

WHO does not love babies? They are so soft and warm and snuggly, and so sweet to cuddle? There's a tiny, wee baby I want to tell you about. She is so very small that perhaps you've never noticed her. Yet, I'm quite sure you could have seen her, or some of her baby cousins, almost any day, if you had known where to look.

This baby never makes any noise. She is sound asleep in her little cradle. There are no soft blankets about her, such as Mother keeps around your baby brother or sister. The walls of her cradle are her only protection, but they are so very strong that she is safe from harm. Her mother made the cradle so in order that no harm might come to the baby.

Can you guess who this baby is? I'll tell you how to find her. Ask Mother to give you a bean. Do you see that crack all along the edge? Get Mother to help you slip the edge of a knife just a very little way into the crack. If you're very, very careful you will not hurt the baby. Yes, really and truly, she's inside. You'll see her in a minute. Now, very gently,

EDNA T. HART HUDSON.

BABIES

pry the two sides of the bean apart. There, do you see the baby? She doesn't look at all like any baby you've ever seen before, does she? Yet she is a tiny baby plant, a baby bean plant. See her two little leaves. Would you ever guess that this wee baby could grow into a bean vine, out in your garden? Now suppose you get a peanut and find the peanut baby. Every seed in the world has a baby in it.

The tiny pansy seeds your mother sows in her flower-bed are so small that it would be almost impossible to open one, and find the pansy baby, but she's there, asleep in her little brown cradle.

Can you think of anything taller than a big tree? Yet there is a baby tree in every acorn, maple seed, pine seed, peach seed, orange seed, apple seed, and every other tree seed you ever saw. Isn't it wonderful that God can use his sunshine and rain to make that tiny little baby tree seed grow into the great tall tree?

See how many different seeds you can find. Open one of each kind and see if you can find the baby.

GEORGIA GLADYS WILLIAMS

QUACK!

Said the Little Red Boy
"For goodness' sake!
Here's a Pale White Duck
on a Dark Black Lake!"

Said the Pale White Duck
to the Little Red Lad
"*That's* the only color
that the Printer-man had!"

LONG ago, when Scotch King Jamie sat upon the throne of Merry England, there dwelt not far from the ancient city of Chester a country yokel named John Upjohn. He had a small freehold with a house and orchard. There he had lived, happy and contented, with his bonny wife Ann, for a whole year since their marriage.

Now it must be remembered that in those far-off days even the smallest comforts and luxuries were lacking. Many things which now are a matter of course were unknown except to the powerful nobles and courtiers. Even in the days of good Queen Bess, whose rule had but lately ended, window-glass was to be found only occasionally in the great new country houses which the wealthy landowners were then building.

It is therefore not surprising to learn that when John Upjohn found in the road a small hand mirror, such as great ladies used, he had no idea what its purpose might be. The simple fellow had never even heard of a looking-glass. He was returning from market at the time, and, seeing something glitter, he got down from his nag and picked it up. The glass was framed in delicate gilt with a wreath of forget-me-nots painted up-

on it. When the astonished John gazed into it, he saw his own sunburned face.

"It is the picture of my father," cried he, for his sire had died years before when he was about John's age, and there was a strong resemblance between them. "How in the world did a picture of my good father happen to be lying in the road? Surely some kind fairy hath placed it in my way on purpose. I am indeed in luck!"

He wrapped the precious picture, as he thought it, in his handkerchief and put it carefully into his pocket. When he reached home he hid it in a black-oak chest that stood in the best room. In this box he kept the deed of his farm and a few other papers, besides his best clothes. He said nothing to his wife about his wonderful find, for he had but a poor opinion of her wisdom and feared that through her gossip he might lose his precious picture.

This strange adventure in his otherwise humdrum life so greatly excited honest John that Ann could not fail to notice it. Even when working in his fields, his father's picture was constantly in his mind. He would often lay down his spade and hasten to the house to assure himself that his treasure was still safe.

His wife, filled with wonder at this strange behavior, questioned him again and again but all in vain. She determined to watch and see what it was that excited him and caused him to interrupt his work so often.

One day Ann announced during breakfast that she was going to visit her mother. But, after leaving the house, she returned and hid herself in the cupboard. Leaving the door ajar she could overlook the best room. Presently the unsuspicious John came back from the field, and went directly to the black-oak chest. Taking out the mirror, he gazed at his own image long and lovingly. Then he again laid it in its hiding-place and left the house.

No sooner was he gone than Ann came from her cupboard. A mo-

ment later the mysterious object was in her hand. Imagine her surprise and anger when she beheld in the lovely gilt frame the picture of a strange and comely young woman! This accounted for her husband's restlessness and his efforts to keep his secret to himself! He was a base deceiver. This was, beyond doubt, the picture of a cherished sweetheart!

She was bursting with fury when, all unconscious, John returned from his morning's work.

"Wretch!" she cried, holding the mirror before him, "so this is the way thou deceivest thy good and faithful wife! A picture of a strange woman, and an ugly jade at that, and yet thou preferest her to thy good wife who was counted the belle of the village. Thou hast even a wreath of forget-me-nots painted on the frame to remember her by; out upon thee for a knave and a dastard!" and she burst into tears.

"Thou art indeed in error," cried John as soon as he had recovered from Ann's unexpected outburst. "It is no picture of a woman, fair or ugly, that thou holdest in thy hand. It is the likeness of my good father long since dead," and snatching the mirror from her he looked into it to assure himself that what he said was true.

But the jealous and outraged Ann was not to be persuaded so easily. "Thou liest!" she cried, "have I no eyes?" and a torrent of hot words and reproaches were again showered on John's devoted head. Voices were raised, and each one tried to outscream the other.

Now it so happened that a holy man who lived hard by was passing along the road. Hearing the uproar he entered the doorway to see what all the noise was about. Though old, he was very vain of his sanctity. His long, white hair and beard gave him a pious and venerable look which was of great service to him among the simple folk of his parish.

"What is the trouble, my children?" he inquired. "Holy father," replied John, "my wife has lost her reason. She thinks I possess a pic-

ture of a strange woman, whereas it is but the likeness of my beloved father."

" 'Tis false!" cried Ann in wrath, "here I am holding in my hand the picture of an artful hussy he cherishes, to his everlasting shame and disgrace. He has been hiding it from me for days."

"Hold, both of you!" returned the holy man, upraising his hands in supplication. "Give me the picture, and I will decide the truth."

But no sooner had he gazed into the mirror than he crossed himself and cried: "You are both in error, my children. This is the effigy of a saint in Paradise! It is a thing far too precious to leave in such unworthy hands as yours. I therefore will bear it to the chapel of St. Simon there to preserve it among other sacred relics."

Then, taking the unlucky mirror with him, the holy man departed, leaving John and his wife, Ann, to such peace as they could find.

A. W. Callisen

TALES
FROM
THE DAYS OF GOLD
by
Ruth R. Nelson

A MISTAKEN MONARCH

LONG years ago there lived an Indian king who was very rich and powerful. He was known as "The King of the Floating Islands" because, all about the island on which his city was built, the people had made tiny floating gardens. These were rafts woven of rushes and covered with soil from the lake bottom. Flowers and even trees were planted upon these and they became lovely little gardens. The people of this city loved flowers and filled their houses with them, carried them about with them, and even used them in their temples.

In the city of this rich Indian King there were many fine palaces and temples of wood and stone; but the palace of the king was the most beautiful one of all. It stood next to the great temple and faced upon a broad, smooth street which ran straight through the city.

This wide street was two miles long and ran out upon a causeway which connected the island city with the mainland. The causeway was built in such a manner that it could be cut off from the city in times of war to prevent any enemy from crossing.

The riches of this proud Indian king were so great that many of the dishes used upon his table were of pure gold. He dressed always in beautiful garments which were changed at least four times every day. Since he never wore any garment a second time, there must have been

many rooms in the palace filled to overflowing with these kingly robes.

This proud, rich Indian king was Montezuma, the last ruler of the powerful Aztecs, a nation of Indians who lived long ago in Mexico. The Aztecs were not a roving people, their homes were built of wood and stone. They also had many fine roads leading into every part of their kingdom, for they had conquered nearly all the surrounding country.

The Aztecs worshipped the sun. They believed that their people had been led to this country long before, by a god who had dwelt with them through a number of prosperous years. When he departed, he promised to return to them at a future time. The Aztecs believed that this sun god would come from the East, and that with his return their own ruler would be obliged to give up his kingdom.

During the reign of Montezuma there had been many wars, and the power of the Aztecs was greater than ever before. Their treasure houses and temples were filled with great stores of gold and other precious things.

But strange happenings had also been taking place. Stars with long fiery tails had been seen in the sky. These must have been comets, but the Aztec priests declared them to be signs from heaven. One of the towers of the great temple had been burned by a mysterious fire; terrible thunder had been heard in the East; and worst of all, the lake had begun to rise and had done great damage to the beautiful Island City. The superstitious Aztecs felt more and more certain that these misfortunes had been sent them as a warning of some greater thing to follow. Many believed that the time had come when the sun god would return and reclaim his kingdom. And even the proud Montezuma feared that, if this should happen, his armies and his riches would avail him nothing.

One day Montezuma received a letter sent from one of his villages on the seacoast. This message, which was in picture writing, told of the arrival of a party of strange beings. They had come from the East across the water in houses which sailed on the sea. These beings had white skins and black hair upon their faces. They dressed in shining clothes and rode upon strange animals which carried them along as a part of themselves. There were large dogs, and the visitors carried strange sticks which spoke fire and noise. They declared that they had come to visit the king Montezuma in his City of the Floating Islands.

When Montezuma received this message, he was greatly troubled. These strangers from the East, with their white skins and their fire sticks might prove to be "The Children of the Sun" whom all the Aztecs truly believed would surely return some day.

The king sent for all the priests and all his wise men and there was a great council meeting at the palace. Montezuma explained the message while the picture letter passed from hand to hand. Then he arose and spoke. He reminded them, first, of the other strange events which had been following each other. Then he told them that he believed these white strangers might be the long expected "Children of the Sun."

"Now, my lords, what am I to do?" he cried.

Then a brave young prince arose and said:

"My Lord, we must do as the Aztecs have always done—fight! Fight for our city and for our king!"

But a long silence followed this brave speech. At last one wise man who was very old spoke thus: "My Lord, it is true we have many brave men who will fight for you, but of what use can it be to fight against the gods? Has the messenger not said that the Sun god has given these strangers his fire which speaks with thunder from the tubes they

carry and kills those who oppose them? Would it not be better to send presents to these men and beseech them to go away as they have come?"

And so it was decided, for the priests also believed this to be the best plan. From his storehouses the king sent a helmet filled with grains of gold, garments embroidered with threads of gold, and wonderful robes made of peacock feathers, encrusted with pearls and other jewels.

From the temples the priests sent two large plates "as large as carriage wheels." The plates, of which one was gold and one silver, had been used by the Aztecs in their worship of the sun god and may have been placed among the presents to the white men for that reason.

The gifts were sent by swift relay runners who could make the long journey of two hundred miles to the coast in one day.

Now these white strangers were a company of Spaniards who had been sent to the land of the Aztecs because the story of their riches had become well known. The Spanish leader was Hernando Cortez, a bold man who loved adventure and who was filled with a great desire for riches.

The wonderful presents which Montezuma sent to him made Cortez even more determined to visit the King. Every one he met in this strange land told him tales of the great and rich City of The Floating Islands.

Cortez called his men together to decide what should be done. He told them that they must expect to face many dangers if they went forward into this hostile country. But when the men saw the gold and silver, their greed overcame their fears, so that, one and all, they voted to start at once. In order to make sure that his men should not desert him, Cortez burned his ships and then set out, with his little army, upon the long march to the city of the Aztec king.

When Montezuma's messengers returned to him with this bad news, he did not know what to do. He feared to welcome the strangers, and yet, he feared that to oppose them would be fighting against the gods. Day after day, as the Spaniards advanced in triumph through his kingdom, Montezuma found himself unable to decide what was best to do.

At last Cortez, with his soldiers and their fire tubes and their horses, arrived opposite the city. Cortez probably found the causeway closely guarded, for he made use of a wily trick to get into the city. He sent word to Montezuma that he and his men were very weary from their

long march and that they would be glad to rest, as friends, in the city for a time.

Montezuma distrusted the strangers and did not want them in the city. But he feared the wrath of the gods if he refused this request from the white men, for he felt more and more certain that they were the long expected Children of the Sun. So a time was set for the Spaniards to enter the city.

They were received with great ceremony. Near the drawbridge a large company of nobles met Cortez and his little army. The strangers were given the greeting used by the nobility—each chief placed the palm of one hand upon the ground and, bending down, kissed it. The entire company then crossed the causeway and marched up the wide street. Even these bold adventurers were impressed by the wonderful palaces and temples and the beauty of this long, straight street.

Two hundred nobles were stationed along each side of the way to guard the advance of the king who was borne to the meeting in a gorgeous palanquin.

When the parties met, slaves swept the ground and placed carpets upon it so that the golden sandals of the proud Montezuma should not touch the earth when descending. Cortez dismounted from his horse and greeted Montezuma haughtily. Presents were exchanged, and the Spaniards were then conducted to a palace which was given up to their use.

The fears of Montezuma were soon realized, for the Spaniards could not hide their greedy desires for the possessions and treasures of the

Aztecs. They found fault with everything and were constantly quarreling with the natives.

One day Cortez invited Montezuma to visit him at his palace. When the king arrived he was seized and made a prisoner. Cortez demanded that Montezuma swear allegiance to the Spanish king. He even commanded his soldiers to put the poor, proud monarch into chains until he should obey.

Still believing that in this way he could best serve his people, Montezuma even yielded to this demand of the Spaniards. His promises were sealed with more rich presents. There were dishes of gold and silver, gold in bars and in grains, ornaments, collars, bracelets, fans of feathers embroidered with gold and pearls, besides many other things. The Spaniards immediately fell to quarreling over the division of these riches.

When the proud Aztecs heard that Montezuma had sworn allegiance to the Spanish king, they became infuriated. A great mob surrounded the palace where he was imprisoned. They were determined to kill the Spaniards and to find their king whom they now believed to have betrayed them.

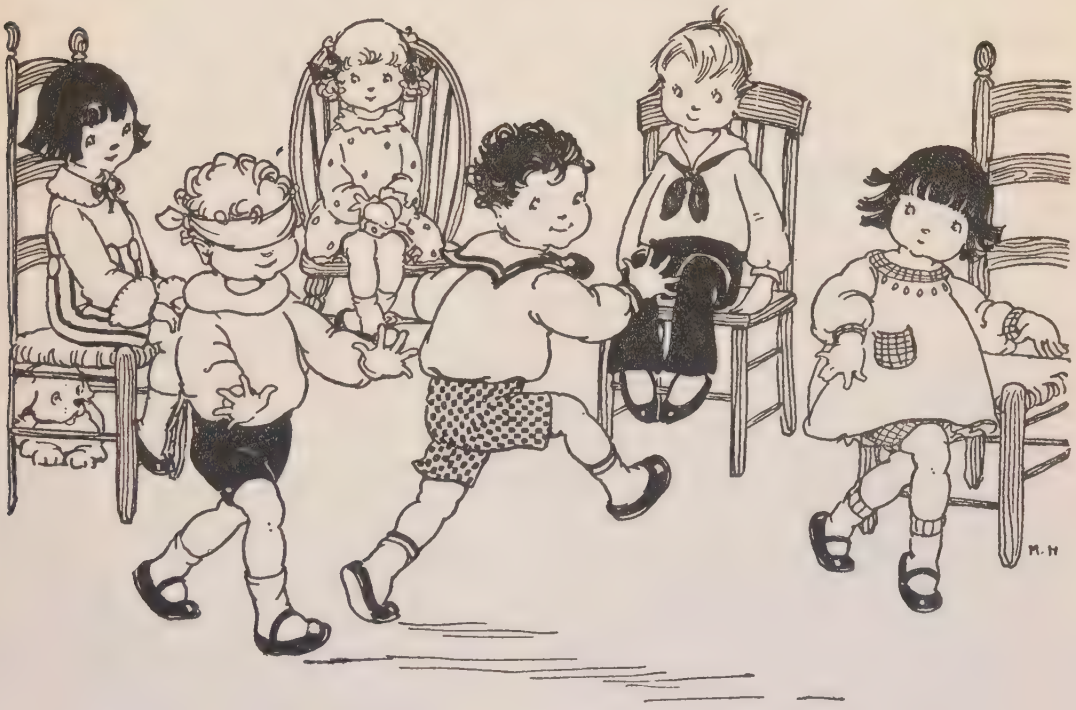
Montezuma, thinking he could quiet the mob, went out upon a balcony to speak to them. Arrows began to fly and stones were thrown. The poor, deluded king received a serious wound. Realizing that he had lost the love of his people, and that he was powerless in the hands of his enemies, Montezuma no longer cared to live. He refused to receive any further care from the Spaniards, and a few days later he died, still half believing that it would have been useless to oppose the Children of the Sun.

The bold Cortez took possession of The City of the Floating Islands. Its beautiful buildings were destroyed, and the people became the slaves of the Spaniards. So the once-proud Aztecs mourned for their city and for their lost king who had died, not for the gods, but to satisfy the greed of the gold seekers.

RUTH R. NELSON

INDOOR GAMES for LITTLE FOLKS

HUNTER



DID you ever play hunter? Draw your chairs up in a circle. The child who is the hunter is blindfolded and placed in the center. The other children are given names of animals, such as bear, beaver, and lion. The leader remembers these names and asks two on opposite sides of the circle to exchange places. He does this by saying, "The fox went to visit the deer, but the deer was not at home."

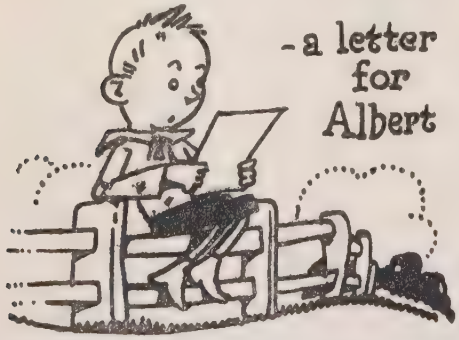
As soon as their names are mentioned these players must exchange places, and the hunter tries to catch them as they cross the circle. If he is successful he takes the name and chair of the one caught, and that one must be the hunter.

MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

A Funny Letter

WHEN vacation time came, Albert went to visit his relatives who lived in the country. At home he kept himself very tidy and clean. Perhaps that was because his mother was near to remind him.

One day his mother received a letter from Albert's grandmother. The letter hinted that he did not pay as much attention to his appearance as he might.



A few days later the postman stopped at the farm house and left a letter for Albert. He was very proud to receive it, but, for some reason or other, refused to show it to any one. Albert put the letter right into his pocket. After a while he went out all by himself and buried it in a hole behind the barn.

That night Albert's dog, Spot, was digging for a bone he had buried behind the barn. How surprised he was to find a letter instead! The wind blew the letter into the road where it was found. It is on the opposite page for you to see.

Would you have buried that letter if it had come to you?

EMMA GARY WALLACE

A boy at home was clean and neat,

A gentleman from head to feet.

But when upon his holiday

He went out on a farm to stay.

He didn't always comb his hair,

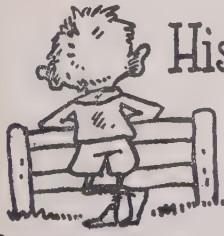
Nor think his finger-nails to pare.

To shine his shoes he quite forgot;

He never thought to clean a spot.

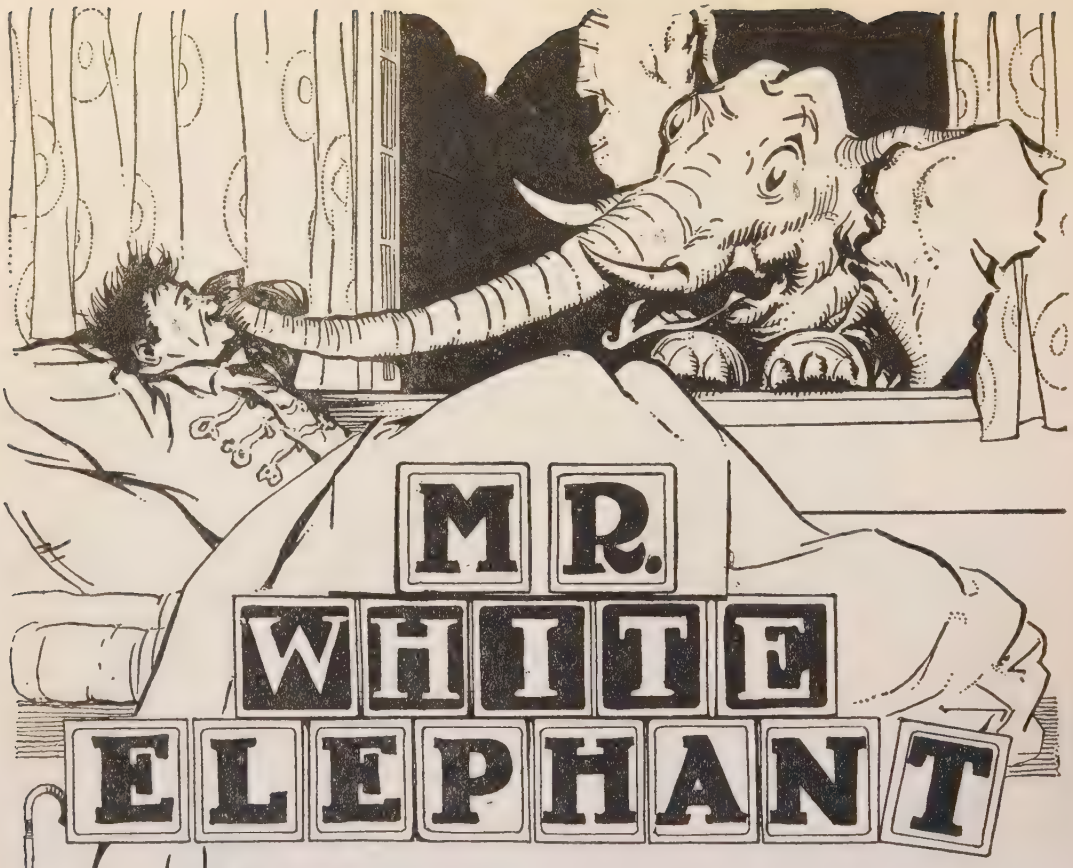
His toothbrush withered on the wall;

He never brushed his clothes at all.



His ears, behind grew very black.

The farm did not invite him back.



MR. WHITE ELEPHANT

R. LANE lived in the country, but he went to business every morning on the train to the city. Now Mr. Lane did not have to set an alarm clock to awaken him each morning, for at just the correct time every day Mr. Lane's Big White Elephant would walk from the barn, flippity flop, flippity flop, flippity flop, and go straight to Mr. Lane's bedroom window. Mr. Lane slept down stairs and always kept his bedroom window wide open at night. The White Elephant would swing his trunk through the window and gently touch Mr. Lane on the cheek. Mr. Lane would sit up in bed and say, "Why, good morning, Mr. White Elephant, is it time for me to get up?" Mr. White Elephant would nod his head slowly up and down and then walk back to the barn, flippity flop, flippity flop, flippity flop.

The days seemed very long to Mr. White Elephant with Mr. Lane away all day. One afternoon it seemed to Mr. White Elephant that he could never wait for Mr. Lane to come home. As he was walking about the yard, flippity flop, flippity flop, flippity flop, he met a little grey pussy kitten. He gently swung the kitten up in his trunk and swung him onto his back. The little grey pussy kitten said, "Meow, meow! Must be I am going to take a ride," and Mr. White Elephant walked on, flippity, flop, flippity flop, flippity flop.

Very soon he met a little brown dog, and the first

thing the dog knew Mr. White Elephant had picked him up in his trunk, and swung him onto his back behind the kitten. The little brown dog said, "Bow wow, bow wow! Must be I am going to take a ride," and Mr. White Elephant walked on, flippity flop, flippity flop, flippity flop.

After a little he met a rooster, and the first thing the rooster knew, Mr. White Elephant had picked him up in his trunk and swung him up behind the little brown dog. The rooster said, "Cock-a-doodle-doo! Must be I am going to take a ride," and Mr. White Elephant walked on, flippity flop, flippity flop, flippity flop.

Finally he met a little boy whose name was Ted.

The first thing that Ted knew, Mr. White Elephant had picked him up and swung him onto his back behind the rooster. Ted said, "Hurrah, hurrah! Must be I am going to take a ride," and Mr. White Elephant walked down the road, flippity flop, flippity flop, flippity flop, until he came to the railroad station.

It was not long before the train came steaming in, ding dong, ding dong, choo, choo-oo, and stopped at the station. Mr. Lane stepped off the train and looked down the road. There was Mr. White Elephant with the kitten, the dog, the rooster, and the boy Ted on his back. Mr. Lane laughed so hard he could hardly walk. As he came nearer them, the little grey kitten said, "Meow, meow;" the little brown dog said, "Bow-wow, bow-wow;" the rooster said, "Cocka-doodle-do;" the little boy said, "Hurrah, hurrah," all in the same breath.

What was Mr. Lane's surprise when Mr. White Elephant picked him up and swung him onto his back behind Ted, and walked all the way home, flippity flop, flippity flop, flippity flop. And that's the end of the story because they were all home again.

(Each time the "Flippity flop" is said the children flop hands alternately on their knees.)

DAISY STANFORD

The Golden One

AND this is an old Buddhist tale of ancient India, one of more than five hundred animal legends. It is old in memory, but as beautiful to-day as long ago, for loving pity fails not to increase in loveliness.

WHEN King Brah-ma-datt-a was reigning in Benares, the god Bo-dhi-satt-va came to earth as a deer. He might have been called The Golden One, for his coat was as lovely as old gold in color and gloss. His eyes appeared to be glowing jewels, his horns were like burnished silver, and his hoofs as bright as polished lacquer. This godlike creature came to rule on earth as the King of Five Hundred Deer, and he was called The Banyan.

In the same great forest where The Banyan and his subjects roved, there lived another deer as golden and as beautiful as he, but he bore not the glow of loving wisdom. This deer was called The Branch, and he was Ruler of Five Hundred Deer.

In these far times the great Monarch of Benares was a famous hunter, and most fond of the chase and such like sport. Day after day he and the nobles of his gay court hunted in the royal forest and killed many deer.

One day, the favored ones of the King's gentlemen held secret council among themselves. Thinking they might greatly please their lord, they contrived a plan to drive all the deer of the forest into the King's own pleasance, or pleasure park. "This," declared they, "will

save the King the trouble of hunting far and wide in the forest; 'twill also provide deer more abundantly for the master's royal board."

So, these schemers for the King's favor did as was planned, and the five hundred deer of The Banyan and the five hundred deer of The Branch were herded into the close confines of the royal pleasure park.

One day, the King and many of his noble hunters rode forth into the shadowed park, and the King beheld the great herd of affrighted deer. As he marvelled at their number and tried to count them, his eyes fell upon The Banyan and The Branch, the two beautiful golden deer. Amazed was he at their beauty and strength, and exclaimed: "Let no one kill or more closely imprison the two Golden Ones. I have spoken."

Thereafter, days passed, and the King rode forth into his park a-hunting. Many deer did he kill and more did he chase; and the King's cook and butchers killed also for the King's table. At the sight of the bow and the thought of the piercing arrows, the poor deer fled away hopelessly, for always would some be wounded and others slain outright. The lot of the wounded ones was bitterest of all and hardest for the deer brethern to bear. Terror grew and spread like constant night in the King's pleasure park. Then went The Banyan to The Branch and said:—

COMRADE and Brother, our subjects and friends of the forest are being killed day by day in great numbers and in cruel order. Yea, I know we cannot escape out of the King's walled park, but we shall not be needlessly wounded and wantonly slain, and no longer shall we live through unknown days and nights of terror. So, let our deer go by turns to meet the hunter's arrows or the cook's knife. To-morrow one deer shall go forth from my herd, and the next day one from thine; and so on, until we have all given our lives unto the King or the cook. By lot shall each deer go. Thus shall we know the hour and day of death, but be spared the pain of wounds and the terror of the unknown."

And so it was decided according to The Banyan's word. Day after day a deer from The Banyan's herd or a deer from the herd of The Branch went without complaint to its death, for the King and the cook found this plan most convenient.

Return to thy young deer
said the Banyan

He bent his head low before the hunters and the cook

One sunny-bright morn when all the world was lovely and seemingly at peace, the lot to die fell on a pretty doe of the herd of The Branch. She was no less brave than other deer of the herd, but there was a heart reason that called for life and usefulness yet a little longer. So she went to The Branch and said:

"Lord, I am the mother of a very young fawn who needs my care until he shall be older and stronger, and until he is taught to care for himself alone. I pray, my lord, that thou delay my death but a few months longer. It is the mother of young life that thus pleads."

"No, no," replied The Branch, "this cannot be done, for the lot of death has fallen upon thee, and so it must be, this very day. Begone!"

Hopes burn high in a mother's heart as long as life makes the heart to beat. So that mother doe despaired not, but hastened to The Banyan deer. With prayer in her eyes and a mother's love making her still hopeful, she told her story and pleaded for yet a little longer life.

"I understand thee and thy prayer," said The Banyan. "Return to thy young fawn, and I will see that the hour for thy death passes thee by. Farewell, mother deer."

Saying no more and without sadness or hesitation, The Banyan hastened to the place of death. With no fear in his heart or his jewel-bright eyes, he bent his head low before the hunters and the King's cook awaiting the arrow or the knife; but neither was raised against him, for the cook exclaimed:

"Hold! What have we here? 'Tis the Golden One, the King of the deer. What meaneth this?" And away he hastened to tell his master, the King, who made all speed to where The Banyan stood.

"Oh, my friend, my lord!" cried the King. "Why are you here in this place of death? Have I not promised thee life?"

THEN, as The Banyan bowed before the King, he told the tale of the mother doe. 'Twas to save two lives he now offered his own instead. Then said the King with great wonder in his voice:

"O Lord and Golden One, never have I known such

a heart as thine! Never among men have I met one so abounding in charity, love, and pity! Arise, King of the Deer. I spare thy life and that of the mother doe also."

"I thank thee, O great King of Men! Though the mother doe and I are spared, what shall be the fate of my deer and all others?"

"I spare their lives also, my Lord Banyan," replied the King.

"Then the deer of the earth shall be safe, O kind King. But what will become of the other four-footed creatures?"

"I spare their lives with the others, and their children's children after them shall be spared, O Golden One."

"But all the birds of the air, O kind and wise King of Men, what shall be the fate of these?"

"They shall be spared with the rest, my lord," answered the King.

"Though all these be spared, great and goodly King, what shall become of the fishes that swim in the sea and all other waters?"

"O my Lord and Golden One," replied the King, "these, too, I spare with all other living things. Thy love for the living hath put death away forever."

"I thank thee, O loving one and King of Men. Life and love shall rule on earth, and thou shalt walk in righteousness and justice loved by men and all living creatures. Farewell!"

Then with a thousand deer following close upon his footsteps, The Banyan passed out of the King's park into the forest from which he came. And The Golden One was seen no more by the eyes of men, but his memory lives forever in the hearts of all living things.

Adapted from an old Buddhist legend by

SAIDA

MOTHER MINE

MY Mother's eyes are watchful eyes,
Far-seeing eyes that see
Where she may find a happiness,
Or gain some good for me.

My Mother's hands are gentle hands,
All-healing hands and deft,
Completing what they have to do,
And blessing what is left.

My mother's heart's a tender heart,
And very wise, as well.
The greatness of its love for me
No words of mine can tell.

Oh, Mother mine
what can I say?
What can I do or
be
To give you some-
thing in return
For all you give
to me?

The Palace of a Hundred Rooms

PRINCE Albert was very much excited. Never before had he had a letter from his father, the great King of Everyland. He knew it must be most important, for his father was always so busy traveling around his vast kingdom that he could hardly take time for small matters.

Quickly he opened the big envelope which the young page had brought him and read it through. As he was a young prince and had only just learned to read, he did it very slowly, pointing his finger at each word. And this is what he found:

"Dear Son:

"Since some day you must be king over all my kingdom, it is time that you were learning how to rule. Page William will take you to the Palace of a Hundred Rooms.

"This is to be your home. Your happiness there will depend upon yourself. You often forget the things your mother and I have tried to teach you. Now you must be your own teacher.

"Lovingly, your father,

"The King."

Prince Albert clapped his hands for joy.

"Come!" he called impatiently to the page. "Take me to my palace at once. Why don't you hurry?"

The page led him quickly through the streets until they came to the splendid palace.

"Quick! Give me the key!" ordered the little prince.

"I'm sorry," replied William, but your father did not give me the key. He said you should wait for it here."

"Wait for it!" cried Prince Albert, angrily. "Why should I, the prince, wait for anything?"

"That I do not know," replied the page, patiently. "I only know that now I must go. The king has commanded."

Since there was nothing to do but wait, the little prince sat down on the steps. A beggar came along and asked for a penny.

"Go away!" was the cross reply.

To pass the time he watched the little children who were playing out in the street. Suddenly a little girl burst out crying, and began to look for something on the ground.

"What's the matter?" asked the prince, curiously.

"I have lost my coppers," she wailed.

"Never mind," said the prince kindly, "don't cry, here is some money."

"Oh, thank you," cried the girl, gladly. As she came running up to get it, she stooped over and picked up something.

"Is this yours?" she asked.

It was a shining, golden key.

"Why, it must be the key to the palace," he exclaimed in astonishment. "Thank you heartily."

Then he hurried up the steps. Certainly it was the very key. He had scarcely touched it to the lock when the great door swung open wide. Eager to examine all its treasures, he rushed in, but to his great surprise, he found all the doors on both sides of the hall locked. He walked up and down for a while looking at the beautiful pictures on the walls.

Finally William appeared again, and with him were several servants.

"Why don't you get me those keys?" demanded the prince, angrily.

The page shook his head. "The King, your father, has said you must find the keys.

"I?" asked the prince in amazement.

"How can I find them? Well, anyway," he added after a moment's pause, "Here's good old Mariana to cook for me. I'm *so* hungry, Mariana. Won't you make me a nice, hot dinner?"

"Of course," was the hearty response, "and now that you mention it, here's the key to the kitchen."

"Good!" exclaimed the prince, happily. Then, a moment later, when he was alone, he said softly to himself, "Now I wonder how that happened."

Still puzzling over the matter, he beckoned for William.

"Listen," he said kindly, "won't you please help me find the key to that big room? It must be my new play-room, and I am most anxious to see it."

"Surely," said the page, walking over to the door. "Isn't this it?" He took down a bright key that was hanging right beside the door.

"It's funny I didn't see that!" thought the prince, as he entered the fine, big room. It *was* indeed a play-room, and the prince, who liked to play with new toys just like any other little boy, had a glorious time. But often he would sit down in the midst of things and think about the mystery of the keys. Little by little the secret became clear to him. He had been kind to the little girl, and she had found him the key to his palace. He had talked gently to the cook, and she had given him the key to the kitchen. He had been polite to William, and the little page had found him the third key.

"I think it will pay me to be careful what I do and say," decided Prince Albert, "and now I'll see if I'm right."

He went out among the servants and the people in the streets, saying and doing all the kind things he could think of, and every time another door would open and show him its treasures.

All this time the prince was learning that the secret of his own happiness was in making others happy. Years afterward, when, through his kindness and goodness, he became the best loved king in all the world, he knew that it was all because of the happy, helpful days he had spent in the Palace of a Hundred Rooms.

VERA COBER ROCKWELL

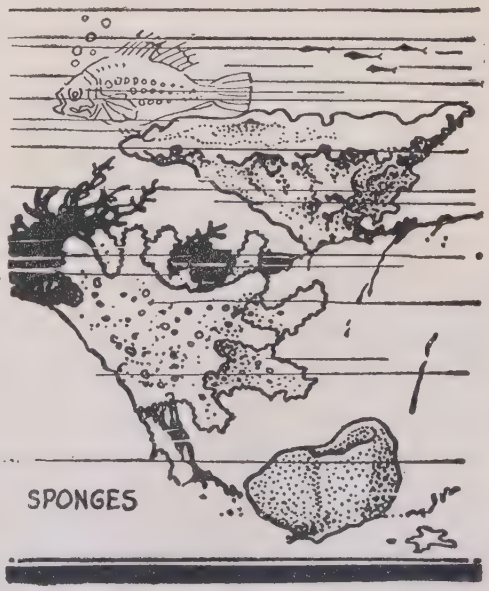
A USEFUL SKELETON

DO YOU ever wonder where a sponge comes from and what it is? As a matter of fact, what we use is not the sponge at all, but its skeleton. If the sponge could talk, it would tell us a very strange story.

Its salt-water home is a long way from most of us, for sponges are found in the Mediterranean and Red Seas, in the Gulf of Mexico, and some of the West Indies. Let us take a little journey to the Gulf of Mexico to learn what we can about sponges. The small city of Tarpon Springs, Florida, is the home port for nearly all the sponge fishermen of this region.

Fishermen? Yes, fishermen. For the first thing we learn is that sponges are animals who live in the sea. They are queer animals, for they have neither legs nor fins, and therefore cannot move from place to place.

If you will examine a sponge, at the top you will see one or more large holes, which do not go through the sponge, but lead to the inside of it. About these larger openings may be seen smaller ones, which lead to the same interior space. It is through these holes that the sponge feeds. The water, which contains the food, is sucked in through the smaller openings. The sponge keeps the nourishing part, and sends the water that is left out again through the larger holes. Fishermen say that this throwing out of water is done with such force that it spurts up for several inches.



If you could see a sponge as it looks when it is alive you would not recognize it. The skeleton, which is what we use, is covered with a thin, reddish

skin that looks very much like rubber. Beneath this is a yellowish substance like jelly. The whole mass resembles a piece of liver. It is not at all attractive, and has a very unpleasant odor.

GREEK SPONGE FISHING BOAT

Let us go to the docks at Tarpon Springs, where the fishermen moor their boats, and arrange to go to the fishing grounds ourselves. First, we must find some one who speaks both English and Greek, because the sponge fishermen are all Greeks. Here on the docks we find one of the oldest of them. He has been in this country for years, and can speak English fairly well. We tell him what we want, and he leaves us. In a few minutes he returns to report that the *Olympias* is just ready to sail, and will take us.

Following our guide, we climb up the narrow plank and jump down to the deck of a wooden sailing vessel. With sails unfurled, we glide out of the bay into the beautiful Gulf of Mexico. Turning our eyes from the shimmering water to our little vessel, we begin to doubt if this is a real boat. Such gay-colored cabin, rails and masts! The Greeks are very fond of bright colors, and bedeck their boats accordingly.

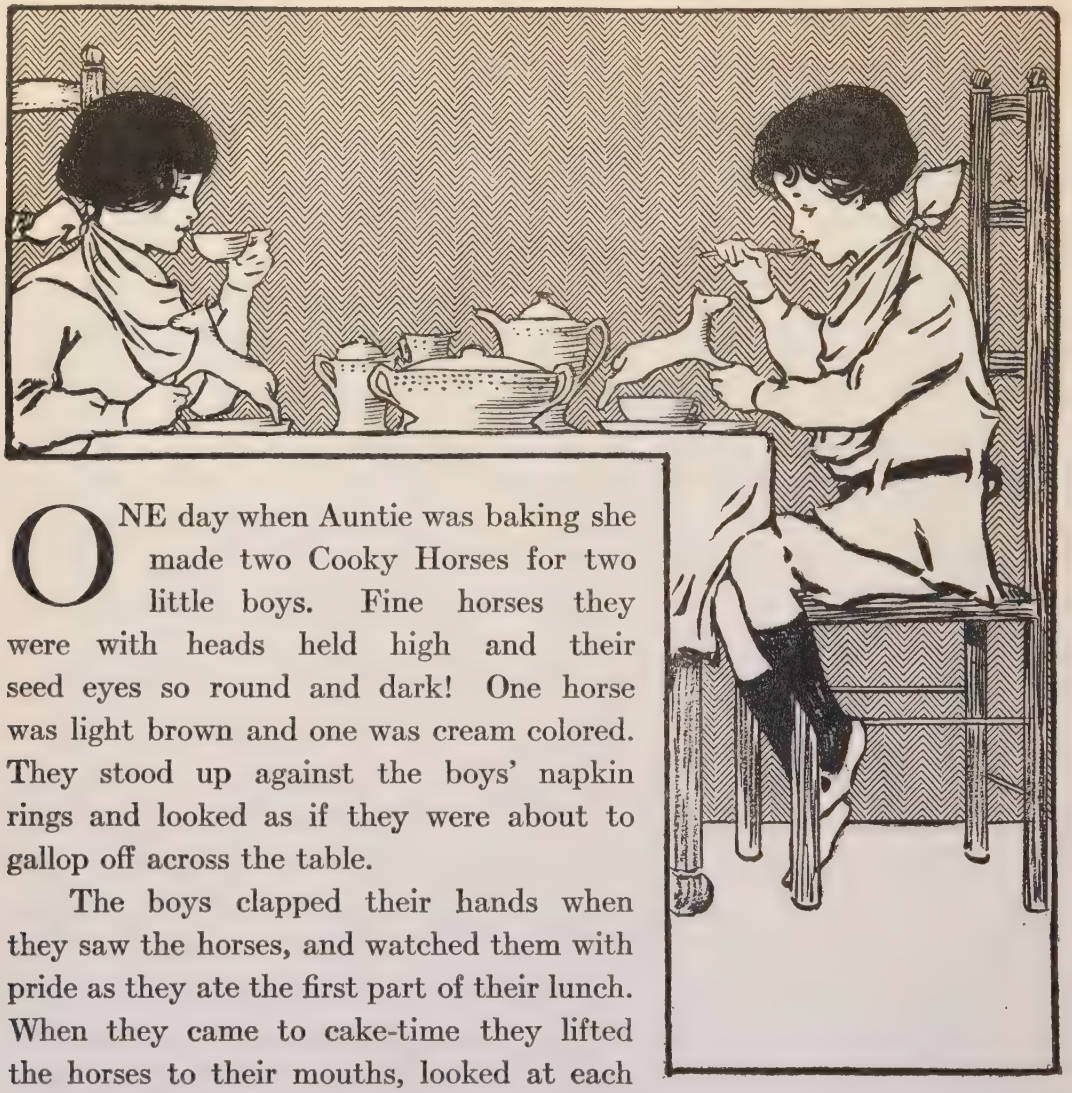
Now we look around and count noses. The crew consists of six men, two of whom are divers. These, with ourselves, make up the party. After sailing sixty miles from port, we reach the fishing grounds. The divers put on their one-piece diving suits. Over the stocking part they pull heavy leather shoes with immense soles, to which are fastened what seem to be iron overshoes. These are to prevent holes being cut in the suit by the shells and the corals which are found on the bottom of the sea. What a queer looking thing their head-piece is! There is a glass window in front, through which they can see their way about on the floor of the sea. To one side is attached a piece of tubing, which looks very much like our garden hose. It is quite long, and the other end is connected with an air-pump on the boat. By this means the diver will be able to breathe. The head-

piece is screwed on tight at the neck of the suit. The diver is now ready. He steps to the side of the boat and descends a ladder to the level of the water. From this point he is lowered by means of a rope tied under his arms.

Reaching the floor of the sea, he walks about until he finds sponges to his liking. Using the three-tined fork which he carries, he pries them off the floor of the sea, to which they are attached by roots. At his left side is a mesh bag, in which he places them. After an hour's work he is raised to the deck of the boat, and the other diver goes down. Turn and turn about, this is kept up until sundown, and every day until the boat is loaded.

We all circle around the diver as he clumsily reappears in our midst. He empties his mesh bag before us. Its contents resemble a pile of beef liver. The other men of the boat spread the sponges out on the deck, and with their feet begin to trample out the jellylike substance. But what an odor! We withdraw to the farthest part of the boat, but the odor still pursues us. As each lot is trampled, the sponges are strung on stout cord and hung over the side of the boat, where they are allowed to float until the sea has washed them clean. After a couple of days the men bring them back on deck. The skin, which was broken in the trampling, can now be scraped off with a knife. After this the cleaners thoroughly wash them and squeeze out the water. And behold! We have the fine soft sponge that we buy in the store. It is now much more attractive than when it came from the sea, and surely it has a more agreeable odor. INEZ M. HARING

A CHEWING STORY



ONE day when Auntie was baking she made two Cooky Horses for two little boys. Fine horses they were with heads held high and their seed eyes so round and dark! One horse was light brown and one was cream colored. They stood up against the boys' napkin rings and looked as if they were about to gallop off across the table.

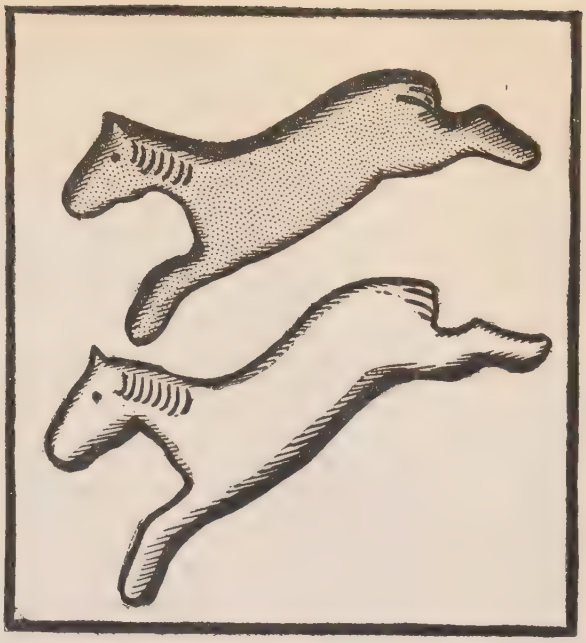
The boys clapped their hands when they saw the horses, and watched them with pride as they ate the first part of their lunch. When they came to cake-time they lifted the horses to their mouths, looked at each other across the table and laughed.

"Oh, where are we going now?" wondered the horses.

One little boy seemed to answer them, for he said: "Now, Mr. Pony, you are going through the mill and then down the red lane."

The horse thought that sounded interesting, but did not have time to think any more, for the red mill doors opened and there were the rows of little, white millers ready to receive him. One mill had twenty millers, and the other had twenty-four—no, only twenty-three, because one had become

unable to do good work and had been taken away, and the new one had not yet come in his place.



The cream-colored horse's head went into the mill and, before his seed eye could wink, the millers began to grind him up. Near each miller was a little well that began to send out sweet water that moistened the crumbs and made them sweeter than the sugar had made them.

A great red manager moved the crumbs around until every miller had had a chance to grind them, and moisten, and sweeten them from his little well. When the crumbs were quite crushed, and moist like cream, a little gate at the back of the mill opened and the crumbs slipped down the red lane into the little boy's stomach.

Then he put another bite of the cooky horse into the mill, and the same thing happened again. When the stomach had finished with them the blood workers took the wee, wee, tiny bits of that cooky horse and made them help that little boy to grow big and strong.

Now, what happened to the brown horse? Something quite different. Just let me tell you. When the other little boy put the first bite into his mill, the millers started to work, the wells began to spout, and the manager was busy keeping everything right, the same as in the first mill. But suddenly there was great confusion.

Before the millers were half done the greedy boy put another bite in and bothered everything. The manager had

to hurry the unground, dry crumbs back toward the gate of the red lane. The gate was not large and the big crumbs had trouble getting through and the boy nearly choked. Then here came more half-ground, dry crumbs, for that boy just poked in the new bites one right after the other. The gate was kept moving so fast that it stuck on its hinges, and the greedy boy choked, and coughed until he had to be excused from the table.

He ran and got a big drink of water, and flooded the mill, and hurried the crumbs down the lane long before they were fit to go. When the pieces of that cooky horse reached the boy's stomach, they were so big that they still knew they had once been a horse, and what do you think? They acted just like a horse and kicked around in that boy's stomach in quite a dreadful way, and the boy felt very miserable for awhile.

Now, which boy are you?

EDITH L. BOYD.

THE COOKY RACE

DOWN the Red Lane we gallop away!
It's gobble and chatter and yum-yum *hurray!*

We pass the red gateway;
The Guards all in white;
We dash through a chamber
As dark as the night.

Down the Red Lane we gallop away!
It's crunching and munching and frolic and play!

We dash down a cavern,
And down a long hall.
It's dark as a pocket,
With no light at all.

Down the Red Lane we gallop away!
The race is worth racing with no price to pay!

Don't care for the darkness;
The goal is in sight,
And some one we know has
A *grand* AP—PE—TITE!

JANE MORGAN.

My Star

SOMETIMES, when I am in my bed,
Before I go to sleep,
Right through the window at my head
A star begins to peep.

It winks at me because, you see,
It is too far to speak,
And then I know it means that we
Should play at hide-and-seek.

I pull the quilt across my face
And lie—*so* still!—but when
I open just the tiniest place,
It laughs and winks again.

There's just one thing—how much I try,
I cannot make quite right,—
The star and I each other spy
When all is black at night.

But, when the sunbeams touch my eyes,
And early robins call,
I look at all the bright, blue skies
And find no star at all!

MARY A. P. STANSBURY

The Wise Man of the Sea

OLD PROTEUS was the wise man of the sea. He knew all things that were passing upon the earth and under the waters. He could tell all things that had been and all that were to be. He was the son of the god of the sea, Neptune, and cared for his father's flocks, guiding them through their pleasant ocean pastures or driving them out upon the shore to rest. Close upon the outskirts of his father's kingdom was a shadowy cave. Here Proteus often used to stretch himself and sleep while his herds were wandering upon the beach, for Neptune's sea-calves were only the white waves, after all, and needed little watching. To this cave came gods and goddesses, nymphs, and even mortals, to consult with the prophet. They knew that if they were to gain the knowledge they desired they must take him unawares and in a happy mood.

Like many another wise man, Proteus preferred to keep his secrets locked in his own breast. It was only when some being had gained mastery over him in his sleep, and was courageous enough to hold him fast bound, that he would show his knowledge. He had the strange power of changing himself into any shape he pleased, and very curious were his changes. Sometimes he was a raging flood of waters, and sometimes a fierce, roaring fire. Again, he was a lion or a tiger ready to pounce upon his prey, or a wild boar or a dragon. But at last, if he found that his captors were not to be terrified, he would come back to his own form and, as an old man, tell them all they wished to know. It was old Proteus who told Ar-is-tae'us where to find his bees.

One day when the wise man was taking his noontime sleep in the hollow of the rocks, the water nymph, Cy-re-ne, came seeking him with her son Aristaeus. This youth was the first who had ever gathered bees into hives and brought them to work for man. But now all his swarms were

dead, and he was sad at the loss of his strange pets. Cyrene hid herself behind a cloud, and left her son to watch among the shadows outside the cave until the god should fall into his deepest slumber. When Proteus was at last asleep, Aristaeus crept to his side and clasped the chains securely upon him. The prophet wakened suddenly and, seeing this strange youth in his secret chamber, knew he was captured unless he could frighten him into dropping the chains. He began to fume and rage until it seemed to Aristaeus that all the great floods of the sea were bursting over him, but he did not loosen the chain. Then a raging fire sprang up about him and crackled and flamed, but Aristaeus did not loosen the chain. Then a roaring lion came charging upon him with open jaws and glaring eyes, but he still held the chain fast. When Proteus saw that all his tricks were in vain he came back to his natural shape and demanded what Aristaeus desired of him.

The youth replied that he had lost his bees, and asked where he might find another swarm.

The god answered him sternly and said: "Young man, you are being punished for an impious deed. You have angered the nymphs of the wood by causing the death of one of their number. Immediately slay four bulls and four heifers, without spot, and sacrifice them to the nymphs. Leave the carcasses in the leafy shadow for nine days. Then return, and you will find your bees."

Aristaeus did as the god commanded, and lo, when after nine days he visited the spot again, there were his bees buzzing about his recent sacrifice, as happy as they had ever been in his pleasant hives at home.

So surely did old Proteus know the secrets of all creatures.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE

The FLOWER PARADE

"OH, Grandmother," Alice cried, "we can't go out to play in the garden! See, it's beginning to rain."

"So it is, but we can have a rainy-day flower parade in the house," said Grandmother. "Clarence may slip on his raincoat and bring us the blossoms we shall need before it rains any harder. We shall have tiny pansies for faces, and sweet-peas for bonnets. The little rabbit heads that grow inside the delphinium or larkspur blossoms will be useful, and so will the hollyhocks, pinks, Gaillardia, Queen Ann's lace—in fact, every flower in the garden."

"Oh, and will you make us little flower ladies?" begged Alice.

"Just you wait and see, my dear. And, Clarence, we shall need a cockscomb, too, and the largest seed-ball you can find on the Queen Ann's lace plants."

Alice was curious to see what Grandmother would do with the seed-ball. When Clarence had brought it, she watched Grandmother cut off the top and snip out with her sharp scissors the seeds on the inside.

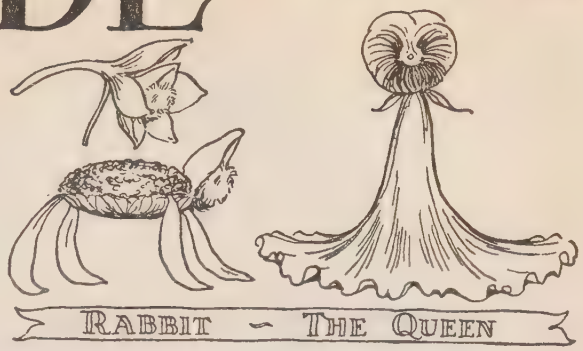
QUEEN'S COACH

"Here is the Flower Queen's coach," she said. "Now, while I make the Flower Queen, Alice may decorate the coach, putting tiny

PARADE

sprigs of Queen Ann's lace through the openings."

Grandmother selected a ruffled petunia for the Queen's dress. She trimmed the petals of a pansy until there was nothing left but the little face.



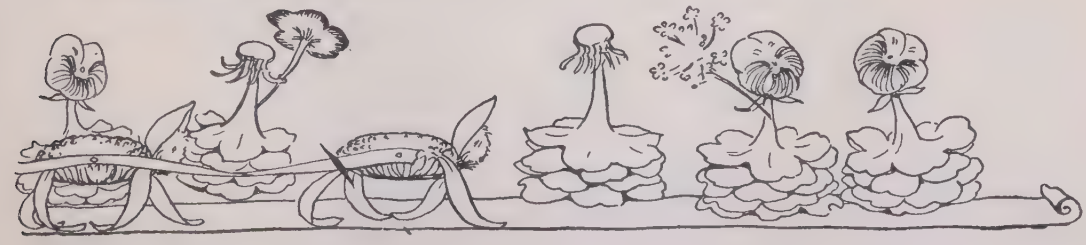
This she fastened in its place by running the stem down the neck of the petunia, and the dainty little Queen was ready to be tucked away in her decorated coach. Then Grandmother unrolled a strip of gauze and spread it over the wooden surface of the dining room table. Upon this she placed the coach and the little Queen.

"Now for the rabbits that draw the coach. Clarence, you will find their heads in those largest larkspur blossoms."

Grandmother took a Gaillardia, which is much like a daisy, and pulled off all the petals except four—two in the front that were to be the rabbit's front legs, and two in the back for his hind legs. Then she ran a pin through the dark brown body and the little rabbit head was stuck on the point. Clarence made another rabbit, and they were hitched to the coach with long blades of blue-grass.

"Oh, how lovely!" cried Alice in delight.

"Would you like to make little dancing girls to run before the Queen?" Grandmother asked. "Take



these four-o'clocks and place one above another until there are as many skirts as you think a little maid can manage. Then trim off a bit of the neck. You may attach a pansy face by running the stem down the neck of the flower, or you may use a dandelion gone to seed. They make charming faces when the seed is blown away."

This gave Clarence an idea. He made an old man by using a hollyhock and running a pin through the green part to hold on the dandelion head. The seed, which he left on the head, looked like white hair. Grandmother showed him how to make dignified footmen to walk beside the coach. She used hollyhocks and pansy faces, fastening on with a pin a small plume from the cockscomb.

With the addition of these footmen, the coach looked so fine and complete that Clarence pulled it around and around the table on the narrow strip of gauze. He stopped now and then to let Alice place in the parade a new dancing girl or a little flower girl made from a garden pink. Grandmother added dignified ladies-in-waiting made from frilled hollyhocks. Some wore cunning sweet-pea bonnets and others carried tiny parasols made of Queen Ann's lace.

"Look, the sun has come out," Clarence cried at last. He was a little bit disappointed, for he thought the rainy-day parade more fun than playing in the garden.

"I just can't go out now," Alice declared. She had made a tiny doll's buggy from a cupped poppy petal and had tucked two rabbit babies inside, covering them with a satin petal blanket. Now she was busy making a rabbit mother to push the twins in the flower parade.

"Clarence, when I get this finished, won't you let me march them around the table while you play on your drum? Isn't it fun to have a rainy-day flower parade?"

MYRTLE JAMISON TRACHSEL

There will be lots of Jims and Jacks and Marys and Dorothys, too, who will play at making a flower parade. See how many brand new ideas you can invent yourselves from the flowers you find in your garden.

H. W.

THE INDIAN

THIS is a mighty Indian chief
With stern and haughty face;
Perhaps he doesn't like to be
One of a "passing race."
But, different races come and go
In time's unchanging plan.
I wonder if I cannot help
This haughty Indian man.

WOOD MAGIC or AND HOW

NOW here is the kind of wish to wish
On the great, gray, silent Stone.
While one hand rests on his cold white face,
Just say in an undertone—

"Brother Stone, oh Brother Stone,
Living all day long alone,
Make me patient just like you;
Make me steadfast, calm, and true;
Be there sunshine, be there rain,
Teach me never to complain.
Brother Stone, oh Brother Stone,
Living all day long alone,
That's the wish I wish on you."

TWO WISHES

TO GET THEM

AND here's the kind of wish to wish
On the tall and gentle Tree.
With quiet voice and hand held high
Say these words earnestly:

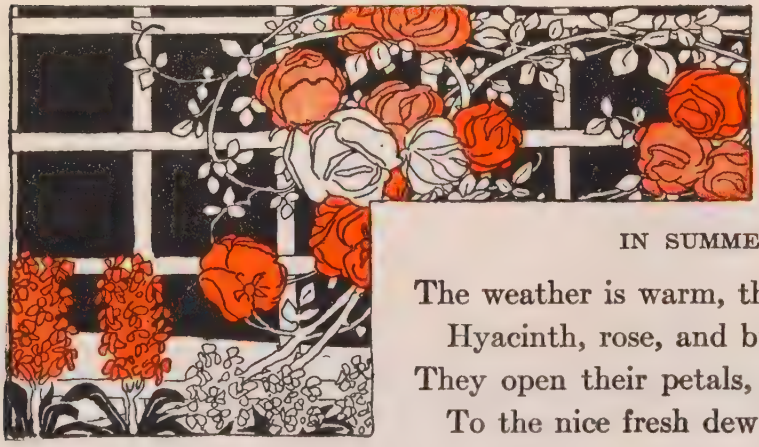
"Brother Tree so tall and strong,
Waiting, watching all day long,
Make my body grow to be
Strong and stalwart like a Tree.
Make my thoughts and actions pure,
Make me good and honor sure.
Brother Tree so tall and strong,
Watching, waiting all day long,
Give my earnest wish to me."

JOHN MARTIN.

MY GARDEN

IN SPRING-TIME

DOWN in the dark and sticky clay
My plants have sprouted, day by day.
And now, above the garden beds,
Are peeping green and curious heads.

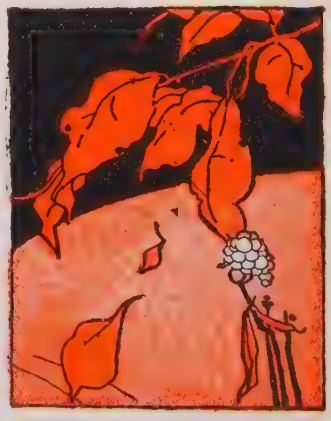


IN SUMMER-TIME

The weather is warm, the flowers are up,
Hyacinth, rose, and buttercup.
They open their petals, one by one,
To the nice fresh dew and the shining sun.

IN THE FALL

My flowers are gone, the stalks are dead,
But the leaves are turning brown and red.
The rain is falling, the leaves fall, too,
And seeds have come where the flowers grew.



IN WINTER-TIME

The snow lies thick upon the ground;
Not a single leaf nor plant is found.
But Mother says, if I wait, I'll see
That next spring they'll come back to me.

EMILIE MOISE GUYOL.

HERE'S A FROG

But frogs aren't red!
What should I
have used instead?

Green or pink?
What do you
think? Write
the right answer
right here
at the right ↗

JO
McMAHON

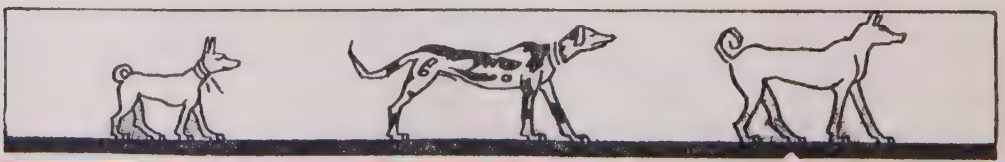
"BEWARE THE DOG!"

DOGS have always been part of the family. There are paintings found in Egypt, made three thousand years ago, picturing slender greyhounds exactly like those that we see. The Greeks and Romans showed dogs of noble breed in their mosaics and marbles.

About 1800 years ago, there was a beautiful city on the Bay of Naples. It was filled with flowers and trees, courts with fountains, statues of wonderful delicacy, and gay, happy people.

One day, there was the rumble of an earthquake, and to their horror, the residents of Pompeii saw the whole top of the green mountain of Vesuvius fly off, and smoke and fire pour out. In great masses the pumice-stone and ashes fell upon the city until it was completely buried.

There it lay, forgotten for several centuries. One day, a man was digging in his vineyard—for by that time, earth covered the ashes—and struck something hard with his spade. He had not dreamed that he lived over a splendid buried city!



Others began to dig there, to see what treasures could be found, and brought out statues and pots and kettles—some with soup still in them—and petrified bread. Houses were uncovered and streets. If you go to Pompeii to-day you'll see a large city of houses where nobody lives, all dug out of the earth.

Many of these houses were large, and all of them opened directly on a street; there were no front yards. Flowers and fountains were in the inside courts where the families lived long, long ago.

On the door-sill of one beautiful home is a large black and white mosaic, a picture made with small stones set in patterns. It shows a dog, with delicate head and stiff tail, his mouth opened to bark, his whole body at attention. Underneath are these words, all in mosaic, "Cave Canem", which is, of course, Latin for "Beware the Dog."

Some people say this was placed there as a sort of joke, to scare visitors. Others believe there was really a dog, and people were cautioned to watch out for him. What do you think was in the mind of that long ago house-owner when he had his masons set a dog into his door-sill?

FELICIA BUTTS CLARK

The Lamb

HELLO! Children, here I am;
Merry, merry, woolly Lamb.
All the Meadow loves to see
Just how happy I can be.
By and by, of course I'll grow
Big and be a SHEEP I know,
But at present here I am
Just a happy little Lamb.

Every little Lamb must play
In a *lambkin* sort of way.
I must kick up both my heels,
Just to show how *good* it feels.
Maybe little children do
Funny little *kickings*, too;
For the Meadow loves to see
Just how happy Lambs can be.

BEGGAR BABIES

STRANGE LADY walked along the road on her way to an old Chinese palace outside the city of Peking. As she walked, suddenly she heard a little voice call, "Give me a penny, give me a penny." Strange Lady turned around quickly and saw a ragged little girl. She had holes in her blue coat and holes in her black trousers and holes in her shoes, and her hair was not combed at all. But she had a pretty face and Strange Lady smiled. Then the little beggar girl smiled back and said, "Please, please, rich strange lady, give me a penny."

Just then up waddled a fat, wee boy with a round fat face. He had a striped hat pulled down over his ears. He put his hand on the girl's coat. He did not talk at all, but as he looked at the Strange Lady his eyes spoke for him! "Who are you?" they said. "Aren't you a funny lady with your yellow hair! I wonder if you have a lot of pennies?"

The little girl talked all the time. She said,

"This is my little brother. He is only three years old, and he is just learning to beg nicely. He gets scared sometimes, specially of the white people, but he gets lots of pennies because he is so cute. My name is Ru Dzen, and his name is Ging E, and we get pennies every day to give to our mother. See the nice lady, Ging E? You beg for some money. Go on, Baby, ask the rich lady for pennies."

Strange Lady was surprised to see little fat Ging E's face grow solemn as though he were about to cry. He called very loudly, "Go ga tsain, go ga tsain," which means "Gimme money, gimme money." Then he folded his hands and called again. Strange Lady laughed and gave him five pennies in his two fat hands. He was so cunning and little. Just as soon as the pennies were in his hands, Ging E stopped crying, and looked at his sister. She said to him in a loud whisper, "Thank the lady. Stupid, can't you ever learn to be polite and say thank you? Every day I have to tell you. If I told the mother that, she would punish you. Now, thank the lady as I tell you." The little boy winked his eyes very hard, knelt down in the road before Strange Lady and bent his head very low three times. That to him meant thank you. Strange Lady helped him to get up, and she wiped the dust from his flat, wee nose.

"Where do you go, kind lady?" asked Ru Dzen. "If you are going to the palace, I wish you would ask me to go with you and show you all the pretty places. Ging E can walk very fast, and I know all the things that the white ladies like to see. Come on, Ging E," she said, "come on and walk fast now. White ladies with short skirts and such big shoes walk as fast as a horse. I think her shoes are ugly, but her face is kind."

皮兒漂
魚兒兒
尾

Strange Lady did not know anything about the beautiful palace, and she thought it would be fun to have a little boy and girl go with her. So along the dusty road they walked. Strange Lady walked very slowly for her; Ru Dzen walked as fast as she could; and the little boy had almost to run. His cloth shoes made a soft thudding in the dust, and he became so hot that Ru Dzen had to take off his outer coat and funny little hat and carry them.

"We'll soon be at my house," Ru Dzen said. "That little house there is mine, and I think my mother is at home. Would you stop while I give her the pennies we have this morning? I'm eleven years old, but my mother doesn't trust me very much. If I lost a single penny, she would be very angry."

Strange Lady wanted to see Ru Dzen's home. So, when the little girl ran ahead to find her mother, Strange Lady followed her. At the side of the road sat a very small house with a grass roof. Sitting in the doorway, warming herself in the sun, was Ru Dzen's mother. She wore a blue dress and around her head a blue handkerchief. Her blue trousers did not hang loose as our father's do, but were tied tightly around her ankles with a piece of bright red cloth. The shoes she wore were old and full of holes like Ru Dzen's, and she looked very cold as she sat there with her hands tucked up her sleeves.

"Well, what do you want?" she asked Strange Lady, her face not kind at all. When Strange Lady did not answer her she said to Ru Dzen, "Did you bring home lots of money? You've been gone a long while. I suppose you were playing instead of begging and getting money for us. All right, don't cry when you have no supper."

"O, but Ma," said Ru Dzen, "I did not play at all. And I did bring home plenty of pennies. And Ging E is quite safe. He is a great bother to me when I want to hurry, for he is so slow. But I never could leave him because something might happen to him. He is so little, and there are so many rickshas and carriages going along the big road to the palace."

"All right, all right," said the mother. "Stop talking so much. Give me the money, and get away." And the mother looked off to where Ging E was coming along slowly. She called to him, "Come, mother's little precious. Tired, wee lamb? Come on to mother." And she patted his little cheeks and loved him hard. Ru Dzen watched her mother sadly. For the mother did not love her at all, and she did love her little boy. Looking up at Strange Lady the little girl said coaxingly, "Ask the mother if I may go with you to the palace. She is always angry at me. You ask her. You tell her you have many coppers for me when I have shown you all the places. Please, you have many coppers, haven't you? I know you have. Please ask her."

So Strange Lady said to the mother, "Have you had breakfast, Honorable Lady?" That is the way you speak to people when you first see them in China. Just as in America we say, "How do you do." The mother did not answer; so Strange Lady said again, "Have you had your breakfast?" The mother stopped loving Ging E and looked at Strange Lady and grunted, "Um." So Strange Lady went on: "I met your nice little boy and girl on the road this morning. You must be a very happy mother to have such good children."

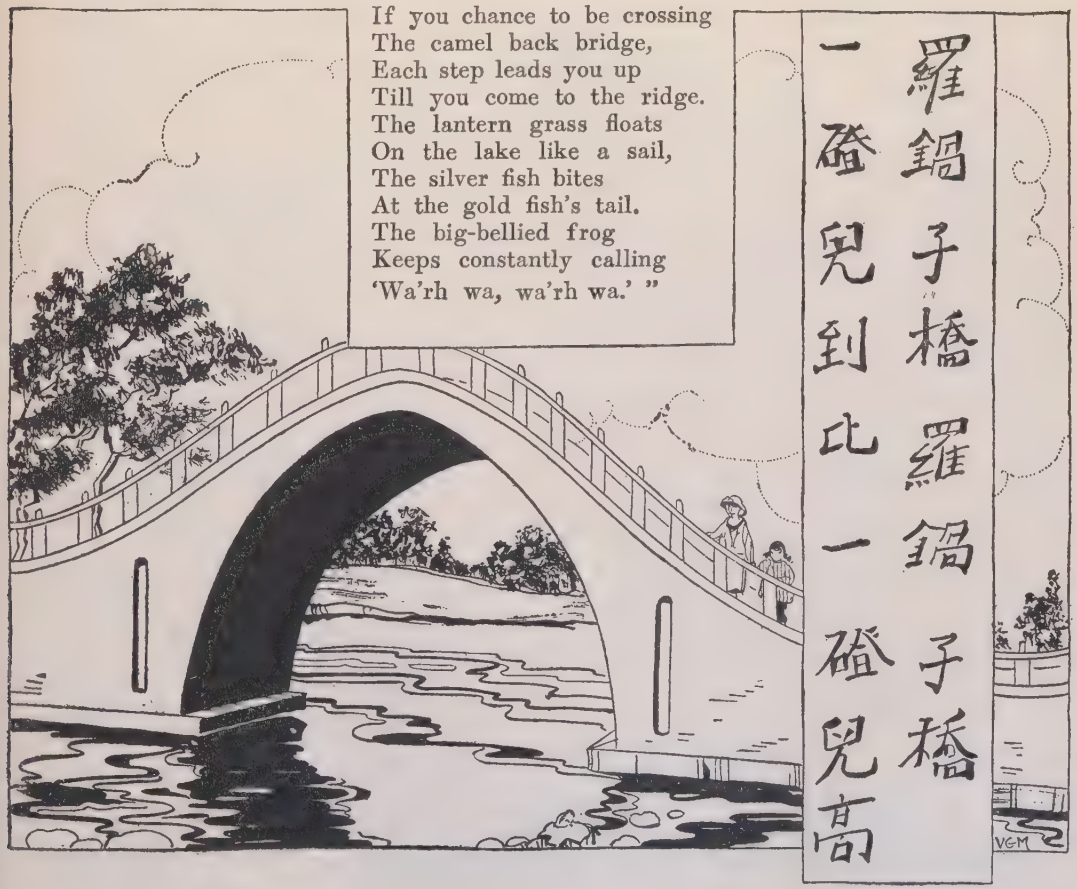
But all the mother said was, "Um." So Ru Dzen tried to help the Strange Lady. "Ma," she explained, "this is the rich lady who gave Ging E so many coppers."

"Ah," said the Mother, "you are kind to the poor beggar people. You are very kind. We are so poor. We have not enough food, and these children eat like little new-hatched birds. Their mouths are always open for more. We have no way. I think soon we will sell Ru Dzen. She is just a girl and of no use to us. We sold her two sisters, but she is not as pretty as they were. Maybe she is a little cleverer. But—oh, well—we have to eat."

Ru Dzen started to cry when her mother talked about selling her.

Poor as her home was she did not like to go away to a strange place. Strange Lady wanted very much to help Ru Dzen. So she said, "Mother, will you let the little girl go with me to see the palace? I wish to see all the things of beauty that she will show me." The mother looked at her and did not answer. She was waiting for the Strange Lady to say more. Ru Dzen whispered, "The pennies, you know." And so Strange Lady said, "I have money for her, of course. Is it all right?" Then the mother let Ru Dzen go with Strange Lady to the palace.

Strange Lady liked seeing it all, but she kept thinking about little Ru Dzen being sold for money. Ru Dzen seemed to have forgotten all about her troubles as she showed the Strange Lady the beautiful place. There was a lake of blue water in front of the hill where the palace stood. There was a little island on that lake and there were funny bridges curved like camels' backs. At the big bridge Ru Dzen said, "I know a story about this bridge. Shall I tell you? It goes like this:


If you chance to be crossing
The camel back bridge,
Each step leads you up
Till you come to the ridge.
The lantern grass floats
On the lake like a sail,
The silver fish bites
At the gold fish's tail.
The big-bellied frog
Keeps constantly calling
'Wa'rh wa, wa'rh wa.' "
羅鍋子橋 羅鍋子橋
一磴兒到北 一磴兒高
VGM

Strange Lady liked that story very much. She said, "You are a clever little girl, Ru Dzen. Have you ever been to school?"

"No, Strange Lady," Ru Dzen said. "Only boys go to school."

"Would you like to go to school, Ru Dzen? I wish you could come to my school," Strange Lady said.

"Have you a school? And do girls go to that school? How funny. Could I really go? In China only boys are any good and go to school."

Strange Lady was thinking very hard. She said, "Ru Dzen, I think it is time for us to go now. The sun is setting like a tired child going to bed. The dark night will come down soon like a warm blanket for the sun. We shall walk along the road to your home, and I will talk to your mother. I am going to ask her if you may come to my school and be my little girl. You would learn many things and be always clean and happy. Would you like that, Little Bright Face?"

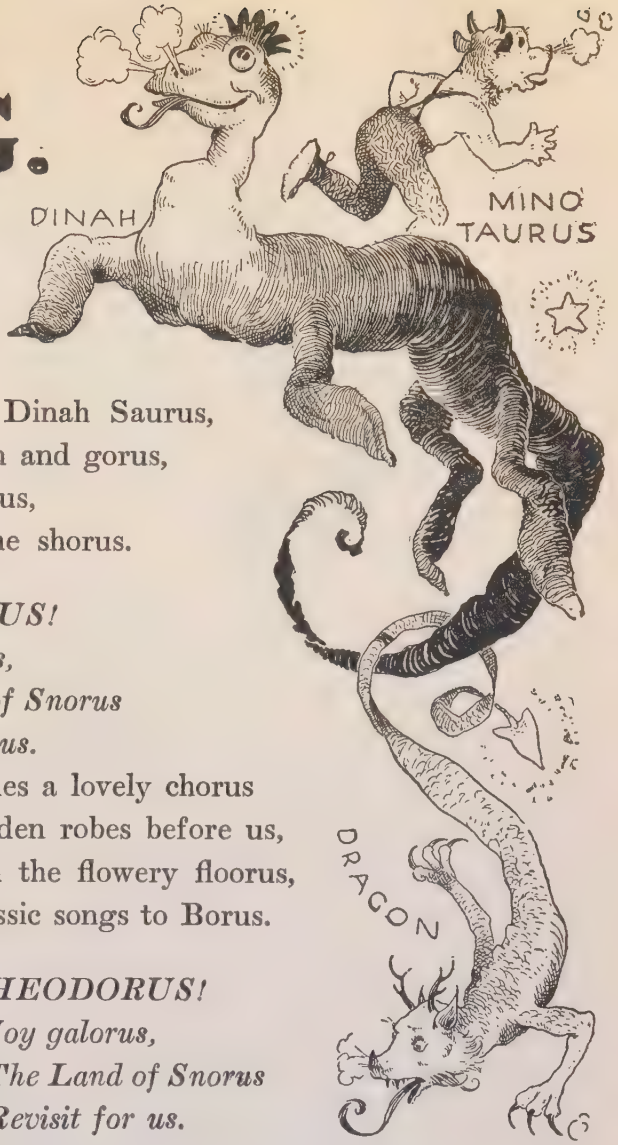
"O, Strange Lady, do you think the mother will let me go?" said Ru Dzen. And all the way home they were wondering if the mother would or no. Do you think she did, or was she so angry that she told Strange Lady to go away? The answer is—both.

At first, when Strange Lady talked to the mother, she was very angry and asked much money if Ru Dzen went away. Then suddenly when she understood that Strange Lady meant to keep Ru Dzen happy until she grew up, to let her go to school and give her food to eat, the mother stopped being cross. She looked at Ru Dzen's bright eyes, at her thin old coat, at her broken shoes. Then she looked at Strange Lady. "It is well; take Ru Dzen with you. She has been good, and I have been an unkind mother many times. It is because I have to worry so much about food and clothing. I shall be glad if Ru Dzen can have enough food and good clothes and a warm place to live in."

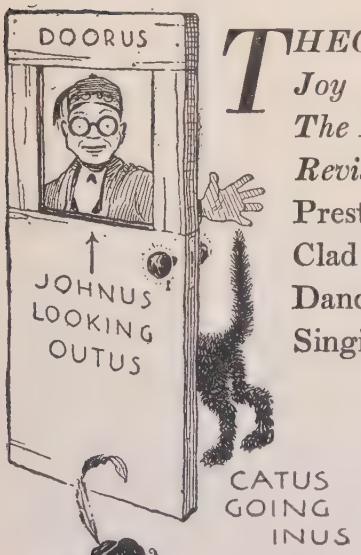
So that was the way Ru Dzen went home with Strange Lady. She went to school. She didn't have to beg for pennies. She learned her lessons like a good child and was never hungry or cold any more.

DOROTHY ROWE

CRADLE SONG.



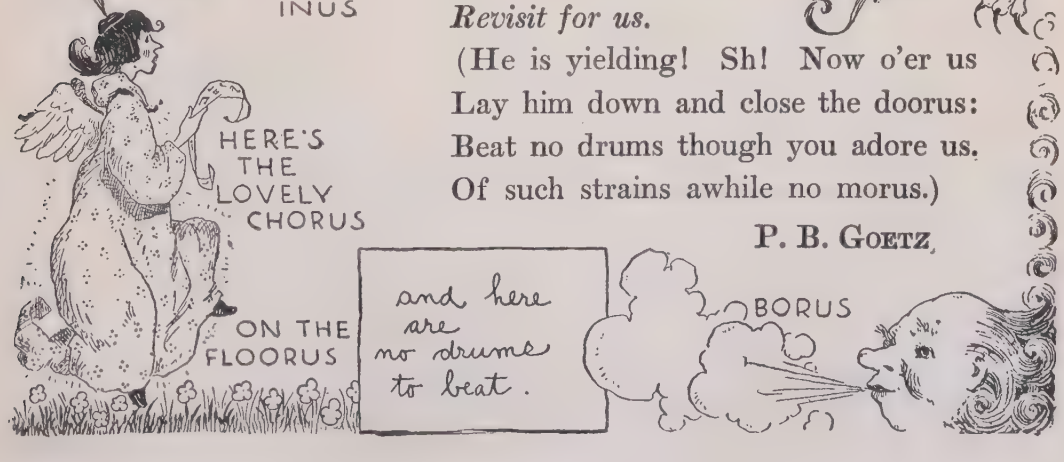
THEODORUS!
Joy galorous,
The Land of Snorus
Revisit for us.
There you'll see Queen Dinah Saurus,
Stained from battles grim and gorus,
Chasing far the Minotaurus,
Scaring dragons from the shorus.



THEODORUS!
Joy galorus,
The Land of Snorus
Revisit for us.
Presto! comes a lovely chorus
Clad in golden robes before us,
Dancing on the flowery floorus,
Singing classic songs to Borus.

THEODORUS!
Joy galorus,
The Land of Snorus
Revisit for us.
(He is yielding! Sh! Now o'er us
Lay him down and close the doorus:
Beat no drums though you adore us.
Of such strains awhile no morus.)

P. B. GOETZ.



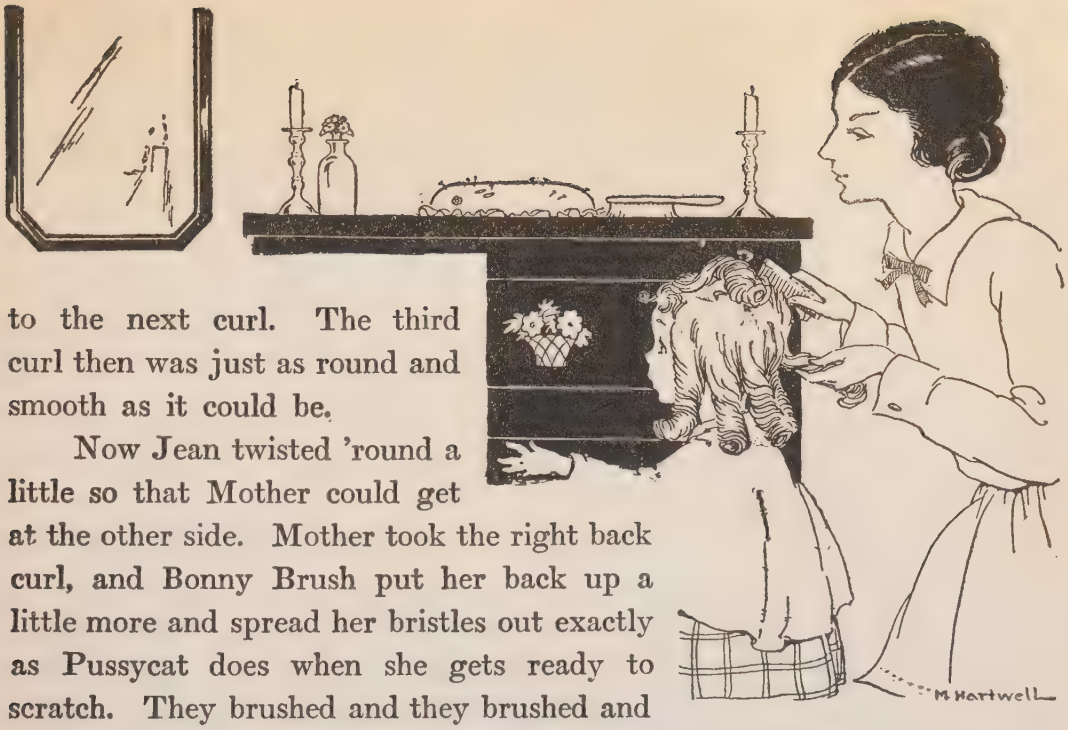
THE SNARLEKIN FAMILY

ONCE there was a curly girly named Jean. Father liked the curls, Mother liked the curls, and, which wasn't so nice, the whole family of Snarlekins liked the curls.

Bonny Brush and Carl Comb had come from Aunt Alice on Jean's birthday. Bonny was all white with curly blue flowers on the back, and Carl matched her. Jean stood in front of Mother very still, while Mother chased the Snarlekins out with Bonny Brush. Mother started on the left front curl, and the Snarlekins all stuck in their little claws and held on tight, for *they* knew what was coming. Mother brushed and brushed and brushed. Before long Tiny Tangle Snarlekin said, "Whew! I don't like this; let's move." And they all moved on to the next curl. That left the first curl just as round and smooth as it could be.

Then Mother took the left side curl, and Bonny brushed and brushed and brushed. Presently Tiny Tangle Snarlekin and Twistificue Snarlekin said, "Whew! We don't like this; let's move." And they all moved over to the next curl. Then the second curl was just as round and smooth as it could be.

Next, Mother took the left back curl. That was a little snarlier yet, because Jean had been sleeping on her back and rubbing it on the pillow. Mother took a fresh hold of Bonny Brush, and Bonny put up her back a little, the way Pussycat does when she feels fighty. They brushed, and they brushed, and they brushed till, by and by, Tiny Tangle Snarlekin, and Twistificue Snarlekin, and Twirly Turn Snarlekin said, "Whew! We don't like this; let's move." And they all moved over



to the next curl. The third curl then was just as round and smooth as it could be.

Now Jean twisted 'round a little so that Mother could get at the other side. Mother took the right back curl, and Bonny Brush put her back up a little more and spread her bristles out exactly as Pussycat does when she gets ready to scratch. They brushed and they brushed and they brushed, till Tiny Tangle Snarlekin and Twistificue Snarlekin and Twirly Turn Snarlekin and Wriggle Round Snarlekin shook in their shoes and said, "Whew! we don't like this at all; let's move." So they all moved over to the next curl. And the fourth curl was just as round and smooth as it could be.

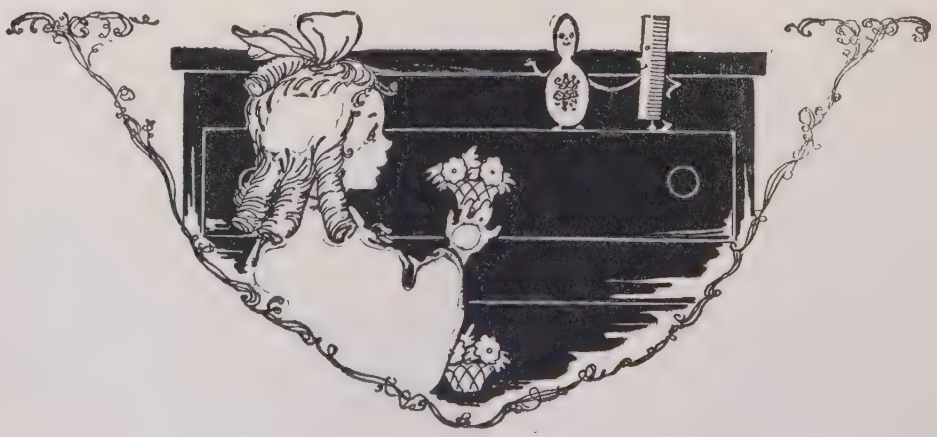
Then Mother took the right side curl. By this time the Snarlekins were tired of moving so much, and they dug their claws in tighter than ever. Although Mother did her best with Bonny Brush, and though Bonny put up her back so high and spread out her bristles so wide that you expected her to turn into a pussycat almost any minute, the Snarlekin family still held on. There was nothing left for Mother but to ask Carl Comb in to help them. Carl Comb jumped in. Jean had to shut her lips tight together once or twice to keep from saying, "Ouch!" for if you say "Ouch" too many times when your hair is being combed, it hurts Carl Comb's feelings. Presently Tiny Tangle and Twistificue and Twirly Turn and Wriggle Round and Rowdy Rough said, "Whew! this is certainly most uncomfortable. We shall have to move again." So over they went to the next curl. They were determined to hold on here, for this was the last curl except the top one. And

the fifth curl was just as round and smooth and neat as a curl could be.

When Mother took the right front curl, Bonny Brush was all fluffed up so that you would expect her to say, "Meow-ow" at any minute. Carl Comb gritted his teeth, and together they went after those Snarlekins with all their might and main. Jean had to clap her hand over her mouth to keep from saying "Ouch." She didn't want to hurt Carl Comb's feelings, to say nothing of Mother's. Of course she knew it was neither Mother nor Carl that was pulling, but the Snarlekins holding on so tight. Very soon Tiny Tangle and Twistificue and Twirly Turn and Wriggle Round and Rowdy Rough and Naughty Knot let go and flew around in the air above Jean's head. And the sixth curl was just as smooth and round as it could be.

Then Mother took the top curl. Bonny Brush put her bristles and her back down and almost purred. Carl Comb went over and lay down on the dresser, for he saw there was nothing more for him to do. Mother wondered why that top curl never tangled very much. The reason was that the Snarlekins were all up in the air waiting for their last chance. You see, if a little girl cries and wriggles when her hair is being brushed, the whole Snarlekin family, after they are driven out of her hair, get into her head and make her feel fussy and horrid for the longest time. But Jean hadn't cried once, and she hadn't wriggled really to count. She stood quite still while Mother fastened up the top curl. Then she turned around and kissed Mother "Thank you," and the homeless Snarlekin family flew away just as fast as they could go.

MARTHA HARTFORD WEBB



B. BUNNY of BUNVILLE

B. BUNNY was in such a hurry that he mistook the road. It was hard to see the signs in the snow. In summer there was a big green maidenhair at the corner of Fern Road. Not a leaf left in winter; even Pine Path was marked by such a teeny weeny pine tree that the snow covered it every bit up.

"Where under the blueberry bush am I?" thought B. Bunny.

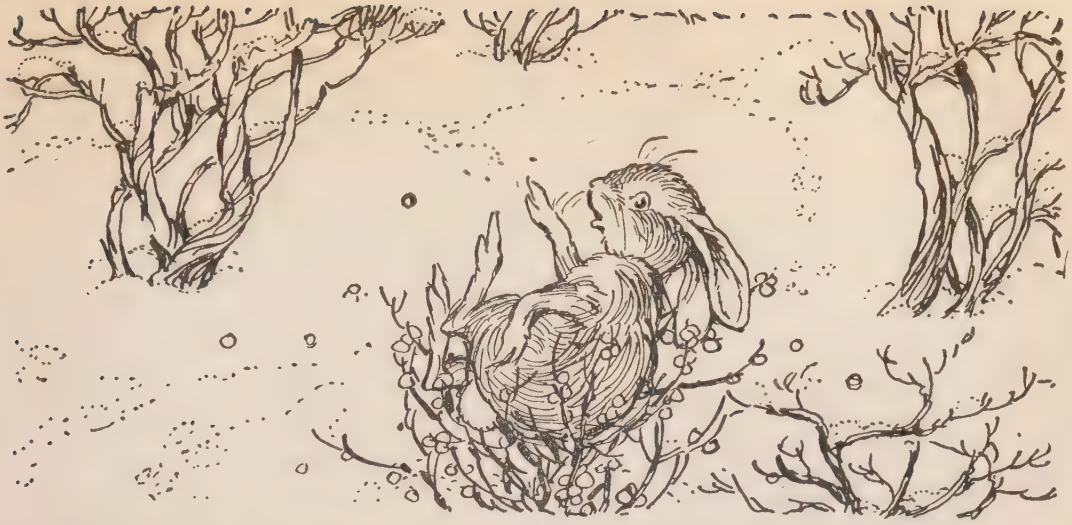
He was sure enough under the blueberry bush. The Rabbit roads, every one of them, were made between blueberry bushes. The snow had been lying there all winter, and B. Bunny and all his brothers and sisters and cousins and aunts had had a busy winter. The little white roads under the blueberry bushes bore many, many marks of Bunny feet. They were quite hard and easy to run on now, but the trouble was they all looked exactly and entirely alike.

"A Bun," said B. Bunny to himself, "would be much better off if he had climbing feet. Wish I was in the top of that blueberry bush. Maybe I could see something."

B. Bunny ran on a little. It was good running, but he had run enough. Queer, too, he didn't meet a single animal. Such a Rabbity winter, too! There never were so many of the family about. Several new families had moved into Bunville. The old Rabbit families knew why. Apple trees, new tender ones, just set out. Just the place to spend a perfect winter. Nothing so good as a good gnaw of apple tree bark. However, there were plenty of trees. Everybody was glad to see new Rabbits. The more Rabbits, the better the roads. No steam rollers in Bunville. Bunny rollers.

B. Bunny thought about this as he hopped along. The roads certainly were good, nicely overhung with blueberry bushes, but he didn't even come to a spruce tree. He knew every single spruce tree in Bunville.

All of a sudden he stopped. There was a bit of bark with a bite out. He looked at it carefully. Then he smelled of it. It was his bark. He had taken that bite out and then dropped it. He was on the same road. He had been that way not an hour ago. B. Bunny was lost. His toes were cold and he was sick of running



around. He had meant to get a good fur brush and go into the next hole to see Miss Bunny C. T.* She was the most beautiful lady Bunny he had ever seen. She wore brown, too, but such lovely brown, always nicely brushed. And her tail! Buns think of tails, folks think of hair. Her tail was the most lovely white, much whiter than his, it seemed to B. Bunny. Unless he got to his hole soon, he wouldn't have time to spruce up and go to see Miss Bunny C. T.

He was sick of blueberry bushes, anyway. They all looked alike. The blueberry bushes seemed to feel his thought. They kept on looking alike. B. Bunny hopped to one side and promptly fell into a bayberry bush. The bayberry bush had a sweet smell, which was more than the blueberry bushes had. Still, there wasn't much choice.

He picked himself out. Things seemed pretty desperate. B. Bunny felt sad. The little white Bunny roads stretched away everywhere, but presently he hopped out into an open space.

A big tree stood in front of him. There were trees on his right paw and trees on his left paw and trees in front of his nose. He whisked around. Trees behind his tail, too. He stood and looked around him. He felt something in the air. There wasn't a sound, yet things seemed different. The woods were full of something. Something that didn't stir, something that didn't chatter, something he didn't understand. He didn't feel afraid. The afraidness wasn't there. The thing to be afraid of was gone but it had been there.

* *Cotton Tail.*

He gave two or three hops. The trees looked very tall and very solemn. What had they seen? He gave another hop. The snow was trampled by much bigger feet than any Bunny ever had. The feet of giants. Nine times as big as any Bunny or any mouse or any animal in the world.

B. Bunny hopped along a little farther. The snow certainly was mussy. Queer, too, the air felt warm. He must go and see what had happened. He hopped hurriedly. The air grew warmer and warmer. He felt warmness on his toes. There were some red things. They might be berries. He poked one with his paw. It was a hot berry—anyway it burned his paw. He hopped backwards.

Hot red berries. Hot red berries!

Mussy snow. Wood scattered about.

He sat down by the red berries. He was cold and tired. He was hungry, too. He never could get back in time to go to see Miss Bunny C. T. that night. He got up and walked around the red berries. They felt good to his cold paws. If he only had an apple tree branch he would spend the night. He could go to see Miss Bunny C. T. another day. He liked the red berries. They looked cheerful and gay. A little grey air crawled up from them and went off in the trees. If only he wasn't so hungry! He hopped a little away from the red berries. Then he stopped short. B. Bunny's nose trembled.

"What's that?" he thought.

"I smell a smell. A smell," thought he.

The snowy woods vanished away and rows and rows of green things came in their place in his mind. Feathery carrot leaves in rows. The tender stalks of young onions.

B. Bunny sniffed again. He knew that smell. It was a summer smell. No winter about that. He hopped about. The smell seemed to hop, too. Then he felt it smelling nearer. He hopped on—on, on—and there, green and fresh and summer smelling, was a lettuce leaf, a great green lettuce leaf.

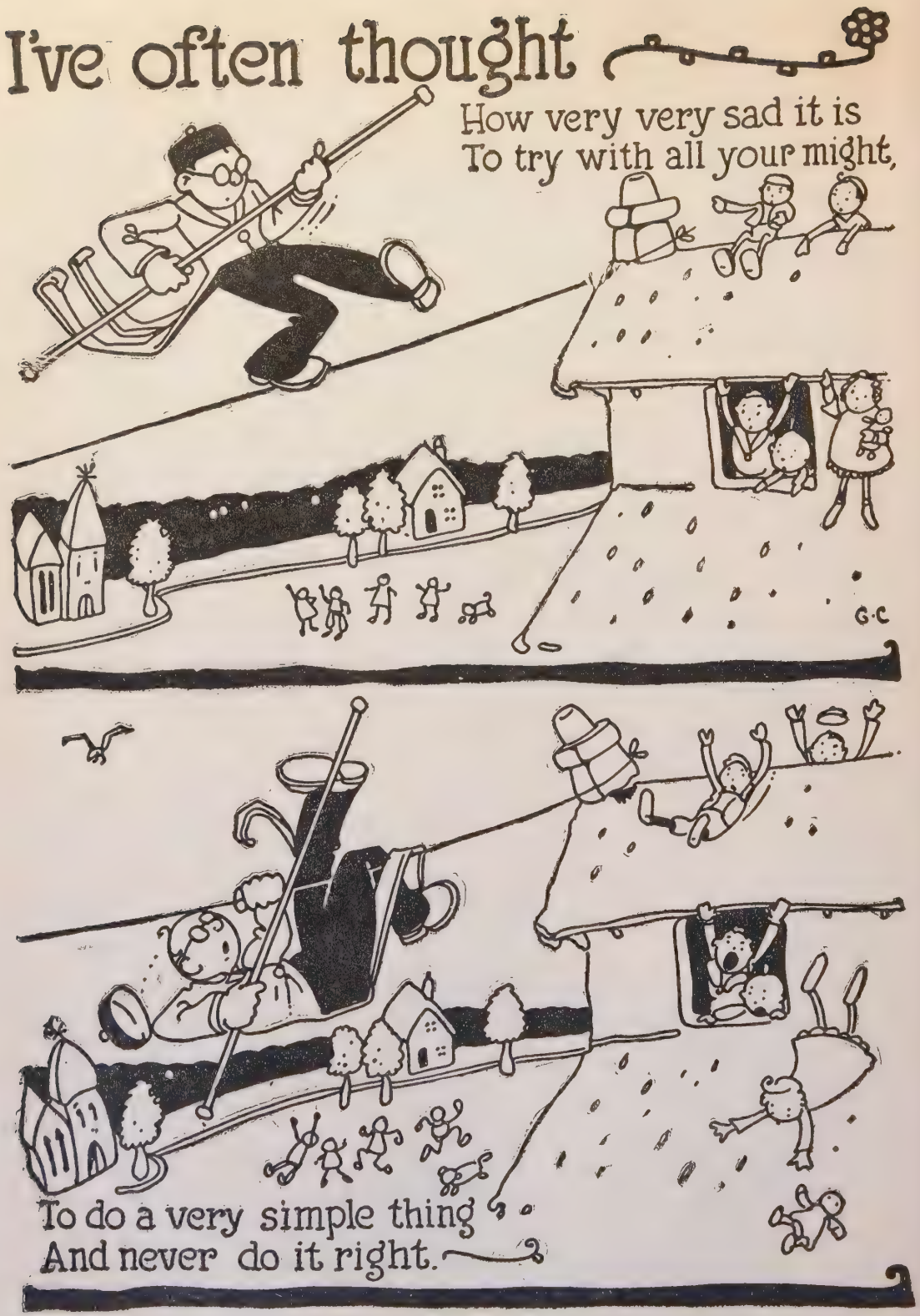
B. Bunny gave one last enormous hop. The lettuce leaf was in his paws.

"A garden," he thought, "a summer garden in a winter wood." B. Bunny took the lettuce leaf in his two front paws. He placed his two hind paws carefully in front of the red berries. He gave a happy sigh and said peacefully, "Folks, folks have been here with lettuce leaves and heat in their paws."

His head sunk lower in his fur coat. The red berries sent a pillar of grey air into the sky. Miss Bunny C. T. fell out of his mind.

"Folks," said B. Bunny softly. "Folks with lettuce leaves. Folks having a winter picnic."

PAULINE STODDARD HOWARD


I've often thought
How very very sad it is
To try with all your might,
G.C
To do a very simple thing
And never do it right.

The Blue Bird's Story

SQUANTO, a little Indian boy, sat under an oak tree watching the birds flit in and out among the branches. The birds were not afraid of Squanto for they knew that, although his bow and arrows were lying by his side, he would not hurt them.

A blue bird on a limb near by was trying with his bill to pull a grass blade from between his toes; said Squanto, "Oh, tiny bit of the summer sky, where did you get your coat?"

Blue Bird, with head on one side, gazed down at him in silence for a moment and said, "Know, then, that at one time my coat was not as pretty as it is to-day, but dark and muddy looking. Nevertheless, the Great Spirit sent Robin and me to carry to the whole world the message that Spring was coming and was even then at the very gates of the morning. Robin, at that time, was no more beautiful than was I.

"We rushed to spread the glad tidings of the arrival of Spring. The ice on the streams at once broke up and floated away. The snow on the hillsides quickly disappeared, and the little buds peeped out on the trees. All Nature arrayed herself in robes fitting to welcome the Spring.

"We did our work so well that the Great Spirit cut a piece out of the blue sky and gave it to me for a coat. He gave to Robin a tiny flame cloud out of the sunset. It was too small for a coat and so he made himself a vest."

Robin had perched on a branch near by in time to hear the end of Blue Bird's story. He said to Squanto, "All that you have heard is true, and out of gratitude to the Great Spirit every year winsome Blue Bird and I carry the message of Spring to all the earth."

VERNA E. HORTON

There Was a Little Woman

There was a little woman as I've heard tell, Fol lol diddle diddle dol

She went to market her eggs for to sell, Fol lol diddle diddle dol;

She went to market all on a summers day And she fell asleep upon the

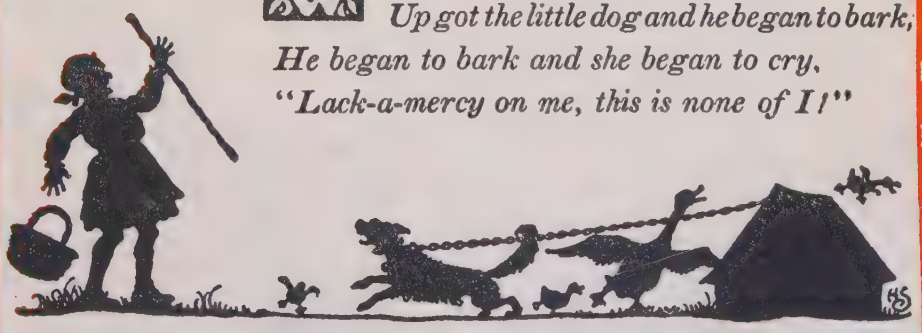
King's highway, Fol de rol de rol lol lol lol, Fol lol diddle diddle dol.

BY *came a peddler, his name it was Stout,*
He cut off her petticoats all round about.
He cut her petticoats up to her knees,
Which made the little woman to shiver and
to freeze.

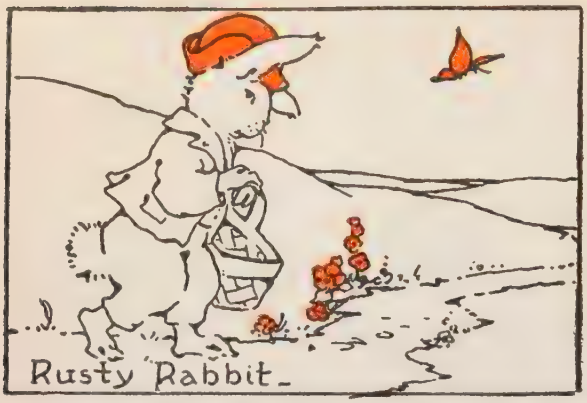
WHEN *this little woman began to awake*
She began to shiver and she began
to shake.
She began to shake and she began to cry,
"Lack-a-mercy on me, this is none of I!"

IF *it be I, as I do hope it be,*
I've a little dog at home and he knows
me.
If it be I, he'll wag his little tail,
But if I be not I, he will bark and wail!"

WHEN *this little woman went home in the*
dark
Up got the little dog and he began to bark,
He began to bark and she began to cry,
"Lack-a-mercy on me, this is none of I!"



The First Easter Eggs



RUSTY Rabbit blew out the fire on his hearth and put on his pea-green jacket and cocked hat. Then, taking a market basket on his arm, he started down the long, winding path that led away over the fields and hills.

The winter's snow and ice had melted, and in their place was soft green grass, sprinkled with warm sunshine. Rusty Rabbit was very happy and whistled softly as he hurried along. Around the bend he came upon Peter Pig.

"Come help me find the Gander's Farm, and we will get some Easter eggs," said Rusty Rabbit. Without a word Peter Pig put on his cap. Just over the hill they found Little Red Rooster sitting on a fence crowing lustily.

"Come help us find the Gander's Farm," they said. With a cheery nod Little Red Rooster joined them, and the three friends went on down the path, all whistling merrily. Arm in arm they journeyed down lanes and over hills, looking for the Gander's Farm.

At last they came to a high picket fence with a big, big sign over it—

Rusty Rabbit pulled the latch string, a bell tinkled, and the gate swung slowly open.

"How many eggs can we buy for ten cents?" Rusty Rabbit asked politely of the big gray goose who came to meet them.

"Ten large white ones," replied the goose gravely.

"We will take them, thank you," said Rusty Rabbit, for his basket was just large enough to hold ten eggs. After paying the goose with bright new pennies, the three friends started for home. Peter Pig and Rusty Rabbit carried the basket between them and Little Red Rooster strutted on ahead.

The three friends decided to return home by the Rainbow Pond. They had not gone far when a jolly young cloud came along and sprinkled them well. Then the sun came out, and a bend in the path brought them to the shore of a pond.

"How shall we get across?" asked Peter Pig.

"Oh! Oh! there it is, the Rainbow Bridge!" shouted Little Red Rooster in a shrill voice. And sure enough, spanning the pond before them was a beautiful arch of colors, a rainbow which had followed the shower and the sunshine. Peter Pig took the basket of eggs and tested the bridge very cautiously, placing first one foot, then another upon it. To his satisfaction he found it quite firm.

"We must hurry," said Rusty Rabbit, "for it will soon be gone." With a hop and a skip he was across, Little Red Rooster close at his heels. Peter Pig followed slowly. He never hurried if he could help it. Just before he reached the other shore, the Rainbow Bridge suddenly faded under his feet, and Peter Pig sat right down, splash, in the water!

"Ugh!" he grunted, then began to laugh while the others stood on the bank staring. Still Peter Pig kept on laughing.

"Are they broken?" asked Rusty Rabbit, anxiously.

"Bless your heart, no!" cried Peter Pig, getting up and scrambling out on the bank. Very carefully he set down the basket of eggs and his eyes opened wide as he looked at them. A wonderful thing had happened.

Not one of the large white eggs had been broken, but all had taken on the color of the rainbow. Some were a pale blue, some green, others orange. They were so wonderful that the three friends gasped.

"Oh!" cried Rusty Rabbit.

"Ah!" said the Little Red Rooster.

"Um!" grunted Peter Pig.

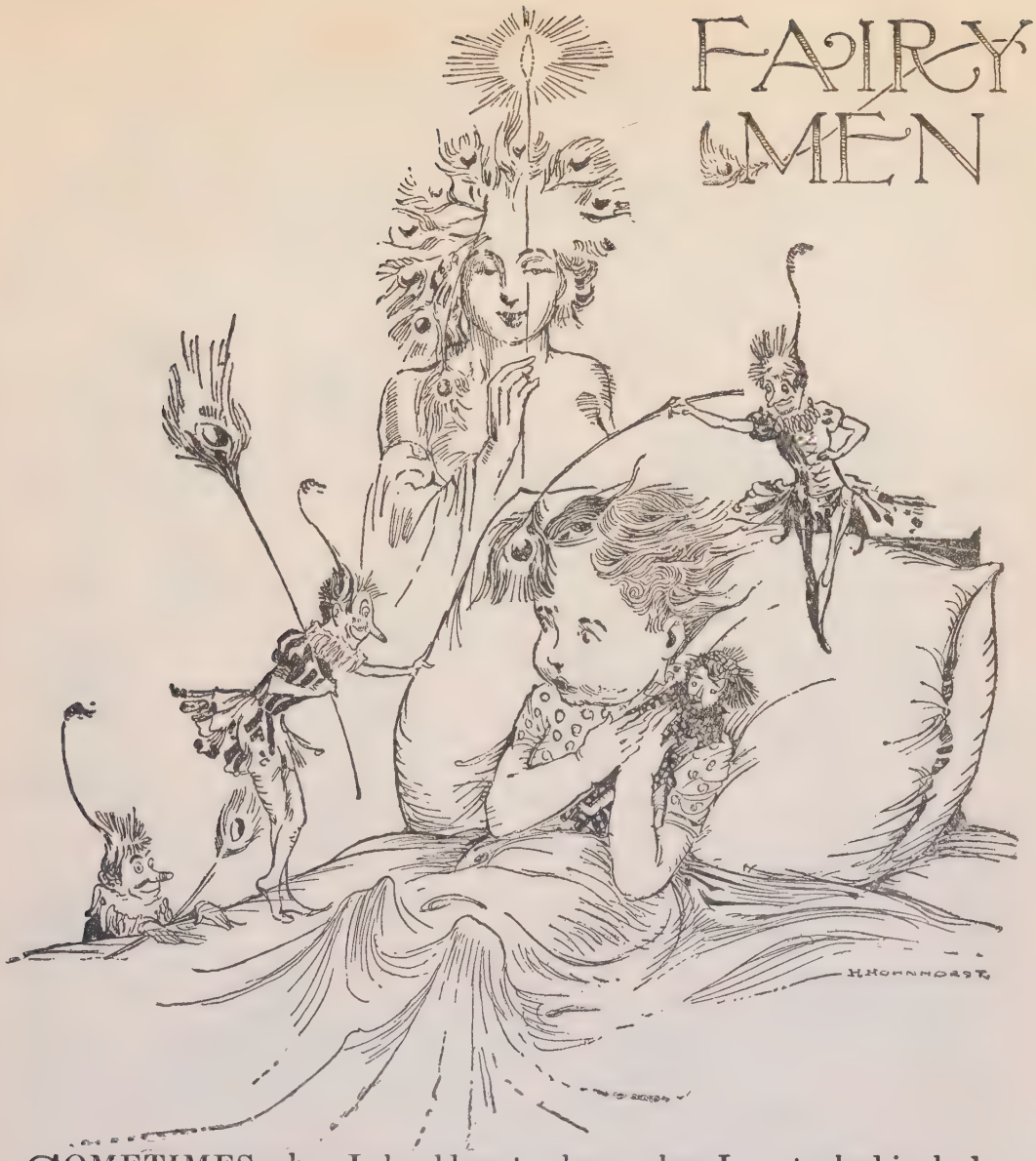
Surely never before had there been such wonderful Easter eggs. Very carefully they lifted the basket and carried their treasures home.

Rabbits, roosters, and pigs came from far and near to see the first colored Easter eggs.

"How did it happen?" they asked again and again, but to each inquiry the three friends only shook their heads and smiled; and the secret never would have been known had not Little Red Rooster told it one night in his sleep.

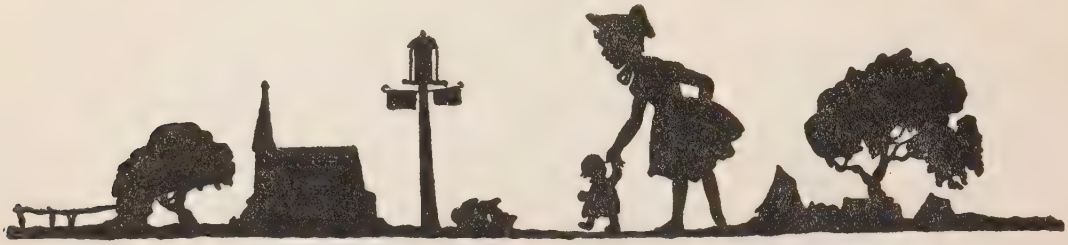
FLORENCE E. GOLDTHWAITE

FAIRY MEN

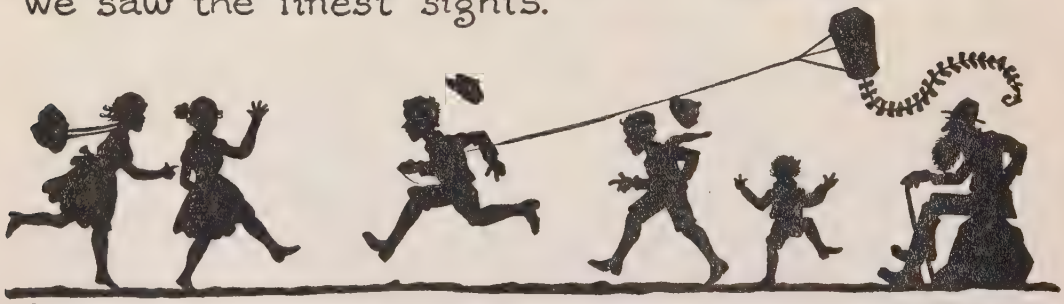


SOMETIMES when I should go to sleep, when I am tucked in bed,
Nice fairy thoughts come 'round and keep me wide awake instead.
I shut my eyes as tight as tight, and think with might and main,
And then I feel some footsteps light upon the counterpane.
I do not budge or wiggle then, I never dare to peek,
For, don't you see, the fairy men are playing hide-and-seek?
One takes a peacock feather and he tries to tickle me;
Another one is near at hand to see what he can see.
And so I lie and think awhile and never wink an eye,
But still I smile a little smile, for always, by and by,
I really fall asleep and dream; but that is always when
My sleepy, sleepy feelings seem to hide my fairy men.

I TOOK MY DOLLY FOR A WALK



We saw the finest sights.



Some merry girls, a kind old man, and three boys flying kites.

A horse and cart, a baker's boy, a truck, a dog, a cat,

A barber with his shears in hand, a boy who was quite fat.

A fish-man selling good fresh fish, a scissors-grinder, too,

A painter painting on a sign in letters red and blue,

A crowd of people running past, a station and a train.

And then we bought an ice-cream cone and walked back home again.

PROSERPINE

A LITTLE FOREWORD *by* A MOTHER

Every morning when I start my round of homely duties, Sarah, who is two and a half years old, and Mary Virginia, who is sixteen months older, come to me with eager little faces and repeat that old refrain of childhood, *"Mother, tell us a story."* I have to word a good old tale so that even little Sarah can follow most of it on its first recital. Perhaps she understands only parts of it the first time, but after the third or fourth repetition over the dish-pan or other things or places, she understands much more. The first day I give the bare outlines of the tale, and repeat them, if the children call for it. Next day I add details, for children are greedy for details. Suppose I am relating the story of *"Proserpine."* On the first day I say that, while she was playing in the woods, she heard a sound like that of thunder. The next day I say that *Proserpine* was playing with a little fairy who lived in an oak tree, when she heard a noise like thunder. After their minds have digested the idea, fairy (and that would be only after profuse explanations), I say that the little fairy was called a *dryad.* I have been finally asked what the dryad's name was, and all about her little brothers and sisters! Only a few mornings ago Mary Virginia telephoned Jupiter through the door-knob, requesting that he send down a little fairy for her and her sister to play with. Greek fairy-stories are my children's favorites, and at their ages one would naturally expect this to be true. If the child mind is typical of the race mind from the earliest days, then these wonder stories of nature, the fruit of primitive imaginations, should be those most easily grasped by babies of three and four.

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Proserpine. She was the daughter of Ceres, the Earth Mother, who made the gardens grow and the fruit trees bear peaches and apples and pears; who made the soft rains fall and the gentle winds blow.

One morning, Proserpine kissed her mother good-bye and said, "While you are away taking care of the flowers and fields of the earth, I should like to go and play with the little dryad who lives in the oak tree and the little nymph who lives in the bottom of the river.

"Very well, my dear," answered Ceres, "but come home early." Proserpine promised that she would.

When Proserpine reached the forest of oaks, she ran quickly to the tree in which the little dryad lived and rapped smartly on the bark. Immediately a tiny door in the tree flew open and out danced a little fairy no taller than Proserpine's knee. Her dress was made of green oak leaves pinned together with twigs, her eyes were dark brown and so was her hair. She seized Proserpine around her fat little legs and hugged her, laughing gaily. Then she and Proserpine ran down to the river near by to find their other little playfellow, the nymph Arethusa.

When Arethusa heard them calling her, as they leaned over the river bank, she came swimming up from the very bottom of the river, shaking the water from her hair and wringing out her soft green dress with her hands. She was a little sister to the fishes and the water could not drown her.

The three little ones played merrily on the river sands all day, only stopping long enough to eat some fruit which Proserpine had brought with her. In the afternoon, as Proserpine was tying on her bonnet and preparing to go home, they heard a noise that sounded like thunder, and, with a great cracking, the ground split open at their feet, and up dashed four black horses pulling a two-wheeled chariot.

The sad-faced, black-bearded man who was driving the horses, reined them sharply in and leaped down to the ground at Proserpine's feet. "Dear little girl," he said, "come and live with me. I am very lonesome down in Hades."

PLUTO TAKES AWAY PROSERPINE

Before Proserpine, who was very much frightened, could say a word, the sad man took her up in his arms, leaped into the chariot, and turning around, drove straight back down into the black hole he had come from.

When Mother Ceres reached home that night, she found no Proserpine there. Out she went into the dark and begged Boreas, the north wind, and Zephyr, the southwest wind, to tell her news of her daughter. The winds sighed mournfully, but they did not know what had become of her. Diana, the moon-goddess, had not seen her, nor had old Neptune, who lived in the sea. Ceres wandered all night, and early in the morning came to the forest where the dryad lived. The dryad told Ceres all she knew.

"I know who that black-bearded man is," said Ceres. "He must be Pluto. Nobody but Jupiter, the king of all the gods, can make Pluto give Proserpine back to me."

Off Ceres went, to climb to the top of Mount Olympus, where Jupiter and his wife, Juno, lived. She found Jupiter sitting on a great billowy cloud. When she had finished her story, he shook his head gravely. "Pluto is the king of the dread country of the dead. His home is in Hades under the earth. He is very powerful, but if Proserpine has not eaten anything since she went to Hades, you may take her back with you. Take this message to Pluto."

Ceres went on her way feeling not quite so sad. She traveled a long way until she came to Lake Avernus. She crossed the lake in a boat and found on the other side the great black door of a cave. She entered bravely and made her way in the darkness until she heard the noise of a rushing river. She could see an enormous dog with three heads just in front of her, but she was not in the least afraid. He growled, but she said to him, "Jupiter sends me," and he let her pass on to the river, where an

old man awaited her. She got into a boat with him, and he rowed her across the River Styx to Hades. There she saw great crowds of people, and high on a black throne sat her daughter, Proserpine. When she saw Ceres, she cried aloud with delight and ran and threw her arms about her mother's neck.

"Have you eaten anything since you came down here?" Ceres asked, anxiously.

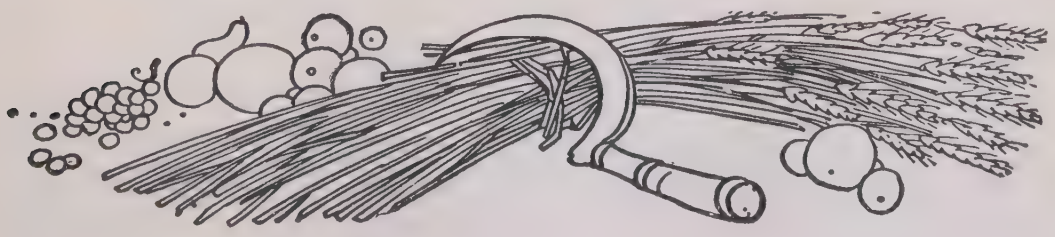
"Only seven seeds of a pomegranate," Proserpine replied.

"Then you can spend half the year with me on earth, and the other half with Pluto. Come, you have already been here seven months, so now you can go with me."

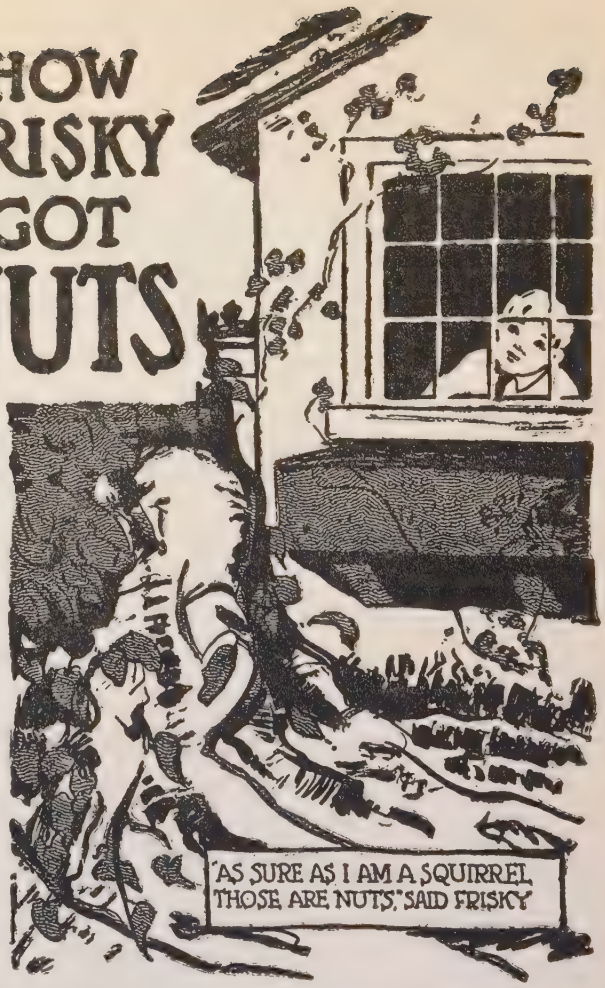
Proserpine was sorry to leave Pluto, for she had grown to love the poor lonely man. When she kissed him good-bye, she whispered in his ear, "Never mind, I'll come back to see you."

So it is even now, for Proserpine, who lives in the seed corn, spends half the year hidden in the ground, carried off by the god of the underworld. But then she returns to her mother, Ceres, goddess of fruits and grains, and her coming gives us the spring. All through the summertime she reigns with her mother, Ceres, and the earth blooms and bears fruit. But never once has the lonely old man, Pluto, failed to come for his beautiful queen when her earth season was finished, leaving our world cold and barren and Mother Ceres mourning for her lost child.

Mrs. Roy Bedichek.



HOW FRISKY GOT NUTS



FRISKY Gray saw the leaves of the big maple-tree in which he lived turning red and yellow and falling to the ground; so he knew that he must go to work. Before the ground was covered with snow, he should have a big store of nuts and corn hidden away for winter. But, where to find them, he did not know, and he frisked about the big maple and chattered angrily.

Last year, when the time came to look for nuts and grain, Frisky had soon found the barn in which kind old Duke was tied; he found, too, that besides the corn and oats which Duke let him have, there was a box of nuts in the granary. Half the big barn door was always open; so he scampered in and out all day, and soon had his little cellar filled with good things to eat. But now the barn had been made over, and old Duke did not stand there any more, in his place there was a monster and, when it came out, it frightened Frisky nearly to death. The door was shut up tight all the time, so he could not look for the box of nuts, and he was sure the monster did not eat corn. No wonder poor Frisky was worried.

At last Frisky decided that scolding did no good; so he gave his tail a shake and skipped out to look at the barn again. It was closed, as usual, and he ran up to the kitchen to see if it was safe for him to search for crumbs about the door. He was too wise a squirrel to stand on the ground where a cat

might pounce upon him; so he scrambled up a porch post as fast as he could and sat on the roof. He looked about with his eyes like black beads. He was just beginning to scold again, because he was so badly treated, when he gave his tail another shake and leaned over to look more closely. Before a big window was a long box where bright flowers had bloomed all summer. Now they were gone, and there was surely something heaped up on the soft earth.

"As sure as I am a squirrel," said Frisky, "those are nuts."

He crept down softly until he was almost ready to jump to the box when he saw two big blue eyes watching him from the other side of the window. How he did scamper back to his place on the porch roof, and how he did chatter and scold about it. Three times he crept down and then ran back because of those big eyes. The fourth time he went nearer, snatched one of the nuts, and ran away with it as fast as he could go. As he sat hugging it in his arms, he chuckled to think how brave he was. It was so easy to get that one nut that it seemed a pity to leave the rest; so he went again and again, until the pile of nuts was gone.

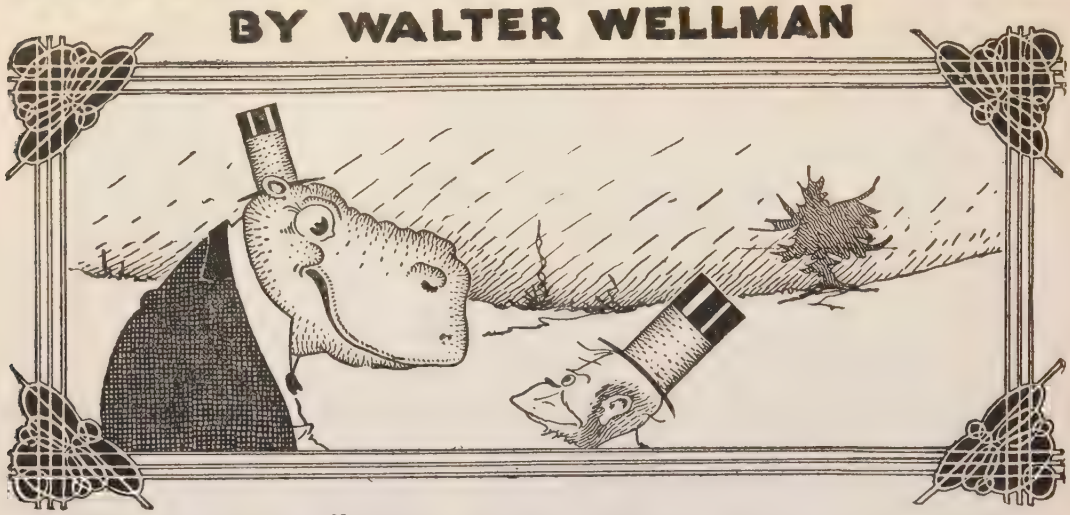
Every day after that Frisky would come to the top of the porch and look down into the box, and every day he would see something good there. By and by he did not feel afraid of the blue eyes and would work away just as fast when they were watching; and, when snow came, he had his cellar full of nice, sound nuts, and how he did like to eat them!

I do not suppose he ever guessed how much the blue-eyed boy, who was sick and could not run and play like other boys, had loved to watch the little squirrel doing his harvest work, nor did he know that each morning the lad's mother put the nuts out on the window just for a saucy little squirrel.

ORA CRANDALL CLEMENT.

MR. MONK'S JOKE

BY WALTER WELLMAN



Said Hippo, "We've a baby now
At our house, don't you know;
It's lots of fun to watch him and
To see him laugh and crow".

Said Monk, "If you should ever want
A dandy teething ring,
I'll try to get an auto tire
'Twould be the proper thing"

MADAM SPIDER

Part I

"There came a big spider
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Miss Muffet away."

BUT she need not have been frightened for there is no spider in the Northern States that could hurt Miss Muffet or any one. And besides, Madam Spider was just as much annoyed at landing beside Miss Muffet. Madam Spider tends strictly to her own business, asking no favors and giving none. But, unsociable as she is, it will pay you to make her acquaintance, for she is one of the world's most skilful workers.

Unlike the ant and some bees, this little worker is a solitary soul, and, from the time she begins to shift for herself, she has no companions. She is the civil engineer of the fields. Long before we ever thought of them she and her family were using many things we pride ourselves on discovering,—suspension bridges, balloons, diving bells, subways, and telegraph wires.

There is as much difference in the tastes, habits, and characters of spiders as there is in human beings. Some live in dark cellars and stuffy garrets, never knowing the open air. Some make tunnels and some live under water. There are spiders that work by day, others by night; some catch their prey by speed of foot, some by lying hid, and some by spreading nets. But although they make different uses of it, there is one gift they all possess, that of spinning a thread.

The greatest silk mills in the world contain nothing so wonderful as the little spider's silk factory, for the fineness and strength of her web has never been equalled by man. The spinner's body contains six long, narrow bags that hold the liquid silk. Each bag has a spinneret or tube whose top,

no larger than a pin point, is the finest of fine sieves. Through this sieve comes the liquid silk which hardens when it touches the air. A thousand tiny threads from these sieves unite into one which, in turn, is joined by the other five strands to make one cable. This is the silk that Madam Spider uses. It is the finest natural rope in the world. No wonder that, in proportion to its weight, it is stronger than steel bars.

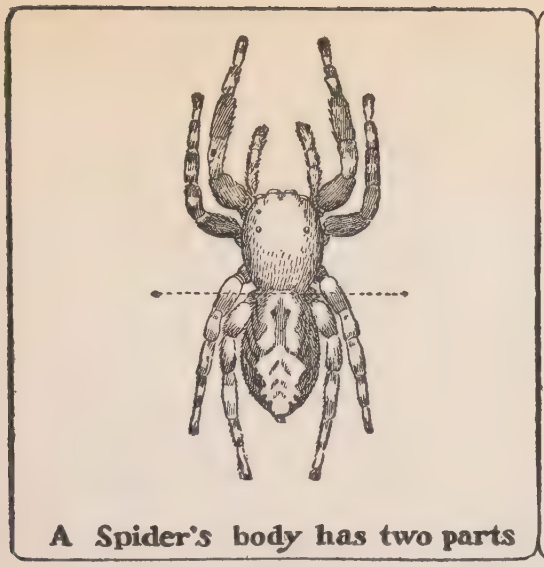
The spinnerets.

In tropical countries the webs of giant spiders are so strong that they annoy riders, sometimes knocking their hats off. The spider's silk is even better than that of the silkworm, but it cannot be used in quantities, for captive spiders do not spin freely and besides they have to be kept separately or they will eat each other. Long ago, a Frenchman managed to gather enough cobwebs to make some stockings, purses, and gloves, and the Empress of Brazil once presented a spider silk dress to Queen Victoria.

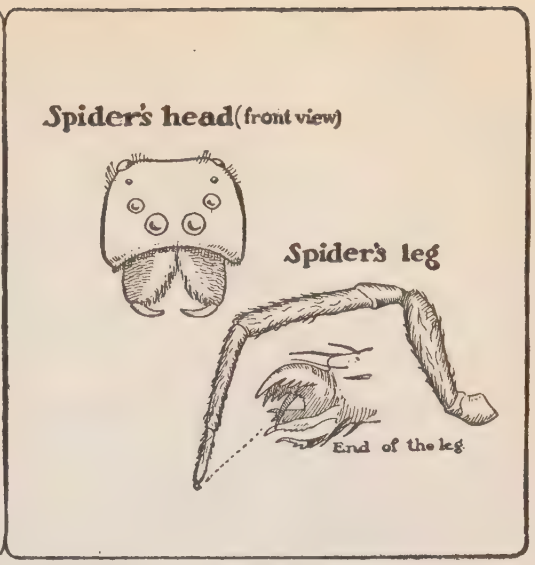
There is a factory in England that employs, among its workers, a corps of spiders. They are there to make the silk used in the surveyor's telescopes. Under the powerful glass a human hair looks like a rough lamp post and an ordinary silk thread seems like a great ragged rope. Nothing so good as the spider's silk has been found to mark the exact centre of the lens.

Only large, fat spiders that spin a tough, round thread are used, and for this work they get their board and lodgings. Since their silk is ordinarily most used for hunting food, perhaps they are quite willing to give away their treasure if only their living is provided. The spider's spinning season lasts only two months, and in that time thousands of yards of webs are taken and wound on wire frames. The spider is first induced to fasten the thread to the frame; then, when she attempts to leap to the ground, the whirling frame winds up the silk, Mrs. Spider all the time giving out more thread and wondering why she never reaches her landing place. Several hundred feet of silk can be taken from the little spinnerets at one time. Then the little laborer must rest and be fed while she stores up more silk.

You may think it strange that Madam Spider is not an insect, but there



A Spider's body has two parts



are many reasons why she is not. All insects, like ants and bees, must have three parts to their bodies. Spiders have only two which are joined together by a narrow stalk or waist. They have no neck at all. Instead of six legs, our little spinner has eight, each of which is seven jointed. No wonder she is as nimble as an acrobat. Insects have no hearts, brains, or lungs while the spider has all three. She has a pair of palpi that look like short legs and are used like hands. Since the spider is a flesh eater, like the lion and tiger, the mouth is made for sucking. Her useful jaws have two sharp-pointed hooked blades or fangs with saw-like edges from the tips of which comes the poison to numb her victims. Though fatal to many small creatures, no common spider's bite can harm man. She has from four to eight jewel-like eyes on the top of her head and, with never a turn, she can see in all directions at once. Most spiders can see by night as well as by day.

But the greatest difference between Madam Spider's family and the insects is in their babies. Little spiders are just like their mothers in form, while *insect* babies have to go through several changes before they are grown up. As little spiders grow, they shed their skins or moult, and with each moulting, they change color. Spiders have no skeleton of bones such as we have. Instead, they have a tough, hard covering that cannot change. When the shell grows too tight, it gradually loosens from the new skin underneath. Then it bursts along the sides of the body and in front of the eyes. The back lifts off like a lid. The spider baby pulls itself from the old case,

Spider's skin after moulting.

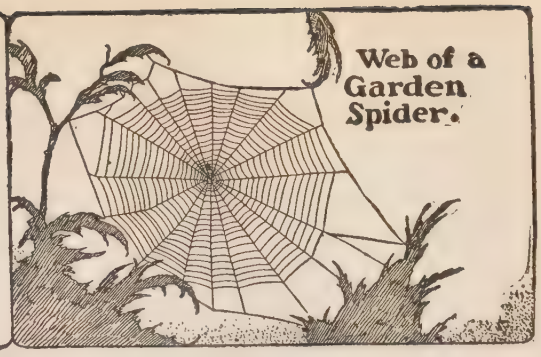
Dancing Spider.

and, behold, it is dressed entirely in a new suit, a little larger than the old one, but lighter colored and elastic. It hardens and darkens with time. Imagine Spider mothers keeping the first skins of their hundreds of babies as your Mother keeps baby's first shoes! Growing spiders, if they lose or damage a limb, like the crab can grow another, but when grown up spiders meet with accidents, they must make the best of it and go crippled through life.

Some spiders are very gay.

Perhaps you wonder why you so seldom hear of Mr. Spider. Usually quite small, he is a rather unimportant member of the family. He *can* spin, but he is not a very industrious fellow. He hides during the day and at night wanders about from web to web. Perhaps it is because he is lazy that Mrs. Spider can scarcely bear his company and gets rid of him as quickly as she can. Their honeymoon is short, Madam Spider having so much, or so little, affection for him that she often eats him up to get him out of the way. She is the most dangerous lady imaginable, so during his courtship he must be very cautious. Spider lovers are said, sometimes, to dance before their ladies, holding up their legs of which they seem to be very proud.

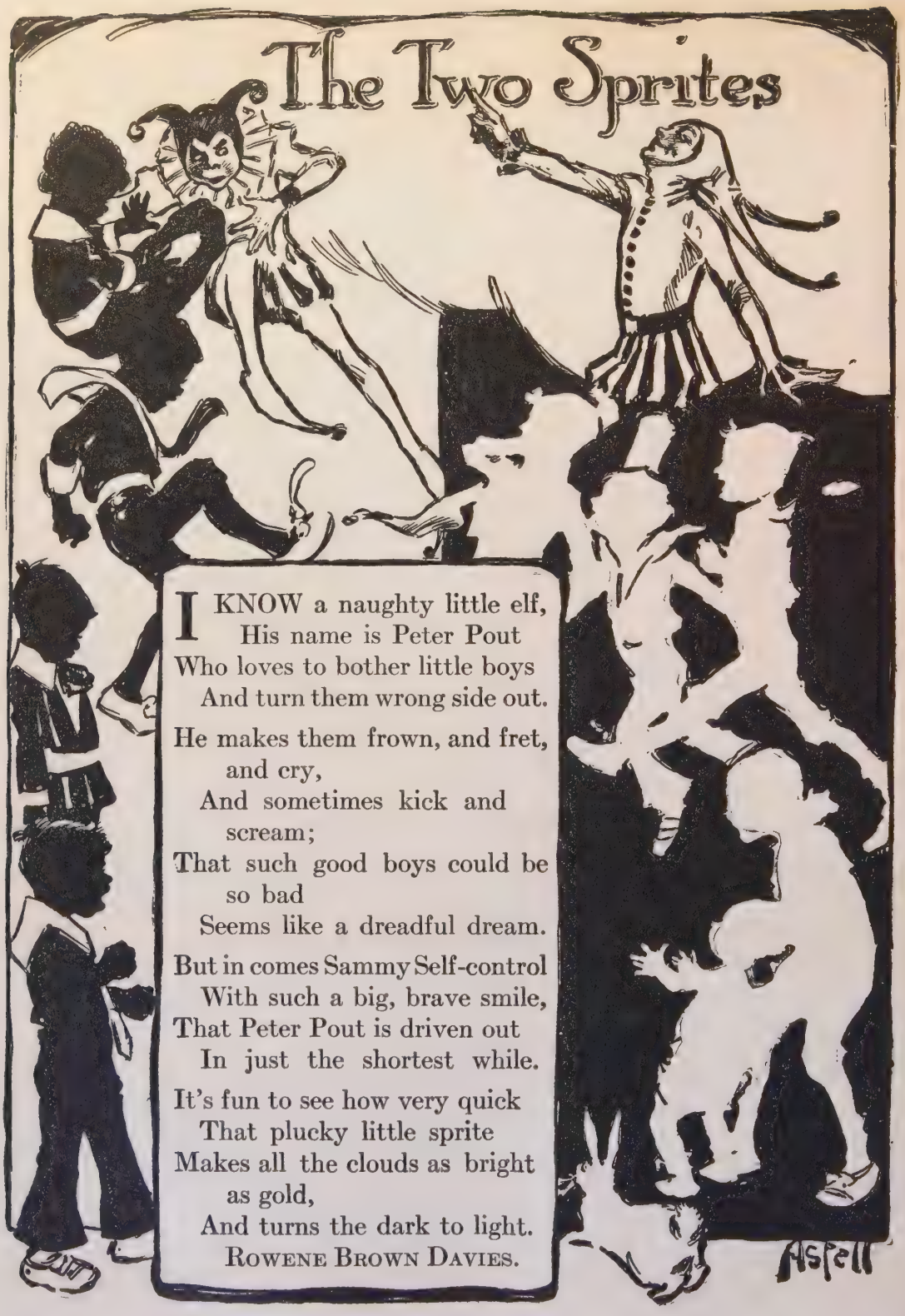
A Crab Spider.



Some spiders are very gay—black, red, orange, and green, but more often they are colored to match their surroundings to keep them from being seen. This is called *protective coloring*. One kind lives among reeds and has a pair of lengthwise stripes that harmonize with the stalks. The sand spider is mottled and when he is still, he cannot be seen or distinguished from the sand. The crab spider takes on the color of the flower in which it lurks. In the white trillium it is greenish white. In the milkweed, lilac, and in the goldenrod, yellow. Thus it is almost invisible and can capture the little flying things that come seeking honey, before they are aware of an enemy's presence. *Protective coloring* is dependent upon absolute stillness, and there is nothing in the world that can keep still more successfully than the little spider; when disturbed she will roll up in a ball and play dead for a long time. Great numbers of spiders are devoured by animals and birds, but their greatest foe is the wasp. Caught in large numbers, they serve for food to the young wasps during the breeding season. It is no wonder that many spiders mimic, in appearance, ants, snails, and lady birds which wasps do not like, so hoping to escape with their lives.

There are many ways in which different spiders use their silk. We know best the great orb web which Madam Garden Spider makes. Her method of manufacture is the shortest in time, the most sparing of material and yet the strongest and most nearly invisible. This web is a snare and nowhere in nature has the need to eat been the cause of such a cunning industry. Young spiders often make a new web every twenty-four hours, and they must complete their work by dawn or go without breakfast. Old spiders are not so ambitious and build only when the web is too ragged to serve any longer as a good trap.

HELEN WALDO.



I KNOW a naughty little elf,
His name is Peter Pout
Who loves to bother little boys
And turn them wrong side out.

He makes them frown, and fret, and cry,
And sometimes kick and scream;
That such good boys could be so bad
Seems like a dreadful dream.

But in comes Sammy Self-control
With such a big, brave smile,
That Peter Pout is driven out
In just the shortest while.

It's fun to see how very quick
That plucky little sprite
Makes all the clouds as bright as gold,
And turns the dark to light.

ROWENE BROWN DAVIES.

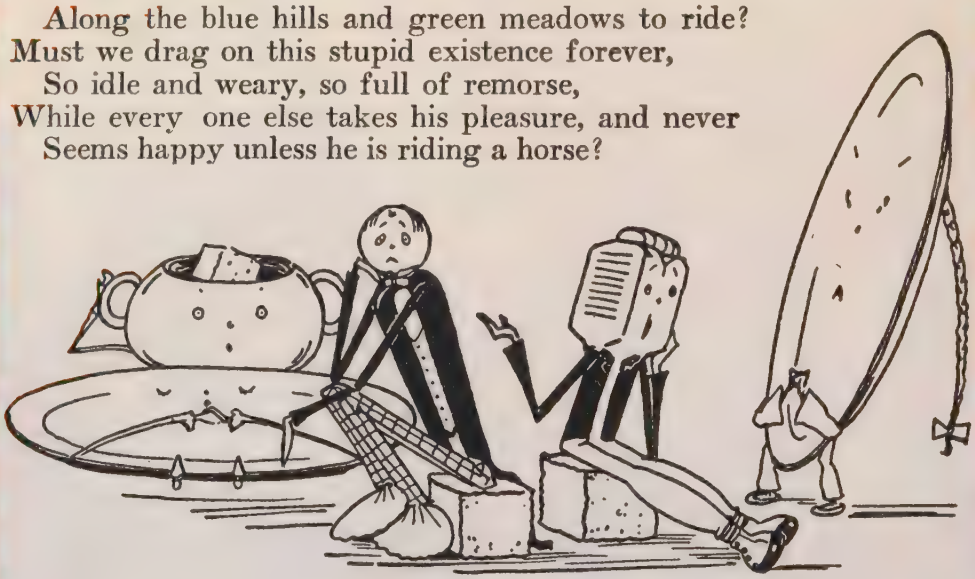
TOADSTOOL *or* OAK?

A TOADSTOOL comes up in a night-
Learn the lesson, little folk~
An oak grows on a hundred years,
But then, it is an oak.

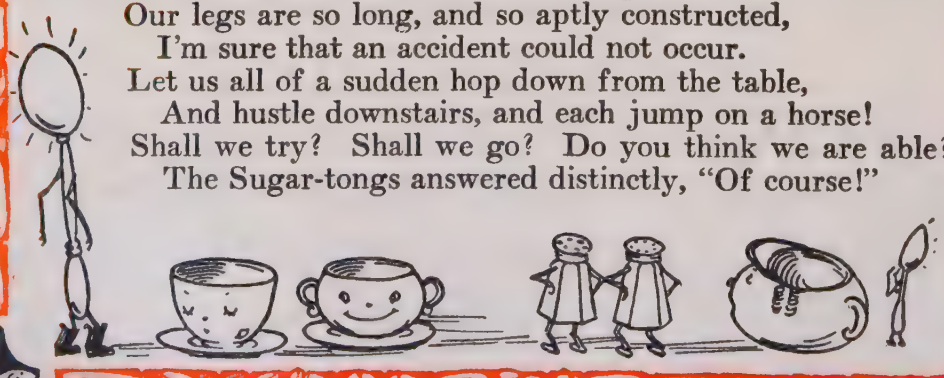
CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

The NUTCRACKER and the SUGAR-TONGS

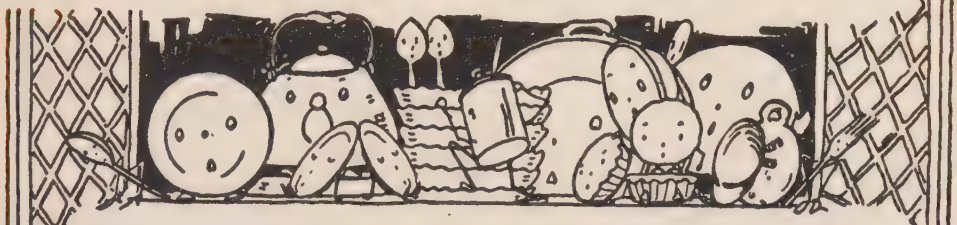
THE Nutcrackers sate by a plate on the table;
The Sugar-tongs sate by a plate at his side;
And the Nutcrackers said, "Don't you wish we were able
Along the blue hills and green meadows to ride?
Must we drag on this stupid existence forever,
So idle and weary, so full of remorse,
While every one else takes his pleasure, and never
Seems happy unless he is riding a horse?



"Don't you think we could ride without being instructed,
Without any saddle or bridle or spur?
Our legs are so long, and so aptly constructed,
I'm sure that an accident could not occur.
Let us all of a sudden hop down from the table,
And hustle downstairs, and each jump on a horse!
Shall we try? Shall we go? Do you think we are able?"
The Sugar-tongs answered distinctly, "Of course!"

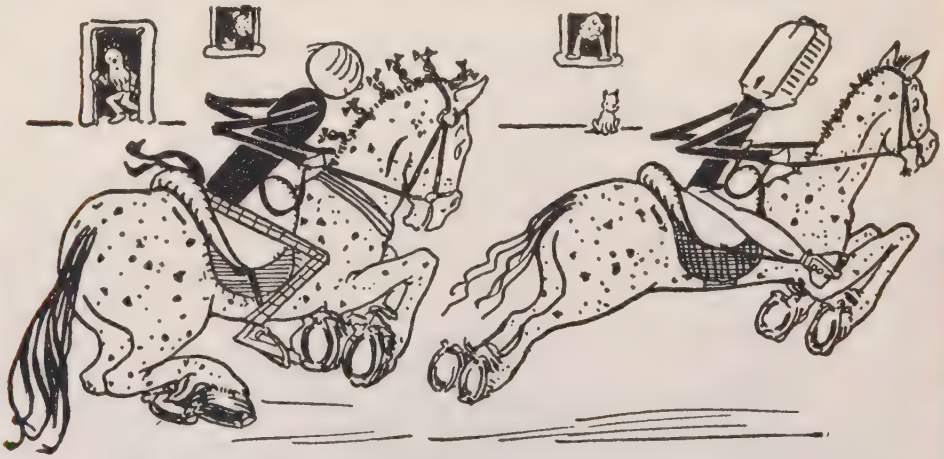


So down the long staircase they hopped in a minute;
The Sugar-tongs snapped, and the Crackers said "Crack!"
The stable was open, and the horses were in it;
Each took out a pony, and jumped on his back.
The Cat in a fright scrambled out of the doorway;
The Mice tumbled out of a bundle of hay;
The brown and white Rats, and the black ones from Norway,
Screamed out, "They are taking the horses away!"



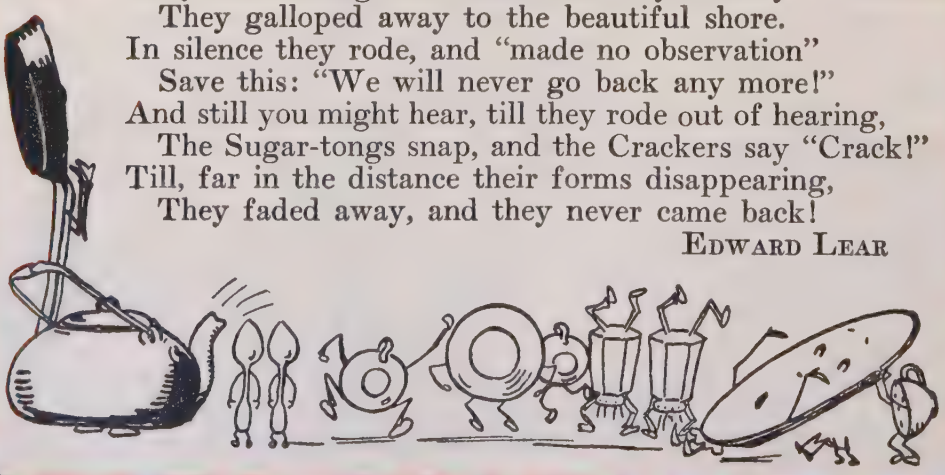
The whole of the household was filled with amazement;
The Cups and the Saucers danced madly about;
The Plates and the Dishes looked out of the casement;
The Saltcellar stood on his head with a shout;
The Spoons, with a clatter, looked out of the lattice;
The Mustard-pot climbed up the gooseberry pies;
The Soup Ladle peeped through a heap of veal patties,
And squeaked with a ladle-like scream of surprise.

The Frying-pan said, "It's an awful delusion!"
The Teakettle hissed, and grew black in the face;
And they all rushed downstairs in the wildest confusion
To see the great Nutcracker-Sugar-tong race.
And out of the stable, with screamings and laughter
(Their ponies were cream-colored, speckled with brown),
The Nutcrackers first and the Sugar-tongs after,
Rode all round the yard, and then all round the town.



They rode through the street, and they rode by the station;
They galloped away to the beautiful shore.
In silence they rode, and "made no observation"
Save this: "We will never go back any more!"
And still you might hear, till they rode out of hearing,
The Sugar-tongs snap, and the Crackers say "Crack!"
Till, far in the distance their forms disappearing,
They faded away, and they never came back!

EDWARD LEAR

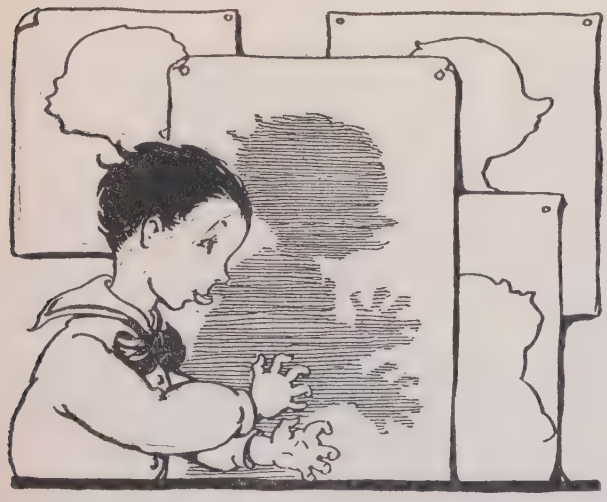


STRANGE FACES

TO photograph the faces, you will need only a few large sheets of wrapping paper, a pencil and a bright light that casts a shadow. Bright sunlight will do, but the light from the evening lamp is better. There must be two children, of course, one to pose and the other to take the pictures.

Pin a sheet of paper to the wall and place your "subject" sidewise between it and the light, so that his perfect profile, with every feature in proportion, is cast on the paper. He must stand motionless while you trace his pictured outline. It is fun to draw not only the face but to add the full-length outline of the figure, as well. When the picture is finished you can show your friend just how he looks when shadowed sidewise.

Pin up another sheet of paper and have your companion pose again, turning a little more toward the wall and letting you again draw the outline. Then you might have him lean forward until his nose and chin are sharply tilted like the old witch's in the picture book. It will amaze him to find his features so fierce and sharp. Let him thrust out his tongue, clutch at the air, glare upward, or laugh, while you sketch his profile. Did you ever see yourself reflected in a new spoon? These outlines can be made even more grotesque.



After a few pictures have been made, it will be fun to change places, letting your companion draw you while you pose. With colored crayons you may touch up the eyes, cheeks, and hair, and add color to the clothes. You will each have a set of photographs that you will hardly believe to be your own, and that will afford much amusement for your family and friends.

LILLIAN L. TROTT

Valentine and Ursine

PART I

Retold from the Story as found in Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry

MANY a year ago, on that day which is dedicated to good St. Valentine, King Pepin of France went a-hunting in the Forest of Artois. With his gay and goodly company of noblemen, he chased the deer through glens, over hills, and into valleys, until at last they plunged into a dark and lonely glade.

Scarce had they entered this dim shelter, when King Pepin drew rein so sharply that his horse was pulled back upon its haunches. Gathering quickly about to see why he had stopped, his nobles found him gazing down at a beautiful baby that lay on the ground. It was swathed about with a scarlet kerchief which was fastened with a silver pin. As they looked down at the lovely child he raised his hands in so beseeching a manner that their hearts were touched.

"Now by the Rood*," said King Pepin, "this is indeed a beautiful child and one who looks to be of gentle blood. Bear him to my court. He shall be christened Valentine in honor of this day."

And as he commanded, so was it done. The child was carried to the castle and christened, and a nurse was found for him who gave him all the tender care that a child should have. Months passed, and years, and the little Valentine grew more beautiful as time went on. He was beloved by all. When he grew old enough to be taught the use of arms, he soon excelled his teachers. Best of all, none could outdo him in gentleness and courtesy.

Valentine grew to manhood and at length was made a knight. On that happy day he craved a boon of King Pepin that to him should be awarded the first adventure that should come to court. This favor the king granted, and for three days thereafter Valentine waited impatiently for his first quest.

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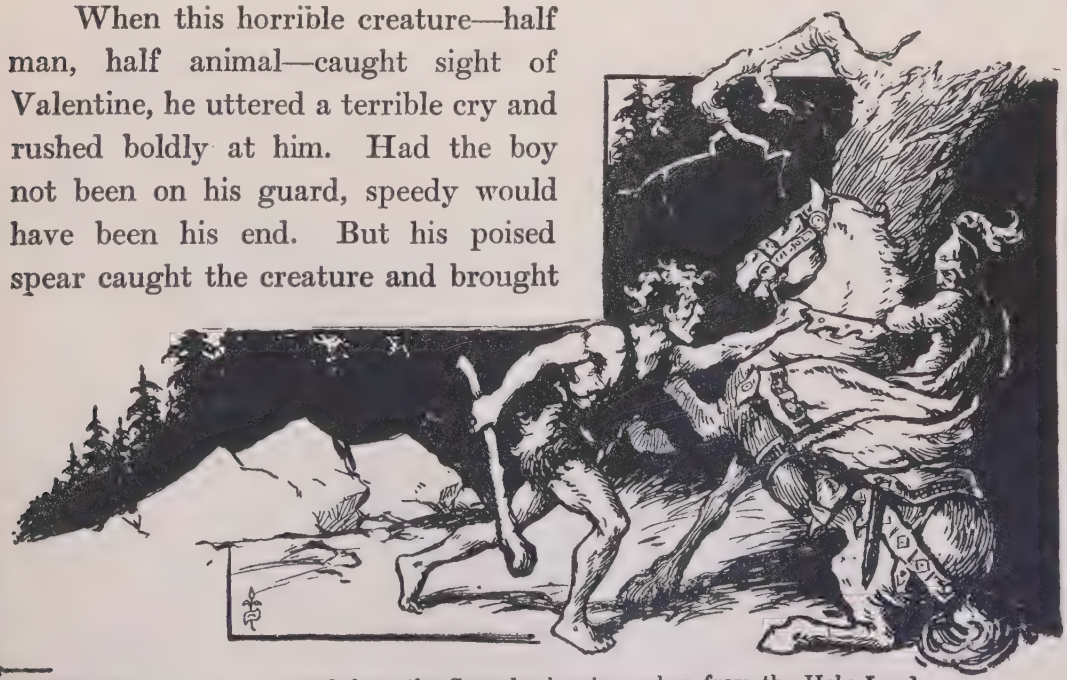
* The Cross.

On the fourth day, early in the morning, there came to Pepin's court three gray-clad palmers* of sad countenance. Weepingly they sought his aid. In Artois Forest, their story ran, there roved a savage creature who made fearful the lives of all who traveled that way. To the cunning of a human being this creature added the fierceness and cruelty of a wild animal; for, it was said, he lived with the forest animals, and made his home with bears.

Then Valentine, kneeling before the king, begged that his should be the task of ridding the forest of this wild creature. The king granted his wish, albeit sadly, for dearly did he love this young knight. So, clad all in armor white as snow, and mounted on a milk-white steed, Valentine galloped away to the Forest of Artois.

Before many hours he was entering the dim and lonely woods. Fearlessly he rode, his head held high, his eyes peering sharply into the gloom. Soon his boldness was awarded by the sight of the creature that he sought. Advancing toward him came the savage man of the forest, a fearsome sight with unkempt hair hanging about his shaggy shoulders, and half hiding his fiercely glowing eyes. Like an eagle's talons were his nails, and his limbs were powerful. As he walked, he brandished a heavy, knotted club of oak.

When this horrible creature—half man, half animal—caught sight of Valentine, he uttered a terrible cry and rushed boldly at him. Had the boy not been on his guard, speedy would have been his end. But his poised spear caught the creature and brought



*Pilgrims who had returned from the Crusades bearing palms from the Holy Land.

him quickly to his knees; and as he sprang to his feet to bring his wicked club down upon Valentine's head, the latter caught it skilfully on the end of his spear and broke it into a thousand splinters.

Now Valentine leaped from his steed and drew his sword, wounding the savage one's hand. He sprang furiously at Valentine and they grappled, rolling to the ground, where they wrestled furiously. But at length Valentine felt the wild boy's strength growing fainter, and he knew that the battle would soon be over.

"Yield thee," he cried, and suddenly the wild one, his last effort failing, yielded himself to his conqueror.

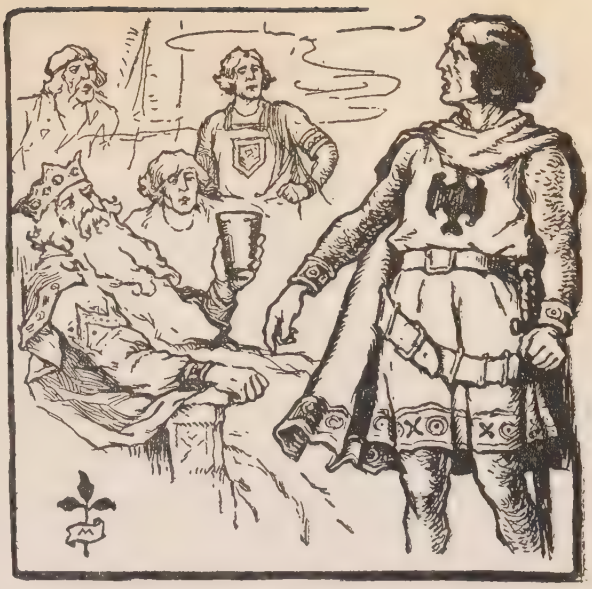
Valentine bound him fast and rode back to King Pepin's court with his strange prisoner. There was great rejoicing in the countryside that the forest was rid of this great danger.

Now, a strange thing came to pass. The wild creature, as days went by, grew less wild and savage. He showed a great love of his captor, and followed him everywhere; until at last he became so gentle and faithful that Valentine made the boy his own servant. He was called Ursine, because he had grown up with the bears of the forest, for Ursus is another name for bear. Many were the strange adventures that these two youths went through; of one of these we shall hear more in another story.

ELEANOR FAIRCHILD PEASE

Valentine and Ursine

PART II



ONE day a great feast was prepared by Pepin, King of France. Lords and peers from countries far and near were invited. Sir Valentine, the adopted son of King Pepin, was given an honored place at the royal table. The strange and romantic story of this youth was known by all at court, as were the valorous and knightly deeds that he had done.

Now, as the people feasted and grew merry, one young knight, jealous of Valentine's great renown, arose and raised his voice in angry protest at the honor shown to the king's adopted son. It was widely known, he declared, that Valentine was not of noble birth, and, since he came of lowly and strange parentage, he was not entitled to sit among these noble lords and peers at the table of the king.

No one knew better than Valentine himself that the King had found him when he was a helpless babe lying in the Forest of Artois, and that his lineage was to that day unknown. So now he rose and gravely faced the jealous knight and spoke to the assembled court.

"On this day," declared the young man, "I shall leave this court, nor will I return until I have learned my lineage, and found who my parents were, if they no longer live."

And without more ado Sir Valentine left the banquet hall of King Pepin. He donned his fairest armor, called for his swiftest horse, and, taking with him his faithful servant Ursine—so named because he had grown up with the wild bears of the woods—he rode away from Pepin's court. Beneath his armor, next to his heart, he wore the silver pin and red silk kerchief which had covered him when he was found in the forest, a tiny babe.

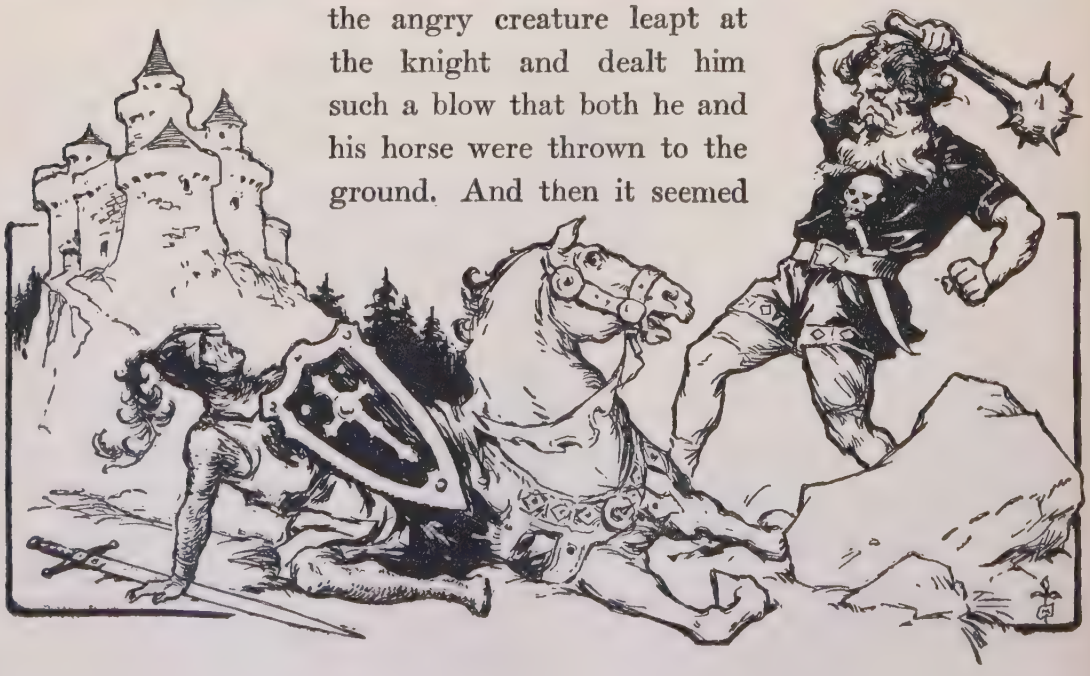
For days these two rode on and on, coming to countries strange and new. Many adventures did they meet, but none that helped Valentine on this, his greatest quest. One day, with heavy hearts, for it seemed that their search was to be fruitless, the two rode over a hill, and saw before them in the valley a lake. In the midst of it was built a mighty castle, the gilded battlements of which shown in the sun like finest gold. Crossing the lake to the castle was a bridge of shining brass beneath which hung a hundred bells. If any one passed over the bridge these bells gave loud warning to those who lived in the castle.

Now were Valentine and Ursine glad indeed of this adventure, and they rode boldly down to the lake and upon the bridge. As their horses clattered across, the bells jangled with a deafening clamor that echoed about the hills. Scarce had the echoes died away when the castle gate swung open and out strode a giant, grim and terrible to behold. In his hand he swung a steel mace.

"Now yield thee, caitiff!" he shouted. But the knight rode boldly on.

"I scorn thy threats," he shouted in return, and, spurring his steed, he rode at the giant, wounding him.

Enraged, the monster hurled his mace at Valentine, but failed to hurt him. Valentine, drawing his sword, rode around and around the wounded giant, thrusting at him fiercely with his sword, until at last the angry creature leapt at the knight and dealt him such a blow that both he and his horse were thrown to the ground. And then it seemed



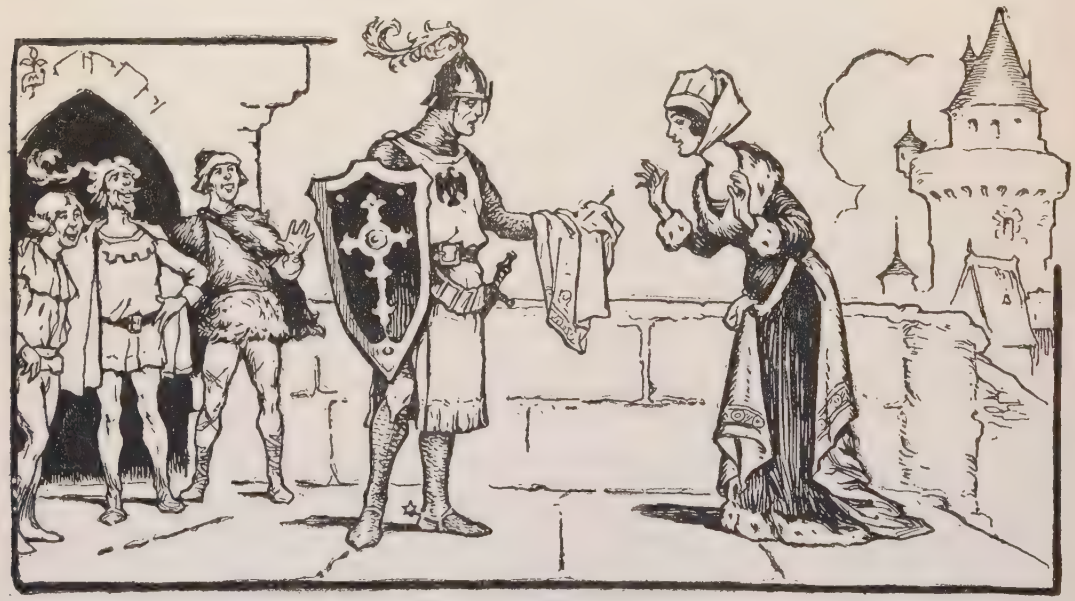
that surely Valentine's end had come. But as the giant stood over him, his mighty hand raised to strike, he suddenly staggered and fell to the ground, brought down by a blow from Ursine's faithful arm. Thus was Valentine saved by Ursine and a cruel monster done away with.

After Valentine had rested awhile by the side of the lake, he and Ursine set forth once more, and together entered the castle. Here many a sad sight met their eyes. Out of their dark cells came prisoners of high and low degree, who had been held there for many long years by the wicked giant. As Valentine and Ursine released these unhappy creatures, and led them into the sunshine, they found one gentle dame whose eyes were dim with much weeping. Valentine besought her to tell him who she was, that he might bear her in safety to her home.

"Alas," replied this gentle lady, "I am a wife who has lost her husband, and a mother who has lost her children. For twenty years I have been a prisoner in this castle. Sister to a king and wife of a mighty prince, I lived happily caring for my two young children. On one sad day there appeared before my husband a wicked person who declared that I was unfaithful to him, and my husband believing him, in spite of my pleadings, I was sent away. As I was driven forth, there followed one of my faithful knights, who refused to leave me and vowed that he would protect me in my wanderings. In my arms I carried my two small babies, twin boys, one dark, the other fair.

"One day we came to a deep, dark forest, where, weary and hungry, I fell from weakness. My protector left me to go in search of help. While he was away, a bear came from the forest and, seizing one of my babies, the dark one, carried him into the forest.

"In my fright I laid my other babe on the ground and ran after the bear. I could not overtake it, though I followed far. When I came back to the spot where I had left my other child, he was gone. My knight returned, and we searched far and wide, but could not find him. So I was forced to wander on without my babes. At last we came to this castle and were taken prisoners by the cruel giant who for many years has laid in wait for helpless, weary travelers."



"Now, surely," said Valentine, "I have heard some of your tale before. You are that Lady Bellisance, wife of the emperor of Greece and sister to King Pepin of France. Know you that the wicked one who brought your troubles upon you is dead and in dying owned that you were innocent? For many years your husband has sought you in all cities and in every land."

Then the Lady Bellisance wept for joy to hear such news.

"Madam," said Valentine, "I pray you, would you know the garment that wrapped your little child if you should see it?" He drew out the scarlet silk kerchief and the silver pin and laid them before her.

"Oh, this is indeed the red silk kerchief in which my fair-haired baby was wrapped, and well do I know this pin."

Then Valentine knew that this was his mother and told her all the tale of how Pepin had found him in the forest wrapped in the kerchief.

"But who, I pray, is this dark youth?" asked the Lady Bellisance, looking at Ursine. "If I had not seen the bears carry your twin brother away, I would say that this was he."

"But this youth was raised among the bears," cried Valentine. "Now is there no sign by which you would know he is your son?"

"Aye," his mother answered eagerly, "he had a little red mark on his side close to his arm."

And looking they found the tiny mark that proved Ursine to be the Lady Bellisance's son, and Sir Valentine's twin brother. Right happy was the Lady Bellisance then, as she embraced her long lost children, gazing fondly now at Ursine, now lovingly at Valentine.

Soon they set forth and came again to Pepin's court. Here the Lady Bellisance was tenderly greeted by her brother. He sent her with a great company to her husband, who had long sought her, and with her went Ursine. But Valentine stayed in France and became the king of that land after Pepin.

ELEANOR FAIRCHILD PEASE

How Mrs. Dandelion Won Her Way in the Garden!

ONCE upon a time there was a beautiful garden at the back of a lovely old house in the country. Almost all the flowers that anybody could think of, grew in this garden. The man who planted all these pretty flowers and took care of them, was named John Blake.

Now John Blake wasn't married, so he never had any little children named Mary and Tommy, or Jimmy and Susan. All of his little children were flower children. But, oh, my! what a lot of flower children he had to care for!

First, he had ever so many rose children. There was Mrs. Red Rose, and all her children, Mrs. Pink Rose, with just as many children; Mrs, Yellow Rose, and Mrs. White Rose, both with large families of babies.

And then came the Poppies, the Tulips, the Hyacinths, the Lilies, the Orchids, all with big families. So you see the big Daddy of them all, John Blake, was kept very busy.

Some days, he had to be mighty strict in the rose bed, because some of the babies wanted to eat things, that Daddy John knew were not good for them. And then the next day, the Tulips were very unruly; every thing John Blake told them to do, they answered "real pert like," and just tossed their pretty heads. The Lilies

were so stately and haughty, that Daddy John had sometime to speak very firmly to the young boys and girls of the family.

And so it went on. Every day was a busy day, but it was also a happy day. Because, you see, Daddy John knew that, though he had sometime to box their little ears, coax them to mind, select their dresses and suits, and do their marrying for them, he was raising a lot of little flower children that any one could be proud of.

Now it happened, one early summer morning before the big Daddy was up, that he heard some loud talking in the garden. He sprang out of bed, and as he leaned out of the window he thought he heard angry voices. He dressed as quickly as possible, and went down to see what was the matter.

It didn't take big Daddy long to see what all the commotion was about. For there—right in the center of the big garden—grew a little family of DANDELIONS! How they came there no one in the garden seemed to know.

"They must have moved in during the night," said Mrs. Tulip to her neighbor, Mrs. Poppy.

Big Daddy came up just in time to hear Mrs. American Beauty Rose say to her neighbor, the aristocratic Mrs. Orchid, that she would never permit her children to associate with the children of such an ordinary family. So far as she was concerned, she never intended calling.

Mrs. Orchid replied, that she was delighted her friend had spoken so plainly, and would follow her example.

Big Daddy felt very sad when he heard these two aristocratic ladies speak so slightingly of the innocent Dandelion family. It made him see that while he could do many things to make their bodies strong, and keep their faces pretty, he had not been able to change their ugly dispositions.

Poor big Daddy was turning away very sadly, when he heard Mrs. Hyacinth ask to speak. So he waited to hear what she had to say.

"My children and friends," began Mrs. Hyacinth, "I feel that it is my duty to tell you what I know of the new family who has moved into our neighborhood. I have heard what Mrs. American Beauty said, but I hope she will change her mind when she knows more about them. You are all surprised how Mrs. Dandelion moved here. It is very simple. She came one day in her aeroplane, a merry little breeze directing the way.

"She was only a little feathery ball that day, and when she saw how comfortable things looked here, Mrs. Dandelion said she would rest awhile. She liked the place so much, she decided to stay and raise her family."

"Such a family," interrupted Mrs. Lily, "they are not even good looking, to say nothing of the poor stock they come from."

"They can stay here, of course," said Mrs. Poppy, "but I will never consent to their marrying into my family."

"You need not worry about that," continued Mrs. Hyacinth, "I

shouldn't be surprised to hear if you offered one of your daughters in marriage, that Mrs. Dandelion had refused."

"Refused indeed!" answered Mrs. Poppy, very angry.

"You see, its this way," went on Mrs. Hyacinth, paying no attention to angry Mrs. Poppy. "She is a member of a large and healthy family. Her relations number somewhere around nine thousand, I've been told. I believe she has some very aristocratic relatives living across the ocean. But my memory is so poor for names," pleaded Mrs. Hyacinth. "Won't you explain who they are, Mrs. Dandelion?"

Mrs. Dandelion was a very sweet, modest little lady, and when called upon to speak before so many strangers, she felt timid. But her family had been so dreadfully insulted, she decided she must tell the garden who she was.

"I suppose," began Mrs. Dandelion, "that all of you have heard of my cousins, the Asters, the Dahlias, the Marigolds, the Goldenrods, the Sunflowers, and the English Daisy, all good respectable families, and well liked wherever they live. But I don't believe you know anything about the branch of my family that I am rather proud of. I refer to the *royal* branch!"

Mrs. Dandelion stopped a second to clear her throat and glance around her. She saw the queerest expression on Mrs. American Beauty's face, but Mrs. Orchid looked straight over Mrs. Dandelion's head and never winked an eye. The others showed plainly their natural curiosity.

"The royal members of my family," continued Mrs. Dandelion, "are crowned heads in three great countries. In Scotland, if you ever happen to be traveling there, you will hear of my cousin *Thistle*, the royal

flower of Scotland. In Germany, a king, the old Emperor William, loved my pretty cousin *Corn-flower* so well that he made her the royal flower of Germany. I am sure you must all know my handsome cousin *Chrysanthemum.* He is the royal flower of Japan."

Mrs. Dandelion was about to add that, of course, she had some poor cousins, too. But suddenly, heads began nodding to her, and faces smiling sweetly at her. Her mind worked fast because, even if she was only a common flower, she was a MOTHER, and had a large family to raise.

The garden had insulted and treated her *very* badly. Perhaps it were best, thought Mrs. Dandelion, to say nothing about her poor relations. But this ugly thought couldn't find a single thing to hold to in Mrs. Dandelion's honest mind. You see the good thoughts crowded around and frightened him so badly, he was glad to run away. Of course the garden never knew what Mrs. Dandelion had been thinking. They were still nodding pleasantly to her, when she began speaking again.

"My family name," said Mrs. Dandelion, "is *Composite.* I belong to the largest plant family in the world. It is not surprising then that I have also many poor cousins. The families of *Ragweed*, *Beggar-ticks*, *Hogsweed*, *Butter-weed*, and *Spanish Needle* are a few of my poor relations."

The friendly nodding stopped, and only Mrs. Hyacinth was smiling at her. But Mrs. Dandelion didn't mind. She had nothing to be ashamed of. Besides, she liked some of her poor cousins better than her rich ones.

Big Daddy had been standing by the fence and heard everything Mrs. Dandelion had said. He walked over, and after bowing politely to Mrs. Dandelion, he said,

"I am delighted to have such a truthful little lady in my garden. I hope you will always live here and be very happy and comfortable."

Daddy John didn't scold Mrs. American Beauty, Mrs. Orchid, and the others. But his eyes were so *sad* as he looked at them, they understood, and bowed their heads in shame.

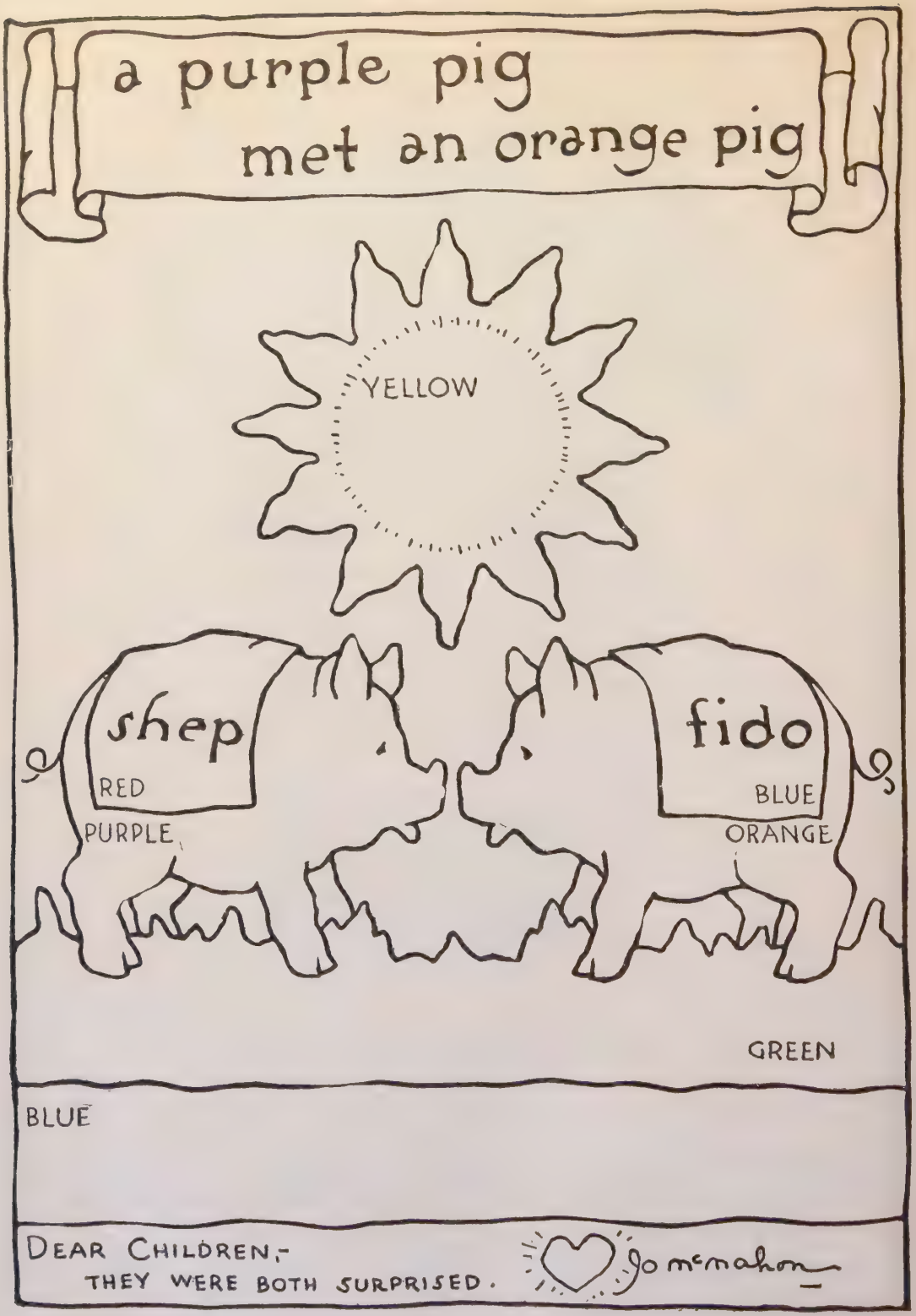
EDNA W. LEVY.

BIG BLACK BEAR

A Big Black Bear stood on a ball;
I was afraid that he would fall:
But no, he didn't fall at all,
He rolled it all around.

I had a ball; I tried to sit
And lie and stand on top of it.
I couldn't do it, not a bit,
I tumbled on the ground.

DRAWING BY JOHN RAE


a purple pig
met an orange pig
YELLOW
shep
RED
PURPLE
fido
BLUE
ORANGE
GREEN
BLUE
DEAR CHILDREN,-
THEY WERE BOTH SURPRISED.
Jo mcmahon

THE LITTLE PUMPKIN WHO WANTED TO SEE the WORLD

ONCE there was a little pumpkin that grew in the field behind the old red barn. It was a nice big field with plenty of room for pumpkins. But there was just one thing that the little pumpkin wanted more than anything—to see the world for himself before the snow flew. He had tried as hard as he could all summer long to grow under his wide green leaves. But he wasn't so big as his pumpkin brothers, and he wasn't so round, and he wasn't such a beautiful deep orange color as they were. And so when the gardener came through the field, with his wheelbarrow going squeakity-squeak, he didn't see the little pumpkin at all. Instead, he tossed a pile of fusty-dusty corn-stalks right down so that the little pumpkin was almost hidden under them.

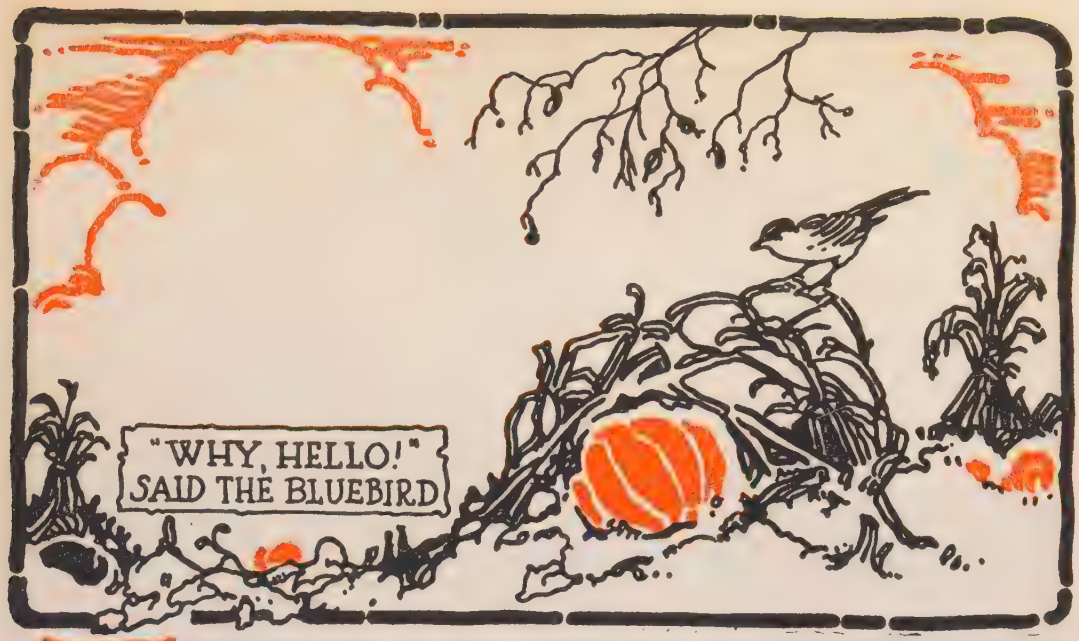
"Pouf! That was dusty," said the little pumpkin to himself, trying to see out between the fusty-dusty corn-stalks. "I can hardly tell whether the sun is shining now. And oh, dear me, I do so want to see the world for myself before the snow flies!"

THE days went by, and the days went by, and the fall winds began to blow and blow in great huffy-puffy gusts. The leaves fell off the trees and came whirling over the field where the pumpkins were. All soft little sighs and whisperings, they came to rest by the fusty-dusty corn-stalks where the little pumpkins lay.

"Oh, leaves!" cried the little pumpkin. "Tell me about the world! I am here under the fusty-dusty corn-stalks, but I do so want to see the world for myself before the snow flies!"

"The world? Oh the world is cold and grey," shivered the leaves. "We are tired of dancing and whirling just to please the wind. We want to rest and let the snow hide us away from the world."

"Dear me!" said the little pumpkin to himself. "Is that what the world is like: cold and grey and shivery with a huffy-puffy wind that makes you dance all day? Perhaps it's just as well to be a pumpkin when it comes to dancing all day to please the wind. But oh, I do so want to see the world for myself before the snow flies."



THE days went by and the days went by till a bird with breast the color of the earth and back the color of the sky perched for a moment on the pile of fusty-dusty corn-stalks where the little pumpkin lay.

"Oh, bluebird!" said the little pumpkin. "I am so glad you have come. Tell me what the world is like. You fly so high; you see so far. I am here under the fusty-dusty corn-stalks, but I do so want to see the world for myself before the snow flies."

"Why, hello!" said the bluebird. "You certainly haven't much chance of seeing the world way down there under the fusty-dusty corn-stalks. But you're not missing much just now. All the flowers are dead, and there is hardly a thing to eat. I haven't had a good, fat juicy bug since week before last. Only a few skinny mosquitoes left over from last summer. This world's no place for me. I'm going south," and he spread his wings and was off before the little pumpkin could say a word.

"Dear me!" said the little pumpkin to himself. "Is that what the world is like—everything dead and nothing to eat? Perhaps it is just as well to be a pumpkin when it comes to living on a few left-over mosquitoes. But oh, I do so want to see the world for myself before the snow flies."

THE days went by, and the days went by, till the gardener, with his wheelbarrow g o i n g squeakity-s q u e a k, came through the field calling, "Pumpkins for pies, pumpkins for pies." Out of a crack between the fusty-dusty corn-stalks the little pumpkin could see him picking up the beautiful brother pumpkins, and he held his breath for a moment. Was this to be his only chance of seeing the world? To be made into a pie and put into an oven to bake! And he tried to hide away down under the fusty-dusty corn-stalks and to pull them over his head. But in a moment, the wheelbarrow going squeakity-squeak, the gardener, calling, "Pumpkins for pies, pumpkins for pies," went farther and farther away, trundling the beautiful brother pumpkins off out of sight.

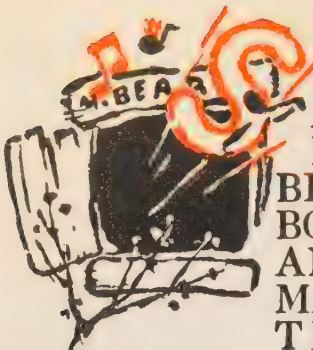
"Dear me," said the little pumpkin to himself. "Perhaps it's just as well to be down here under the fusty-dusty corn-stalks when it comes to being made into pies. But oh, I do so want to see the world for myself before the snow flies!"

THE days went by, and the days went by till late on a cold and frosty afternoon a little boy came running across the field calling, "Pumpkins, pumpkins, where are you? I must find a pumpkin! I must have a pumpkin this very night for the tall, tall gate-post that looks far and away and down the road!"

A gate-post! Oh, that would be the place to see the world, thought the little pumpkin. "Here am I! Here am I! Oh, take me!" he cried, trying to rustle the fusty-dusty corn-stalks and poke up his head. And it seemed as though the little boy heard, for just then he stumbled over the pile of fusty-dusty corn-stalks and cried, "Oh, here is a pumpkin! A cunning little pumpkin! The only one that's left! And it's just the right size for the tall, tall gate-post that looks far and away and down the road!"

And so, when it is very dark and black and late—oh, as late as *seven* o'clock—if you go by the tall, tall gate-post that looks far and away and down the road, you will see a wide, grinning mouth with jiggety-jaggety teeth, a big nose and two fierce staring eyes glaring right at you. And you will say, "Oh, see the funny Jack-o-lantern." But it will just be the little pumpkin seeing the world for himself before the snow flies.

MARGARET KYLE



AND HERE IS A STORY TOLD BY NOT SUCH A LITTLE GIRL, NAMED BETTY WHITE, TO A VERY LITTLE BOY BY THE NAME OF JOHN. BETTY AND JOHN HAVE GIVEN TO JOHN MARTIN PERMISSION TO TELL THIS STORY TO YOU AND IT IS

The STORY of the BEAR That SNORED

YOU must know, O little Child, that in the Wintertime the animals hold their pow-wows or chow-chows, or whatever the animals call them. I do not quite know what these strange words may mean and perhaps you do not know, for *we* are just two-legged creatures, not being made after the manner of four-legged creatures.

Nevertheless, a pow-wow or chow-chow gives the animals of the Jungle such joy and satisfaction, that they keep right on having them and never give us a moment's thought, nor do they ever mention our names at these affairs. All this means that the animals attend to their own pow-wows and expect us to attend to ours. This we very politely do, for never by any chance do the animals say anything worth listening to, as Mr. Bear found out to his lumptious, bumptious shame and sorrow.

Mr. Bear in those days was quite a different animal from his many-times-great grandchild you see to-day at the Zoo. In those days he never went fast asleep in the winter, and, far more important than that, he had an ex-tensively-long-pulled-out tail which trailed and sailed and drailed far behind him.

So, O little Child, that trailing, sailing, drailing tail quite naturally caused many stumblings and not a few grumblings in the Jungle where it sailed, trailed and *drailed.*

Besides this, Mr. Bear was another great cause of annoyance to the animals. Whenever Bear went to a pow-wow, which he most always did (being an exceedingly dutiful beastie), he would listen with great attention for almost five minutes, and when someone was making a beautiful, *noisy* speech, that Bear would fall fast asleep most impolitely, and, O little Child, *he would begin to snore!*

Think of that! Mr. Bear's snore was long and loud and really truly well-snored, and his roarsome, boresome snore was FAT at the beginning of it, with a CRACK down one side of it and three funny LUMPS on the very end of it.

(And here is a picture of the snore.)

So tell me if you do not think Mr. Bear was exceedingly annoying with his roarsome, boresome, rumbly, grumbly snore. Can you wonder at what happened to that Bear one day when he snored a specially snorey snore at a very important pow-wow?

Mr. Elephant was speaking and, between you and me, it was a most tiresome speech; but still we can quite understand his feelings when, just as he finished his beautiful speech, instead of applause (which he enjoyed very much), he heard a long, loud, sighing, sorrowful, snorey snore. O, little Child! That snorey snore hurt Mr. Elephant's most favorite feelings, and it bruised his most precious *prides.* So, with one terrible swoop and scoop of his extensively curly trunk, Mr. Elephant caught hold of Mr. Bear's most extensively-long-pulled-out tail,

and swung Mr. Bear round and round, and sideways and hind-ways and all-ways, until, O little Child, that tail broke off—*ZIP*—very short and very close to Mr. Bear himself. Of course Mr. Bear went spinning away and fell to the ground with a bumpy bound which hurt him somewhat, O little Child, as you would know had you ever been swung about in like manner.

Poor Mr. Bear, he was lumpy and humpy all over, and he had no Mamma to cuddle him or to give him a piece of her mind, or to scold cross Mr. Elephant for being so rough. But what hurt him most of all was the loss of his ex-tensively-long-pulled-out tail that sailed and trailed and drailed not so very long before behind him.

This accident made him so weepy and otherwise sad, that he bundled away to his home in a cave and lay down and slept and snored and snored all of his snoresome, boresome, rumbly, grumbly snores in one *continuous row.* But nobody heard him, so it was all right, O little Child.

Mr. Bear was so lumpy and humpy and grumpy, and so altogether sorrowful, that he slept all the winter long and when he awoke it was Springtime. Every pow-wow and chow-chow of the animals was over, which was a great relief to Mr. Bear, for he always found them perfectly unbearable; and that is how our friend, the Mr. Bear, began his habit of long, long naps in the Wintertime. And this story gives you the reason why Mr. Bear has such a lumpy, stumpy little tail that he wears upon himself all the time.

THE STORY of NARCISSUS

IN the long ago there lived a beautiful boy with a beautiful name, Narcissus. He had curly hair and starry eyes. He was strong and graceful. But he did not know how to love. Wonderful flowers grew all about him, but he did not love them. Beautiful birds flew over his head, but he did not love them. Kind friends cared for him, but neither did he love them.

He had a little playmate named Echo. She, too, was fair-haired and starry-eyed. She loved him dearly. But Narcissus did not love her. This made little Echo very unhappy, and at last she went away. Then Narcissus missed his little playmate, and wandered here and there looking for her. He remembered that she loved him, and he began to feel sorry that he had not loved her.

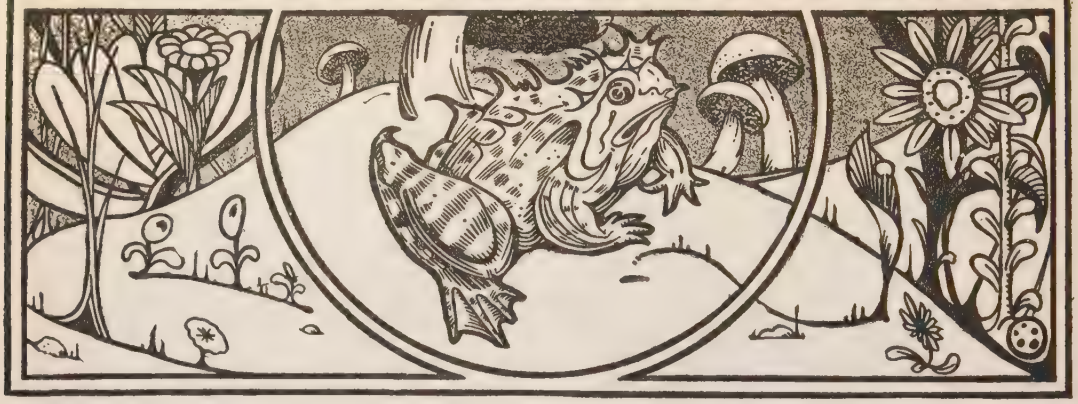
As Narcissus went on he came to a fountain. Stooping over to drink of the pure, clear water, he saw his own face for the first time. He did not know that he was looking at himself, but thought that he saw the curly hair and starry eyes of his little playmate, Echo. His great longing for his little companion made him look and look until love came into his heart. He called softly: "Echo, little Echo, come back to me. I love you. I love you." And this is the way that Narcissus learned how to love.

Still Echo did not come, and Narcissus, looking at the lovely starry-eyed face, stepped down into the fountain to find her. He did not find her and he did not return. But all around there sprang up the beautiful star-like flowers that people call the Narcissus flowers. When boys and girls see the Narcissus flowers growing in the grass like beautiful stars, they may think of them as the flowers of love that blossomed at last in the heart of the little boy Narcissus in the long ago.

MARY A. DARTT.

Did you ever–?
Did you ever see a bottle fly ?
Did you ever see a potato wipe its eyes, or the corn prick up its ears ?
GC

QUEEN SALLY MIPMMM



DEEP in the forest of Tanglewood there once lived a frog. His name was Humpygrump. All over his body grew little horns which, of course, might have been the reason for his bad disposition. Day in and day out, he would sit under his toadstool umbrella saying, "Too bad! Too bad!"

But one fine morning that doleful frog awoke to a great surprise. As he turned out of bed, grumpy as usual, he began to sing his same old sad tune, "Too bad! Too——" suddenly he stopped singing. A wondrous something had caught his eye. It was a cradle made of a cocoon. Over it lay sheets of cobweb-lace which shimmered and glistened in the springtime sun like spun gold. And, carefully tucked into that cradle was the tiniest of fairies, asleep. Now, when Humpygrump beheld this fairy peacefully slumbering on his own hearthstone, he became very angry, and he said to himself, said he:

"This is *my* house. You have no business here. I will just eat you for my breakfast."

Humpygrump licked his chops! Humpygrump rolled his wicked eyes!! Humpygrump puffed out his cannibal tummy!!! Then over beside the cradle hopped Humpygrump to gobble up this toothsome chickabiddy. He opened his hungry jaws, but—— just then something wonderful happened. From the air came a voice saying,

"Biziz—Bizaz—Bizum."

And lo! with his mouth wide open, Humpy's jaws locked tight and fast. After a while the little fairy awoke. The very first thing she saw was this gaping, horny, puffed toad-frog. Naturally the little fairy was frightened. Indeed she began to cry. But just then she heard a thin, small voice calling to her.

"Do not be frightened," said the voice, "that frog can do you no harm whatever. His jaws are locked as tightly as a jail."

Being assured of her safety, the fairy was curious to know whence and from whom the voice came. She arose from her cocoon cradle, and looked all around her, but she could discover no one.

"Ha! Ha! Ha!" chirped the voice merrily. "It is I. Here I am on the other side of the toadstool."

The fairy had looked nearly everywhere, but, of course, not in the right place. Shyly she peeped around the stalk of the toadstool, and there, in the bell of a violet, stood the owner of the voice. He was a pixie clad in a doublet and hose of royal purple. On his tiny curly head rested a little black cap. It was made of velvet, and from its crown waved a white willow plumelet. The pixie took off his cap to make a sweeping bow. The only thing the fairy could think of saying was, "Oh!" But very soon she found voice enough to politely inquire, "Was it you, sir, who saved me from that dreadful animal?"

"Yes," replied the pixie, "I am the servant of him who watches over people, fairies, and flowers. I have a message for you. After I deliver it, you will need my care no longer."

"Shyly she peeped around the stalk of the toadstool."

"The Pixie took off his cap."

The fairy, eager to hear what the pixie had to say, kept quiet, and he continued.

"This is a

place called 'the World,' " said the pixie. "Our master who lives in the sun has sent you to earth to reign over the kingdom of flowers. They can be ruled only by love. It is through love alone that flowers as well as people grow sweet, and pure, and beautiful. If you love flowers as well as people, they will love you. Such love will help to fill the world with perfume, and beauty, and happiness. If you never stop loving, you need fear *nothing*."

The pixie was turning away when he suddenly stopped, and placed something in her hand. It looked like a very small cornstalk with a tiny soap-bubble on the end.

"This," said the pixie, "is your scepter. It is full of magic. And, oh yes, I almost forgot to tell you your name. It's Sally Mippmmm, Queen Sally Mippmmm. How do you say it? Why, you just say Mip very quickly. Then, with your lips closed tight, you hum like a bumble bee. That's it. Good-bye Queen!" So saying the pixie vanished into the heart of the violet.

After the pixie had gone, Queen Sally wondered what a dose of love would do toward curing her friend the frog of his bad disposition. She looked around. Yes, there stood the bloodthirsty creature. But I am sure you could never, *never* guess what that frog was doing. He was crying! Now, if Humpygrump had been a common, everyday frog, his tears would have fallen down at his feet. (Oh, his tears were gushing as though he had swallowed a sprinkling pot.) But Humpygrump was no ordinary frog. He was cross-eyed, my dears. And, as he moaned, and wailed, and blubbered, the tears ran down his back! Ah, what a funny, sad sight he was!

Queen Sally's heart was touched. She conjured up a tiny drop of love from her heart for Humpygrump. Three times Queen Sally passed her magic wand around Humpygrump. Three times did Queen Sally tickle Humpygrump under his fifth rib. Three times Queen Sally said,

"Biziz—Bizaz—Bizum." And, before a cat could have wiggled a whisker, Humpygrump's jaws unlocked! Humpygrump's eyes uncrossed! But, strangest of all, from Humpygrump's body dropped every one of his little horns!

Humpygrump was the happiest frog you or anybody ever saw. He thanked Queen Sally. Moreover he became her faithful servant. He became the policeman of her flower kingdom. How, you wonder, can a frog be a policeman? Well, these little violet people have many, many enemies. Their enemies are bugs, insects, and such things. These, Humpygrump would catch and eat. And, to this day, in Queen Sally's flower kingdom, the great, great grandchildren of Humpygrump do this same thing. They keep her garden free from all bugs and insects. So now, my dears, whenever you chance to see a Humpygrump sitting under his umbrella blinking and dreaming with his mouth wide open, always remember that he is waiting to catch the enemies of the little flower people. Then remember, too, that Humpygrump has never, never forgotten the kindness of the ruler of the violets, QUEEN SALLY MIPMMM.

JOHN RUSE WOODWARD.

ONCE upon a farm there lived a mother-pig. She had one baby-pig —only one and no more—but she loved that baby-pig every mite as much as if there had been more of him—maybe nine or twelve. Mother-pig loved her baby-pig all the whole day long. And of course baby-pig loved mother-pig back—oh, every speck as much as if he had been nine or twelve baby-pigs.

Mother-pig and baby-pig stayed close together every minute. They were the very smallest kind of family but they had the very biggest kind of fun. Baby-pig liked most of all to have mother-pig sing to him.

One morning when they awoke on their cozy straw bed, mother-pig nudged baby-pig with her snout as she sang this hungry breakfast song:

Chore boy, chore boy,
The pigs' porridge, please.
Thank you, thank you,
And sweet cottage cheese.

Mother-pig and baby-pig had rooting good times together in the clover field that day. There baby-pig was learning to play-dig with his button

nose, while mother-pig was digging the ground up in a grown-up way, with her saucer snout. When they came to dinner time, mother-pig stopped to sing this truffle song:

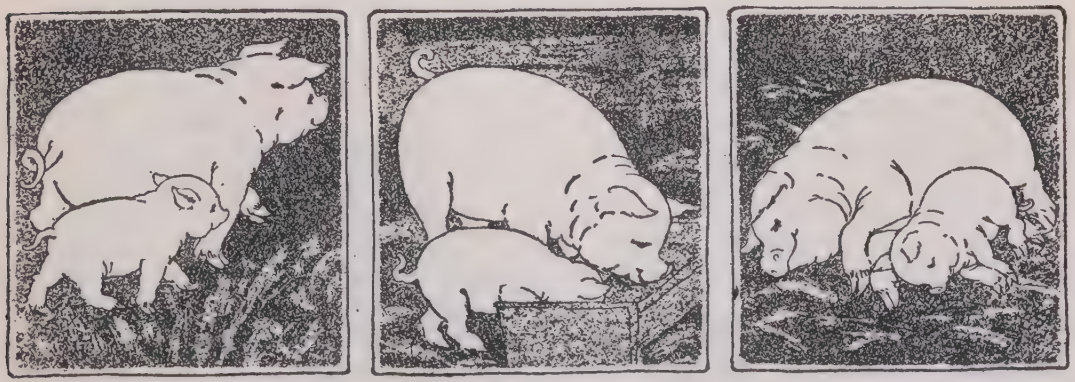
Sing a song of pig's feet, goobers in a pie;
Some-and-twenty swinebreads baked in a sty.

Evening-time was cozy-time, the best time of all the time. Mother-pig and baby-pig turned their thoughts and their snouts toward their sty-house —baby-pig trotting close beside mother-pig's hocks. When they got there it was supper-time, and mother-pig sang this sleepy supper song:

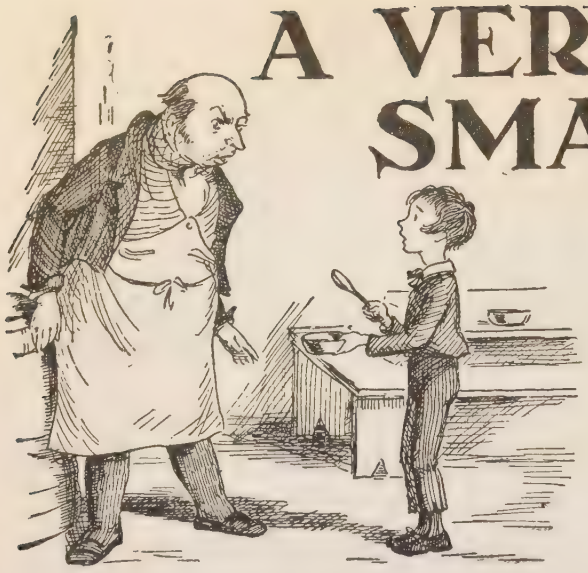
Hush-a-bye, piggie-bye, curly-tail bonnie,
Silky your ears are, and soft.
There's a gold ring for your piggie-wee nose,
Up in the straw of the loft.

That was the end of baby-pig's day. He lay snugly close to mother-pig. His silky skin quivered and his dainty feet jumped dreamy jumps— for he was dreaming a candy dream.

ANNE CLEELAND



A VERY QUEER SMALL BOY



DO you happen to know Oliver Twist, the sensitive, persecuted little orphan who was so hungry that he just had to ask for more of the miserable porridge served at the workhouse? Or perhaps you know frail little Paul Dombey, who only wanted to be a child and not be "made a man of." Or poor Joe Gargery, whose father hammered away at him as he would at his anvil. Or David Copperfield, whose stepfather was so cruel to him that he had to run away from home. Those are only four of the boys who live in Bookland, carried there on the air-plane of Charles Dickens' fancy. They are not all fanciful, either, for much of their stories is founded upon true incidents in the life of Dickens himself.

Charles Dickens was born at Landport, in Portsea, February 7, 1812, more than a hundred years ago. Like Sir Walter Scott, he was a sickly boy. Because he could not play marbles or any other games with the boys, he used to amuse himself by reading. In a letter to Washington Irving he once described himself as a "very small, and not-over-particularly-taken-care-of boy!" He was taught by his mother, as we read in David Copperfield: "I faintly remember her teaching me the alphabet; and when I look upon the fat black letters in the primer, the puzzling novelty of their shapes and the easy good nature of C and S always seem to present themselves before me as they used to do."

In David Copperfield, also, we read of another childhood memory, that of his father's books in a little room upstairs at which no one ever looked but himself. Here he read *Roderick Random, Tom Jones, The Vicar of Wakefield, Robinson Crusoe, The Arabian Nights* and many

others which kept alive his fancy and made him forget his troubles. When he was not reading, he played that he really *was* Tom Jones or Robinson Crusoe.

In *A Child's Dream of a Star* he tells of one of the most beautiful of his childhood memories, of the nights when he and his sister used to stand by the window in the House by the Brook and watch the stars. Near this childhood home was Gadshill Place upon which he used to look with great awe. In one of his essays he mentions passing along the road to Canterbury and seeing a vision of himself as a little lad. He tells his story thus:

So smooth was the old high-road and so fresh were the horses, and so fast went I, that it was midway between Gravesend and Rochester and the widening river was bearing the ships, white-sailed or black-smoked, out to sea, when I noticed by the wayside a very queer small boy.

"Holloa!" said I to the queer small boy, "where do you live?"

"At Chatham," says he.

"What do you do there?" says I.

"I go to school," says he.

I took him up in a moment, and we went on. Presently, the very queer small boy says, "This is Gadshill we are coming to, where Falstaff went out to rob those travelers and ran away."

"You know about Falstaff, eh?" said I.

"All about him," said the very queer small boy, "I am old (I am nine), and I read all sorts of books. But do let us stop at the top of the hill and look at the house there, if you please!"

"You admire the house?" said I.

"Bless you, sir," said the very queer small boy, "when I was not more than half as old as nine, it used to be a treat for me to be brought to look at it. And now I am nine, I come by myself to look at it. And ever since I can recollect, my father, seeing me so fond of it, has often said to me, 'If you were to be very persevering and were to work hard, you might some day come to live in it.' Though that's impossible!" said the very queer small boy, drawing a low breath, and now staring out of the window with all his might. I was rather amazed to be told this by the very queer small boy; for that house happened to be my house, and I have reason to believe that what he said was true.

This very queer small boy was indeed Charles Dickens himself, and he had come to live in the wonderful house at Gadshill Place. Those early years in the House by the Brook were very happy ones, but they did not last long. At twelve we find him in one of the poorest parts of London, his father in the Marshalsea Prison for debt. It was the custom in those days, if a man could not pay his debts, to send him to prison, where his whole family lived with him. Charles' mother kept a school at this time. Little Charles was sent to work in a blacking warehouse, at six shillings a week. He slept under the counter, and with little and poor food he almost starved. His only pleasure was on Saturday afternoons when he received his six shillings and went to the prison to see his father and the rest of the family.

One day, when Charles was very ill, a boy who was always especially kind to him offered to take him home. Charles was obliged to let him go, but he could not bear the thought that his friend should know about the prison. On the way, Charles made several efforts to get rid of him but Bob Fagin insisted upon going along. Finally, Charles ran up the steps of a nice looking house and waved good-bye to Bob. When the woman opened the door, Charles asked whether Mr. Robert Fagin lived there.

Because of his hard experiences during childhood, Charles Dickens had a very deep love for children and could not bear to see them hurt in any way. "I love these little people," he says, "and it is not a slight thing when they, who are so fresh from God, love us." His tenderness for them is shown in many of his books and his child characters are very lovable. There is Little Nell, who took such fine care of her old grandfather; Tiny Tim, with the sunshiny soul and his "God bless us, every one"; sweet, neglected Florence Dombey, longing for one word of sympathy and love; little Jenny Wren, the doll's dressmaker, who kept house for her father; and Little Dorrit, born in the Marshalsea Prison. Some of these you may already know and others you will want to become acquainted with as you grow older.

Besides writing about children, Charles Dickens was much interested in the poor schools of the day and did all he could to make them better. There are many references in his books to the schools of his boyhood. He recalls the days at Wellington House Academy where all sorts of small animals were kept in the desks, and "the boys trained the white mice better than the master trained the boys." He devoted his life to exposing wrongs against little children, and because he told of them in story form, they made a deep impression upon his readers. Were he alive to-day he would have the satisfaction of seeing that most of these wrongs had been righted, many of them through the influence of his stories.

MINNIE OLCOTT WILLIAMS

Did you ever ~?

Did you ever see a post graduate or, a star fish ?

Did you ever see the fire poke her (poker) ?

here are ten things that I like
I gave that pig a vest
because he's near the snowman
what ten do you like best?

HOMEYARD FRIENDS

THE COW

THOSE who investigate will find
The cow most generous and kind.
She never asks a bit of pay
For all the milk she gives away.
But *oh*, how angry she would be
If ever once she chanced to see
The *monstrous* bills the milkman sends
To us and all her faithful friends.

HOMEYARD FRIENDS

THE DONKEY

THE donkey is no foolish beast,
Nor is he stupid in the least.
But he has *ideas* of his own
Which he thinks should be clearly known.
Just think how you and I would fuss
If *he* begrudged such right to us.
And without *words* to speak, would *we*
Be half as reasonable as he?

A SLEEP STORY

ONCE there was a sleepy mooley-cow lying in a green meadow. She chewed her cud contentedly and mooed softly.

Along came a little chick and said,

"Peep, peep, may I come and sleep on your back, Mrs. Mooley-cow?"

"Moo," said the cow, "climb up on my back and go to sleep."

So the little chick snuggled down between the horns on the cow's back, and their sleepy song was,

"Moo, moo! Peep, peep!"

Then along came a yellow duck and said,

"Quack, quack, may I come and sleep on your back, Mrs. Mooley-cow?"

"Moo," said the cow, "climb up on my back and go to sleep."

So the yellow duck snuggled down behind the little chick on the cow's back, and their sleepy song was,

"Moo, moo! Peep, peep! Quack, quack!"

And along came a puppy dog and said,

"Bow wow, bow wow, may I come and sleep on your back, Mrs. Mooley-cow?"

"Moo," said the cow, "climb up on my back and go to sleep."

So the puppy dog snuggled down behind the yellow duck on the cow's back, and their sleepy song was,

"Moo, moo! Peep, peep! Quack, quack! Bow wow, bow wow!"

And along came a kitty cat and said,

"Mew, mew, may I come and sleep on your back, Mrs. Mooley-cow?"

"Moo," said the cow, "climb up on my back and go to sleep."

So the kitty cat snuggled down behind the puppy dog on the cow's back, and their sleepy song was,

"Moo, moo! Peep, peep! Quack, quack! Bow wow, bow wow! Mew, mew!"

And in his nursery, Boy heard their sleepy song until he, too, fell fast asleep.

ELLA L. LOWNSBERY

The BISHOP'S DAUGHTER and the SWAN

ONCE there was a swan who was very remarkable. Or, perhaps it was the bishop's daughter who was remarkable. I shall tell you about them both; then you can think what you think.

Many, many years ago, a bishop's daughter lived in the Bishop's Palace, a beautiful building separated by only a moat from a wonderful and stately cathedral.

A moat, in those days, was a useful protection against enemies. Many's the tale of battles fought across the banks of moats, and of warrior enemies falling in. But that is quite another story; the bishop's moat was a peaceful moat,—a thing of beauty and a home for swans. The troops of lovely swans were a fair sight for the crowds that came to worship at the great cathedral.

One day the bishop's daughter, who had time to spare, thought of trying to teach one of the baby swans a pretty trick. She hung a little bell out of a window overlooking the moat. To the bell she had tied a bit of cord that hung low enough for a baby swan to reach it with his bill.

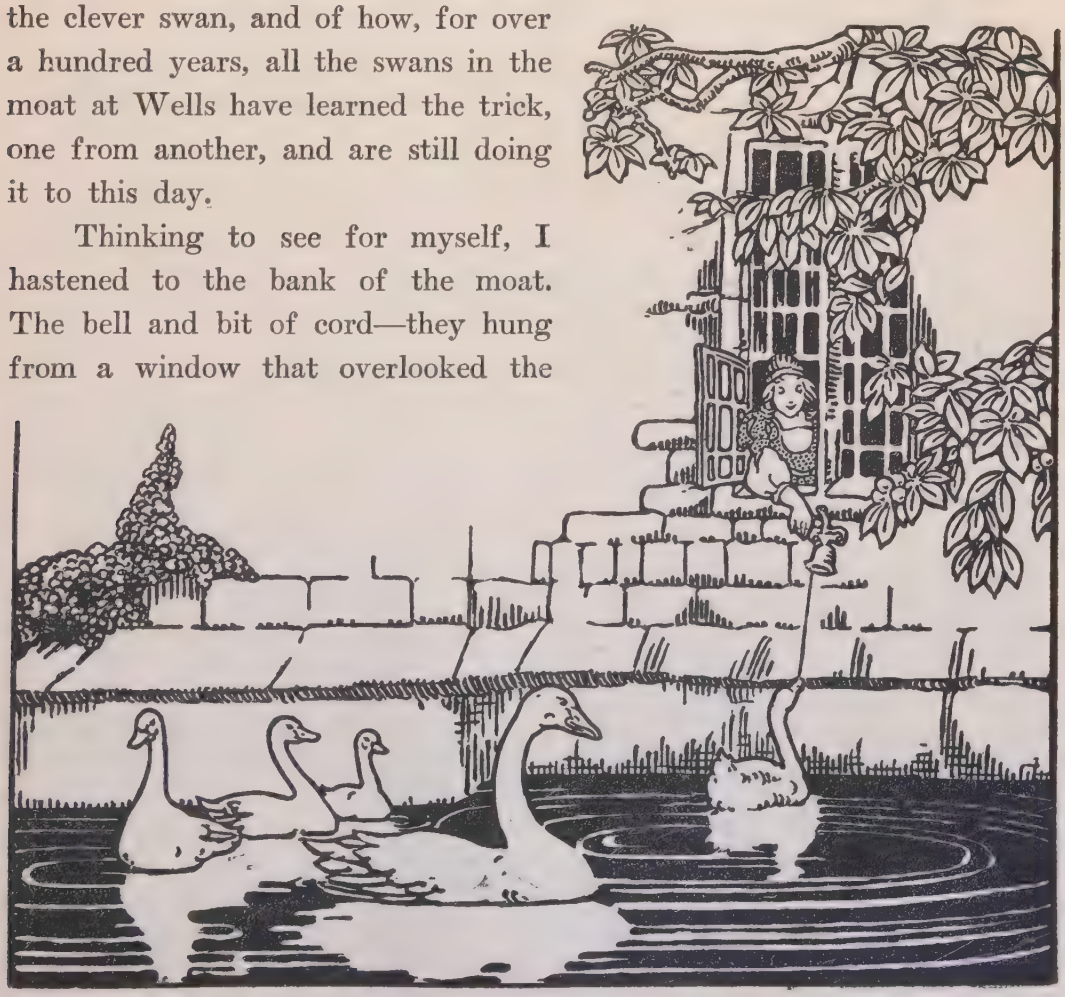
Surely it was with much patience that she began to teach a little swan to ring the bell. How she must have worked, that bishop's daughter, day after day, time after time, coaxing with bits of bread that stupid swan. At last, one day the new idea got into the feathered head. The

young bird became the first of a long and honorable line of swans to ring the bell in the moat at Wells Cathedral. For, as he learned and lived, he taught the other swans, watching him, to get bits of bread in answer to a pull at the bell-cord.

The clever swan grew to be a large and noble bird, a leader of his fellows. I cannot say that pride was his undoing, but, at any rate, one sad day in his prime, he tried to fly higher than the cathedral itself. More's the pity, he flew against the bell-tower and thereby ended his own bell-ringing forever.

In the Museum at Wells, in England, I saw this very bird, stuffed and mounted on a pedestal,—as one who had been of some consequence in the world. When I enquired how a mere swan had arrived at a place of so much honor, I was told this story of the bishop's daughter, the clever swan, and of how, for over a hundred years, all the swans in the moat at Wells have learned the trick, one from another, and are still doing it to this day.

Thinking to see for myself, I hastened to the bank of the moat. The bell and bit of cord—they hung from a window that overlooked the



moat. Watching the movements of the stately swans, who seemed to have no business but to enjoy themselves, I waited and hoped and waited. My supper-time came, but no swan rang the bell.

After supper, quickened into fresh enthusiasm by the interest of a friend, I returned with her to the grassy bank; together we waited and listened for the sound of the little bell.

At last, from around the bend of the wall, came a swan, swimming as one who had a real purpose in his mind. Straight he steered to the little bell. Twisting his long neck sidewise, he grasped the string in his bill; with a quick jerk he tweaked it.

"Ting-a-ling," responded the bell. It rang out clearly: "Ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling-a-ling".

The window opened and a bit of bread was thrown out.

Then again, "ting-a-ling." The hungry swan seemed to have returned late for supper. Once more a bit of bread; again, "ting-a-ling, ting-a-ling." Our ears rang with the sound. Satisfied, we left the bank, but, even as we walked away past the great cathedral that stood solemnly in the half darkness, we heard, "ting-a-ling-a-ling————ling".

Upon returning to our lodgings, we spoke our pleasure at what we had seen and heard, as well as our surprise at the perserverance of that swan who would have what he wanted.

"Yes," said one in answer, "sometimes the birds become a nuisance with their ringing day and night. The last porter would not stay, he grew so weary with the sound of it. It is a pretty trick, though, just the same.

FLORENCE CHOATE

BUBBLES *with* SPOOLS

CALIFORNIA children use empty spools instead of pipes for blowing soap bubbles. The spools cost nothing and do not break.

Instead of dissolving the soap, try dipping the spool end into water, rubbing it a few times across a piece of soap. Big beautiful bubbles can then be blown. The bigger the spool, the bigger the bubbles.

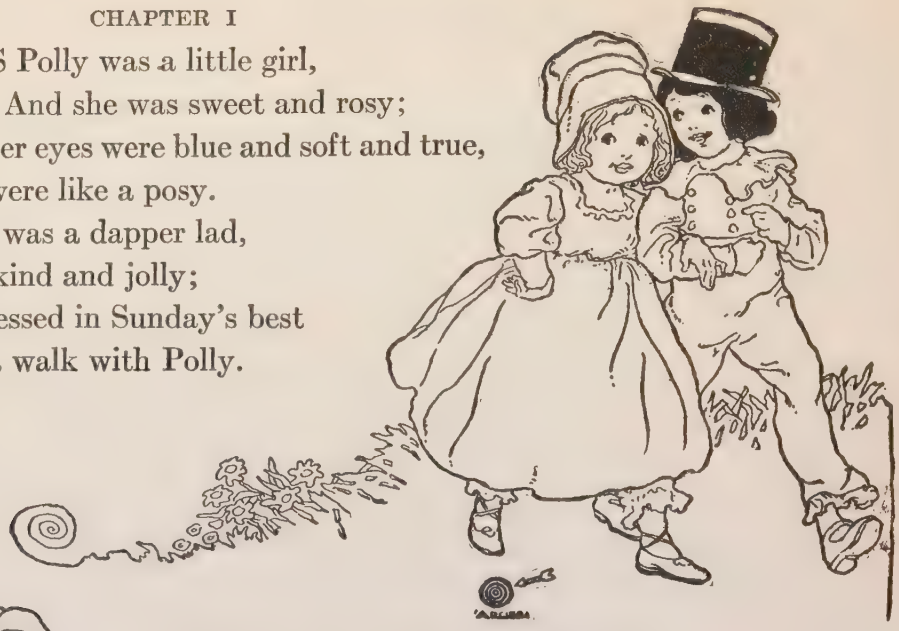
Two children may stand near each other and blow "double bubbles" which grow to a great size. Beautiful rainbow colors show when the sun strikes the floating bubbles after they leave the spools.

HELEN COMBES

THE STORY of POLLY and CHOLLY

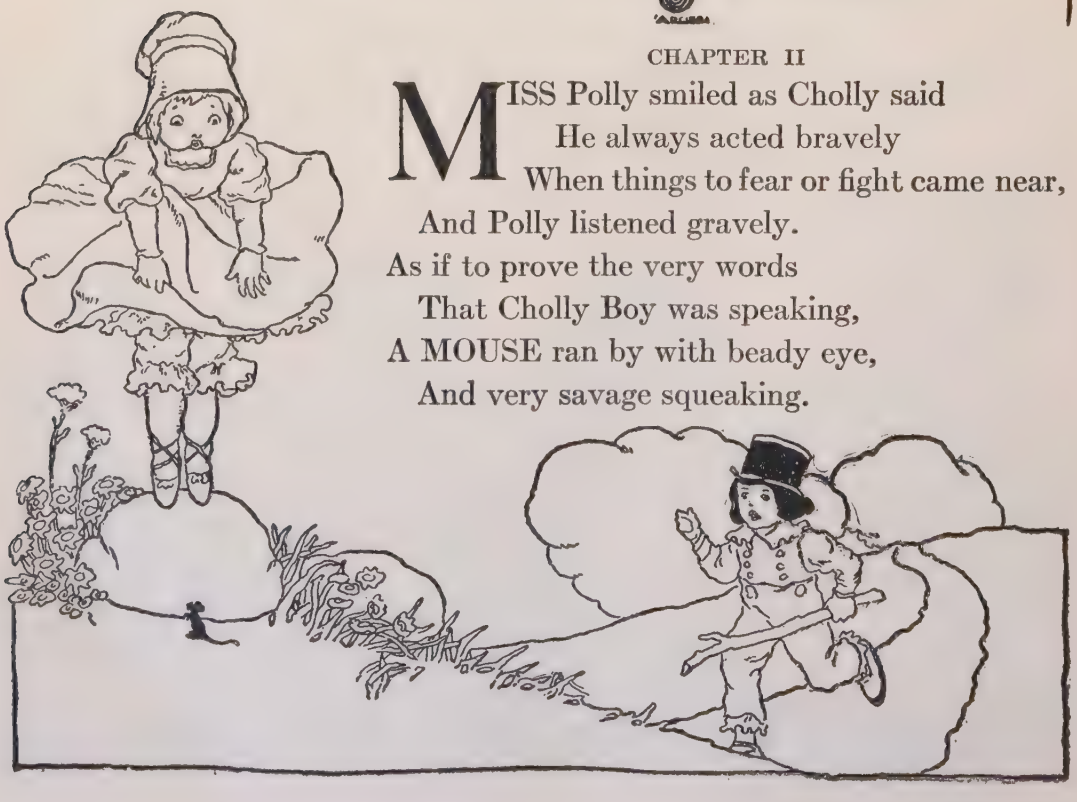
CHAPTER I

MISS Polly was a little girl,
And she was sweet and rosy;
Her eyes were blue and soft and true,
Her lips were like a posy.
And Cholly was a dapper lad,
But also kind and jolly;
He often dressed in Sunday's best
To take a walk with Polly.



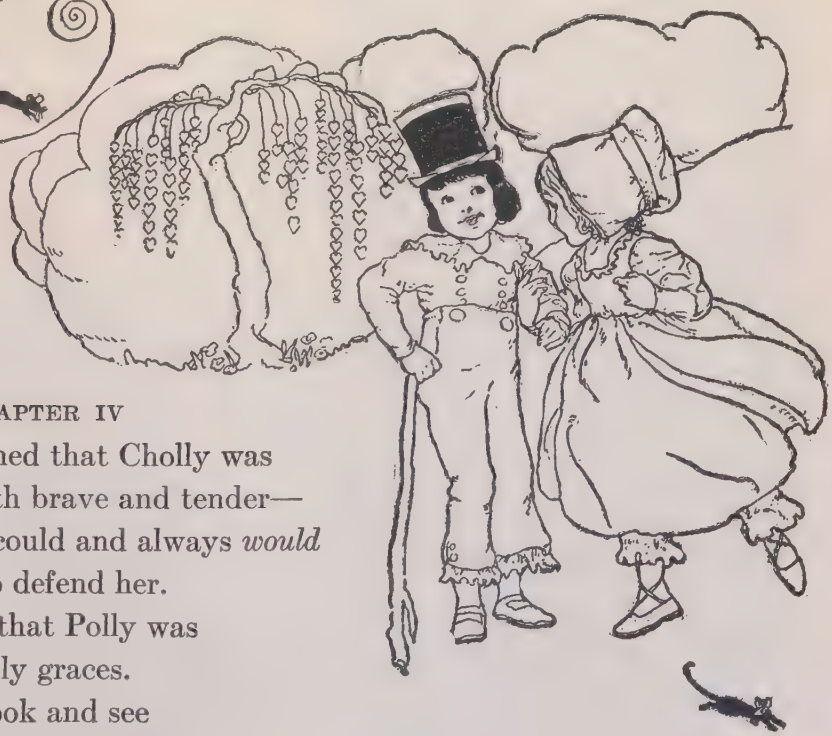
CHAPTER II

MISS Polly smiled as Cholly said
He always acted bravely
When things to fear or fight came near,
And Polly listened gravely.
As if to prove the very words
That Cholly Boy was speaking,
A MOUSE ran by with beady eye,
And very savage squeaking.



CHAPTER III

"O SAVE me! Save me!" Polly cried,
All terrified and tearful.
"Yes, you will save me, if you're brave,
That MOUSE is simply fearful."
Up rose that gallant Cholly Boy
And conquered MOUSE completely.
With gentle sighs and downcast eyes
Miss Polly thanked him sweetly.



CHAPTER IV

SO Polly learned that Cholly was
A lad both brave and tender—
A lad who could and always *would*
Fight bravely to defend her.
And Cholly knew that Polly was
Just full of goodly graces.
And as for *me*, I look and see
Their pretty sweetheart faces.

JOHN MARTIN.

TIME and Mr. SOLOMON JORKINGS

ON a landing half way up the broad winding stairs stands our grandfather clock: indeed he might be called a great, great, great, grandfather clock.

He is very old and very wise, and when he strikes the hour, everybody pays attention, for that's just what time it is. Our four-great grandfather brought him from his old home on De Scher Mer in Holland, and used to wind him up, they say, reverently on Sunday mornings at precisely nine. After four-great grandfather, came three-great, then two-great and great grandfather, then grandfather and father; all winding the Scher Mer clock at exactly nine on Sunday mornings. Perhaps, sometime, I shall be a father, and who knows but a grandfather, always caring for the ancient clock as did my forebears. That's like feeding him, isn't it?

Our grandfather clock understands astronomy, and makes a jolly faced Dutch moon rise at just the proper time in a little half circle above the dial every twenty-eight days. If you look out of doors upon a fine night, you will find the moon riding high

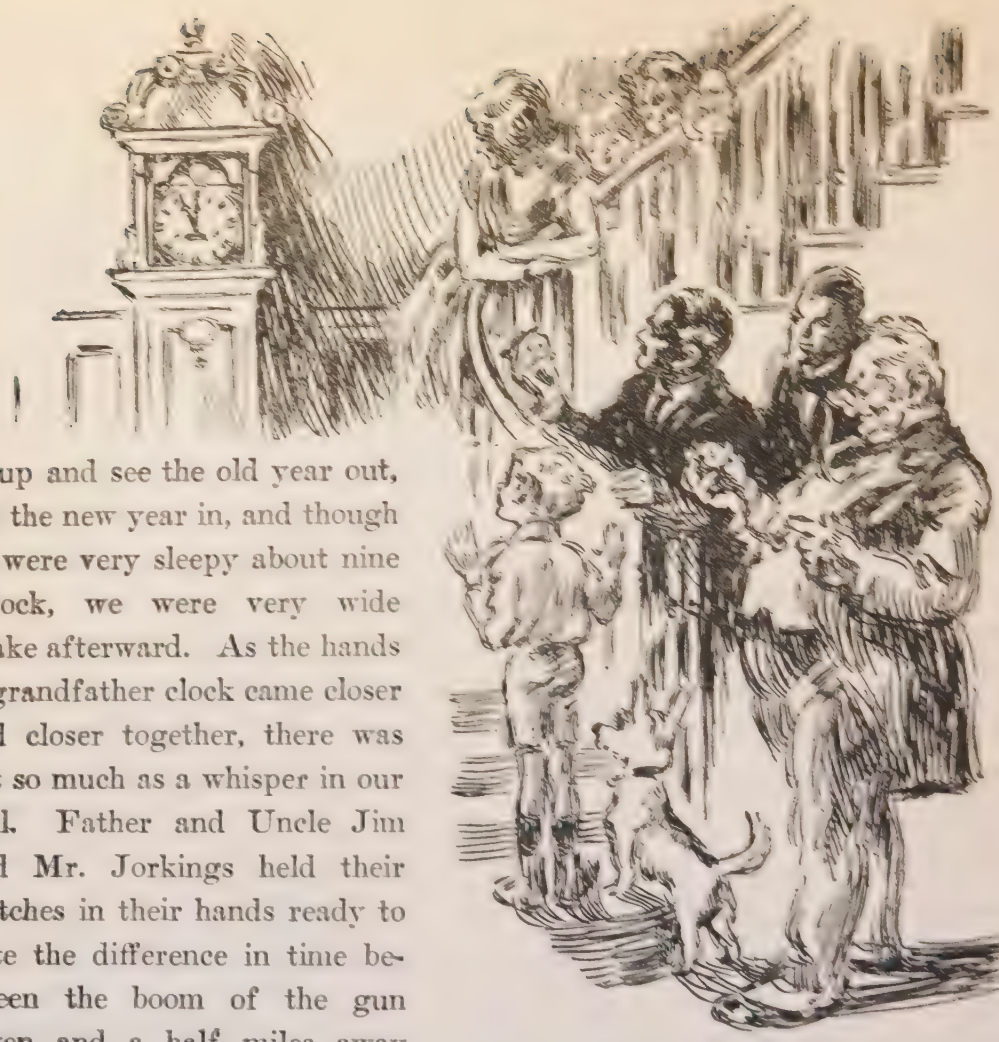
and clear if grandfather clock says it should be there. On dark nights, when it is snowing and blowing, or in summer, when there is a big thunder storm, and black masses of clouds are racing across the sky, we have only to look at grandfather clock's half dial to imagine a little silver moon-boat floating on high, or a great golden globe, making the backs of those tumbling black clouds look all white and blurry like frost mist on the river.

Uncle Jim was as fond of grandfather clock as though he were a member of the family, which, indeed, he was. One New Year's Eve we were favored with a call from Mr. Solomon Jorkings. What more natural on such an evening than the turning of the conversation to time and timepieces. That naturally led to grandfather clock, which Uncle Jim declared so reliable that the sun, moon, and stars could be regulated by it.

Now Mr. Solomon Jorkings was a very pompous gentleman who believed only what had been proved to him beyond all uncertainty.

"Pooh-pooh," said he, and went on to tell us that at precisely twelve o'clock midnight, the big gun at the arsenal would be fired by electricity from the Naval Observatory at Annapolis as a signal to let go the noise of the occasion, and that we could then tell if grandfather clock was such a wonder! Mr. Jorkings had his doubts that the gun would roar and the clock strike at the same instant.

Well, for this and forty other reasons, we children were allowed to



sit up and see the old year out, and the new year in, and though we were very sleepy about nine o'clock, we were very wide awake afterward. As the hands of grandfather clock came closer and closer together, there was not so much as a whisper in our hall. Father and Uncle Jim and Mr. Jorkings held their watches in their hands ready to note the difference in time between the boom of the gun seven and a half miles away and the first stroke of our champion clock.

We watched, hardly daring to breathe The hands of grandfather clock, brightly lighted by the lamp upon the landing, gradually became as one, and we heard the whir of the striking machinery. Then came forth the deep musical tones, sounding one, two, three, four, five, six and on to twelve, and yet no sound from the gun at the arsenal!

Mr. Jorkings politely held his watch without looking up, counting the seconds that grandfather clock was fast. Uncle Jim's forehead was all wrinkled up, and he was staring at Father, who was smiling and counting the flying seconds, too. Suddenly came the tremendous thud of the cannon.

"You are thirty-three seconds fast," drawled Mr. Jorkings, grinning at Uncle Jim.

"Just a minute, if you please, Mr. Jorkings," said Father, very cool and suspiciously pleasant. "Do you happen to know how far the arsenal is from here?"

"Seven and one half miles, sir," answered Mr. Jorkings, cheerfully.

"And how many feet is that," inquired Father, innocently enough.

Mr. Jorkings was very good at figures, being a banker, so he soon said it was thirty-nine thousand six hundred, (which is, of course, seven and one-half times five thousand two hundred and eighty).

Then Father told him to divide that by eleven hundred, which is the number of feet that sound travels in the air in a second.

Mr. Jorkings' triumphant smile vanished, as he said it was thirty-three, in round numbers. Father put the tips of his fingers and thumbs together and looked at Mr. Jorkings with a smile.

"What do you make of the figures, Sir?" he asked quietly.

Mr. Jorkings had to admit that clock strike and gun went off at precisely the same instant, but that it had taken the sound of the gun thirty-three seconds to come to us. He had been wrong, and I am afraid that we certainly made him feel that he was, as we all clustered round Grandfather Clock on the landing and gave him the compliments of the season, admiring him for being on time to the dot.

"Tick-a-tock, tick-a-tock!" said the old clock. He had just begun his two-hundred-and-first-year.

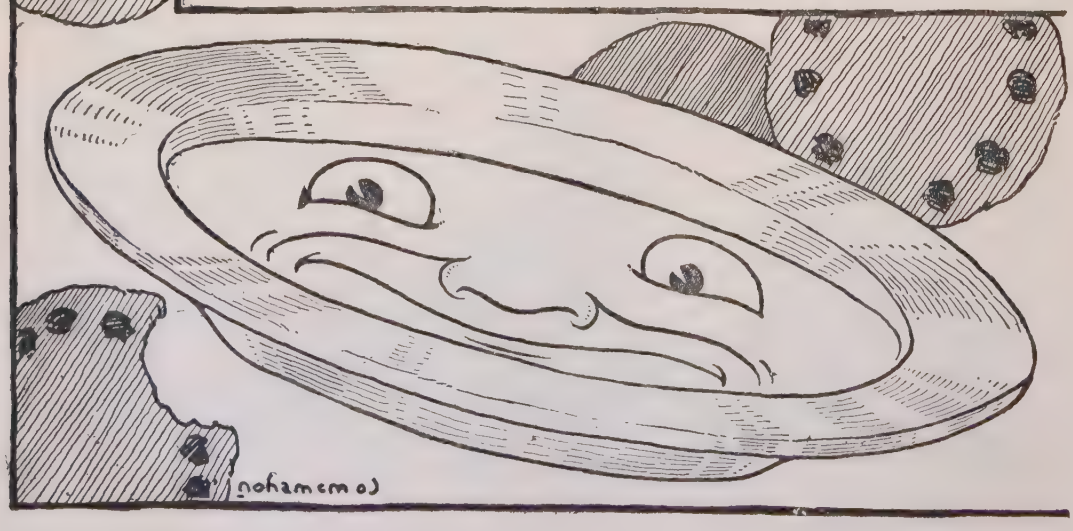
CHARLES SCHERMERHORN PEASE

The PLATE the

I KNOW a plate, a cup, and a bowl. They sit on a shelf in a blue and white cupboard. This very cupboard is their home. Every day they take a little journey. Yes, they take three journeys to the dining room. They never go any farther. They don't want to. For that is where they see their Little Miss.

You know how they listen for her. They almost lose their shapes trying to peep around the corner and be first to see her smile when she comes down stairs. Sometimes they hear a laugh before they see her at all. That means that she wants to see them. Sometimes there isn't any laugh. Sometimes they hear cross noises. And sometimes she whines and says, "I don't want any old oatmeal, or any apple sauce or any milk or anything."

These cross words nearly break their hearts. Of course that doesn't often happen. Nearly always she comes running with a cozy squeal or a jolly giggle. She climbs up in her chair as quick as a squirrel up a tree and is ready to have her eating apron tied around her neck. Then she smiles at everybody and at her dishes, especially, which makes the cup and the plate and the bowl the happiest dishes in the world.



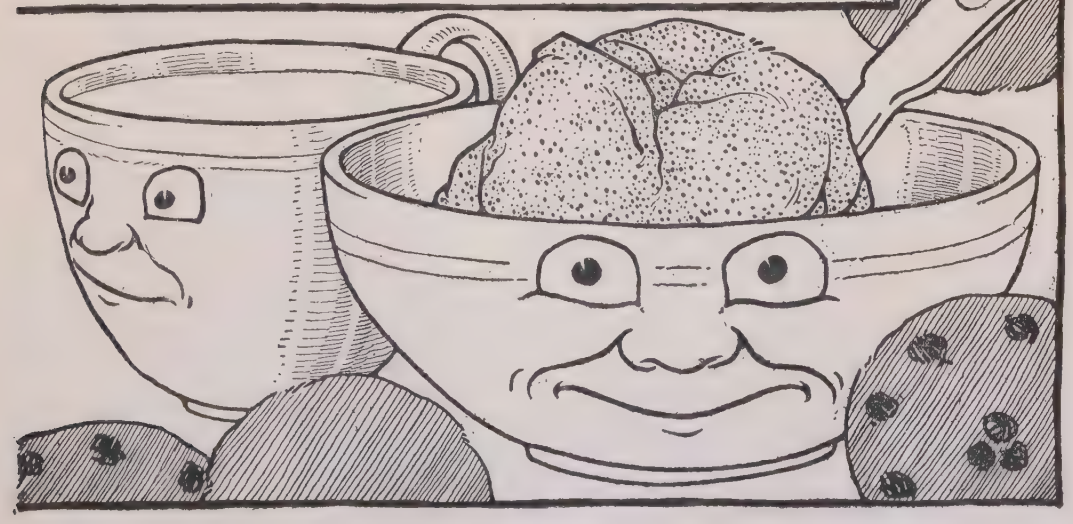
CUP and the BOWL

This day they wouldn't have changed places with the furniture in the Queen's Doll House. That's how happy they were. Little Miss had come with a hop and a skip, singing,

"Oh, goody gay
What's for dinner to-day?"

Little old cup swelled out his sides till he could have held ever so much more milk without spilling. Old plate smiled a great round smile like a moon. Wasn't he holding the most delicious chop, all brown and juicy, with a wee speck of butter right in the middle, and a cunning little paper panty on the end? And didn't he have some carrots and cream that would just melt in your mouth? And wasn't there some beautiful spinach that would make a little girl grow as round and rosy as she surely should be?

Proud little bowl hardly seemed like himself at all. It took two looks and a half to discover that he held something to eat and not just a beautiful flower for a decoration. He was full of Little Missy's dessert and you would never guess what it was that looked so like a flower. A great, big, red, sugary

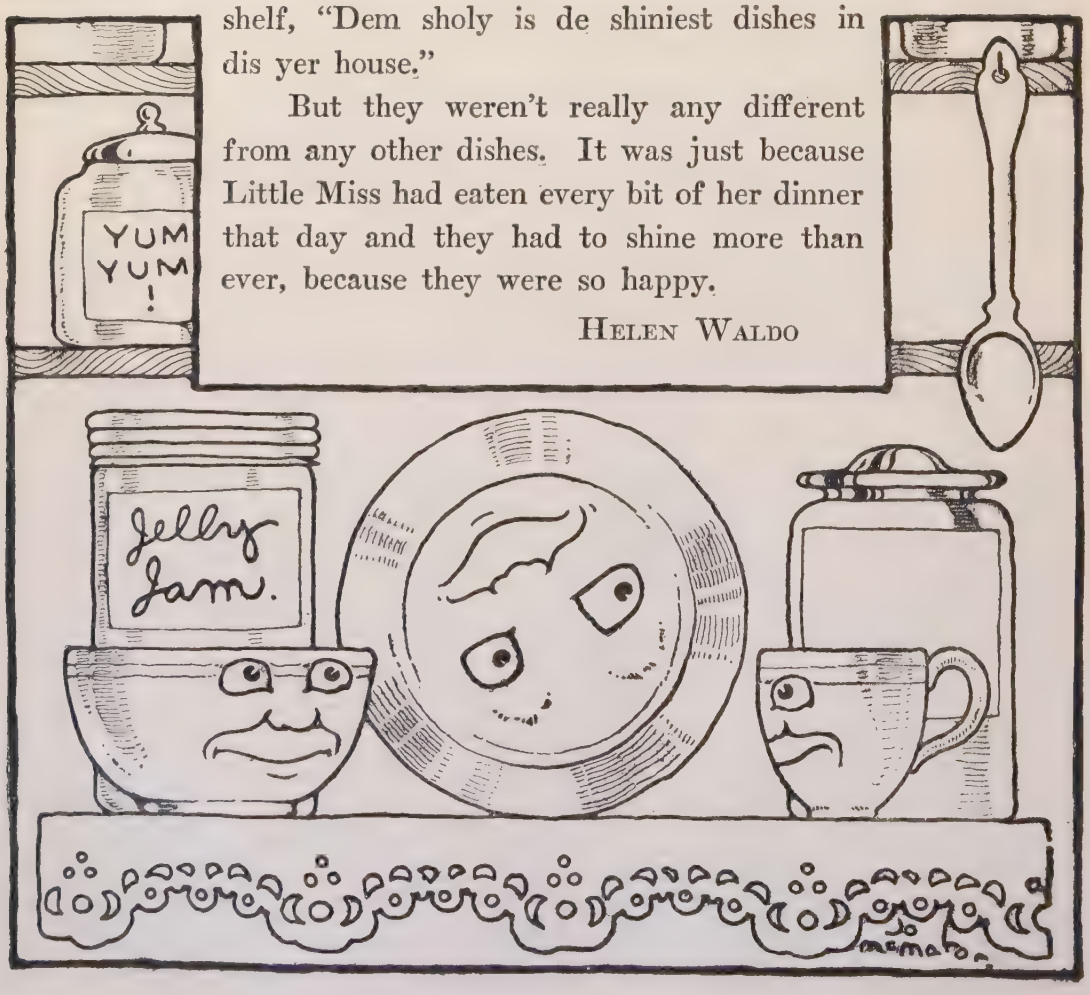


baked apple! Of course she ate every bit of her chop—even nibbling sweet little bites off the bone (mother said she might take it in her fingers this one time). She ate all of her carrots and cream and her spinach. She drank her milk every bit—in happy little sips, because it was so cool and good and tasted so nice going down the red lane. When I looked into the bowl, I could see the little yellow bunny that lived on the bottom. He was all uncovered now, because Little Miss had eaten every last bit of her apple. There wasn't even a weeny bit of core left. Because why? Because Mammy Susan had so carefully taken all the core out before she cooked it!

Weren't those dishes glad? They twinkled with joy when Mammy Susan took them out to the kitchen. And when she washed them in clean hot soap-suds and wiped them dry, she said as she put them back on the shelf, "Dem sholy is de shiniest dishes in dis yer house."

But they weren't really any different from any other dishes. It was just because Little Miss had eaten every bit of her dinner that day and they had to shine more than ever, because they were so happy.

HELEN WALDO



Who'll Buy?

BUDDY was sitting in Mother's lap begging for a story when Daddy interrupted, saying that he was going to the store to pay a bill. "Mother," asked Buddy, "why do we have to pay for everything we get from the store? The storekeeper doesn't have to pay, does he?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Mother. "He has to buy from another man, who buys from the farmer or from the factory.

"Years and years ago," Mother continued, "before men lived in houses such as we live in now, there were no stores. Men's wants were very simple in those days. They were quite content with enough to eat, a few skins to wear, and rude tents or caves to sleep in. Most of their days were spent in hunting and fishing. They had no guns or fishing rods like Daddy's, but used spears which each man made for himself with pieces of sharp-pointed stone for heads. Little by little they found out that one man made better spears than his neighbor, another was a better fisherman, and another a better hunter. They began to exchange with each other, and that is the way trading began.

"When the white men first came to this country, there were, of course, no stores, and so they traded among themselves and with the Indians, for things they wanted."

"Why don't we trade that way now instead of having stores?" questioned Buddy.

Mother thought for a moment, and then she said, "I think I can tell you a story which will explain more about stores."

Buddy settled down contentedly. He had been hoping for a story all along.

"Once upon a time," began Mother, "there was a little girl named Patience and a little boy named William. They lived with their father and mother on a farm in New England. The farm was small, and the ground so stony that it took much hard labor to raise their crops, scanty and poor as they were. It was in the days when people were beginning to go to the West to seek their fortunes. Many were the tales the children heard their mothers and fathers tell about the beautiful and fertile country there. Acres and acres of land were to be had for the taking. Then, one day, they learned that they, too, with a number of their neighbors, were going to the West. How exciting it all was! All of their clothes had to be packed and as many chairs and tables and beds and other household goods as they could carry. And of course they had to have tools and farming implements for the new home and enough food for the long journey. Patience and William were as busy as bees from morning till night, running errands and helping their mother pack their things.

"The day for departure arrived and the little band set out. They traveled in covered wagons, or prairie schooners, as they are sometimes called. The covers protected them as they slept in the wagons at night, and kept from their belongings the rains and the dust that was so thick when the sun was hot on the roads. As they drove along the way, they were joined by other groups of people, until there was a long train of wagons. It was a slow way of traveling, and it was a long, long time before they reached the end of their journey. Finally, however, they came to a pretty hill near a river, and here they stopped.

"Now it happened that one man, a Mr. Ware, in helping to lift wagon wheels out of the mud, had hurt his back so badly that he could not work very hard. This made him feel very sad and worried. How could he cut down trees and build a house for his family, or plow the

ground so that he could plant the seed he had brought West with him?

"But Patience's father thought of a way to help him. 'Mr. Ware,' he said, 'if you will let your boy Sam help us by turns, we will all turn in and help you.' That made Mr. Ware very happy and he gladly agreed to the plan. The men went to work with a will, and soon the hillside was covered with little log houses and newly plowed fields.

"All of these families began to find before long that they needed tools and provisions. Mr. Goodman had broken his last axe; Mr. Dixon had lost his plow on the journey and was having to borrow a neighbor's; Mrs. Miller's big crock had been broken; Mr. Bond had been working so hard putting up his sawmill that he had had no time to plant a garden. He knew that his family would soon be out of food. The men were all busy building barns and working in the fields, and it was many days' journey to the nearest town. What could they do?

"Mr. Ware knew of all these things that were needed, and for days he turned the matter over and over in his head, trying to think of some way to solve the problem. Then, one evening, he asked all the people to come to his house. He told them that if they would help him build a big cabin in which to store goods, he would send Sam with the team to the nearest big town to buy all the things they needed. Then besides these things, he would buy enough other articles to start a store. Every one thought the plan a good one. Mr. Ware could keep the store even though he couldn't do heavy work, for Sam would help him.

"And so, before long, the little new town had a store of its own. In one corner of the big cabin there were plows, axes, hoes, and all sorts of tools; on shelves at the back were big and little crocks and other things needed in the kitchen; on other shelves were bolts of cloth to make shirts and dresses; in another part of the cabin were groceries. Now, such a store could hardly be called a hardware store, or a grocery, or a dry goods store, for it was all of these stores in one. So Mr. Ware put up a sign that read:

"All the people of the town came to Mr. Ware's store. Some brought eggs to trade for cloth, others brought vegetables and grain to trade for tools or kitchen utensils, and others paid with money for what they bought. Of course, they paid a little more than Mr. Ware had paid, because, since he was keeping the store and sending his team to get the goods, he had to have enough money to pay for his time and to buy food and clothes for his family. But the people were all glad to let Mr. Ware have this profit because in buying from him, they saved enough time to more than make up for the difference in cost.

"To little Patience and William with their quiet lives and simple surroundings, the store was quite as wonderful as our great department stores are to you. They went shopping there with their mother, and sometimes they had the treat of being sent alone on an errand to the store.

"And now do you see how much simpler and more convenient it is for everybody to buy from a store than to trade between themselves?"

For a moment Buddy was silent. Then he said thoughtfully, "Yes, Mother. I liked that story, and I see now why Daddy had to go to the store to pay that bill today."

THERA D. WOOD

HERE'S A PICTURE OF A FARM
EXACTLY AS I FOUND IT
JUST A BIG RED PIG
IN A LITTLE BLACK BARN
WITH
A RED LINE ALL AROUND IT!

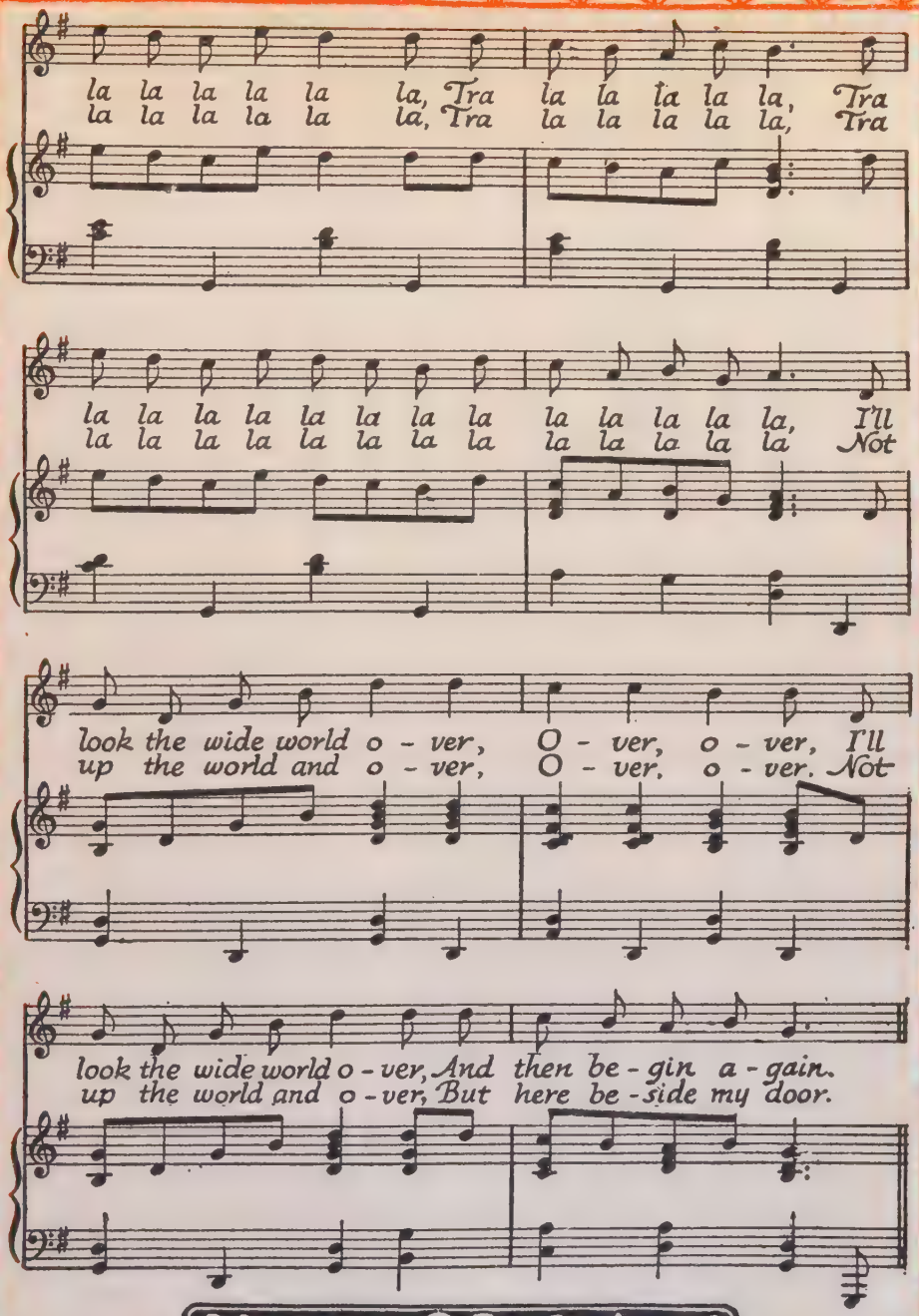
Gaily

I seek a four-leaved clo-ver, Clo-ver, clo-ver. I
I found a four-leaved clo-ver, Clo-ver, clo-ver. I

seek a four-leaved clo-ver With all my might and main. I'll
found a four-leaved clo-ver Where ne'er I'd looked be-fore Not

look the wide world o-ver, O-ver, o-ver, I'll
up the world and o-ver O-ver, o-ver, Not

look the wide world o-ver, And then be-gin a-gain. Tra
up the world and o-ver, But here be-side my door. Tra


la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra
la la la la la la, Tra la la la la la, Tra
la la la la la la la la la la la la la, I'll
la la la la la la la la la la la la la Not
look the wide world o - ver, O - ver, o - ver, I'll
up the world and o - ver, O - ver, o - ver. Not
look the wide world o - ver, And then be - gin a - gain.
up the world and o - ver, But here be - side my door.

HISTORY tells us thrilling stories of heroes and battles, of thrones schemed for, lost and won, but it is little we know about the daily doings of these people, how they lived, and how they were clothed.

Little writing was done in those olden days except the pious records kept by the monks in the monasteries. These included no every-day details such as we should like to know. Parts of poems and minstrel songs of olden time give us some news of castle and hall, but for the period of King William I and his conquest of England we have a rare picture history. From this relic we learn much of costumes and customs.

It is the Bayeux Tapestry, a strip of linen two hundred and thirty feet long and twenty inches wide. It is embroidered in colored wools with seventy-two scenes, beginning with the visit of Harold to Normandy and ending with the rout of the English at the battle of Hastings, (or Senlac.) Some say it was worked by Duchess Mathilda, wife of William. Perhaps it was done by the family of Odo, Bishop of Bayeux for his cathedral. Odo was the Conqueror's half brother. In any case, it was the delicate hands of women sitting long hours at the tapestry frame that preserved for us in its six hundred figures, a picture of these far away times.

From these designs it seems that a man was fully armed if he had a helmet, hauberk and shield, with his weapons. The hauberk was a ring-mailed, loose-sleeved coat which hung from neck to knee, the lower part slit in front and back for comfort in the saddle. That it was heavy is shown by the scene in the tapestry where the arms are being carried to the ships by the Normans, each hauberk being borne between two men upon a pole thrust through the sleeves.

The helmet was a brimless, pointed cap of metal, leather, or even of wood. It had a guard which hung over the forehead and nose. It was this which William raised to show his men that he still lived, at a

critical moment in the battle when the report went forth that the King was killed. William found the Saxons as plainly dressed as his own people for these were rude times, and men had rough work to do. Later in his reign the Jews came with Eastern merchandise into England and brought rich, colored stuffs. Gradually finer and gayer clothing replaced the old homespun garments.

When at home and resting from the wars, men wore woollen tunics reaching to the knees. These garments were belted, and had an edge of embroidery around neck and sleeves and bottom. Loose trousers were bound with cross garters. Cloth stockings were worn with loose skin or leather shoes tied with thongs. The semi-circular cloak was fastened on the right shoulder usually by one corner being pulled through a ring in another corner. The Norman at this time was usually clean shaven and close cropped.

The Norman lady was plainly clad in loose hanging homespun, gathered at the waist by a belt. Embroidered bands finished the neck and wide sleeves. Sometimes the gown was short to the knees, showing the wool chemise which touched the instep. The one rich touch in a woman's costume might appear in the girdle which sometimes was of silk or cloth of gold web. Later, instead of a loose flowing garment, the upper part of her gown was more closely fitted like a princess frock to-day. Her semi-circular cloak was much like her husband's, sometimes fastened with a brooch. Her closely coiled hair was covered by a scarf or wimple

NORMAN MAN & WOMAN

which was wound around the head with the ends thrown over the shoulder.

A lady in those times was a housewife in a way which we know nothing about. Everything for the comfort of her family she had to make with her own hands. She cooked, prepared simples, (medicines) spun, wove, and embroidered. She was her own milliner and dressmaker, and frequently, her husband's tailor. The noblest of families lived in bare stone rooms of the tower or keep, with rush-strewn floors and tapestry-hung walls. Open fires were usually in the center of the feast-hall with an outlet through the ceiling. The small openings in the thick stone walls were not glazed, but at night and in cold or storm must have been covered with crude boards, tapestry, or rush mats. The dark within was lighted by feeble flares from wicks floating in oil or from smoky torches set in metal sconces on the walls. Those of you who saw Robin Hood so wonderfully pictured by Douglas Fairbanks will remember the great torches attached to the walls and the urns of oil on high standards, both giving out volumes of smoke and making the air of the rooms heavy.

The great hall was the place of most of the family life. Every one ate at one long table, the lord and his lady, her women and his knights at the top. At the foot of the board sat the servants, all alike drinking from great horn cups and tearing their meat with teeth and fingers, now and then cutting off with a sword thrust a dripping portion to be thrown to the dogs that waited for their share.

IN THE GREAT HALL

Around the sides of

the hall were shut-in beds, sometimes in tiers, one above another, before which an arras or curtain could be drawn. There slept the owner and his family, his knights and nobles, while around the fire, huddled with the animals, dozed the servants and serfs as best they could.

Thus lived king and courtier nine hundred years ago. With speechless wonder would they have looked at the simplest of our twentieth century arrangements for comfort and convenience. Indeed, the humblest working man to-day in America can give to his wife and children what no king could supply to his royal family even one hundred years ago.

HELEN WALDO

CORONATION of HAROLD A.D. 1066 APPEARANCE of HALLEY'S COMET

PORTIONS OF THE "BAYEUX TAPESTRY"

three quarters of a

The Tail of

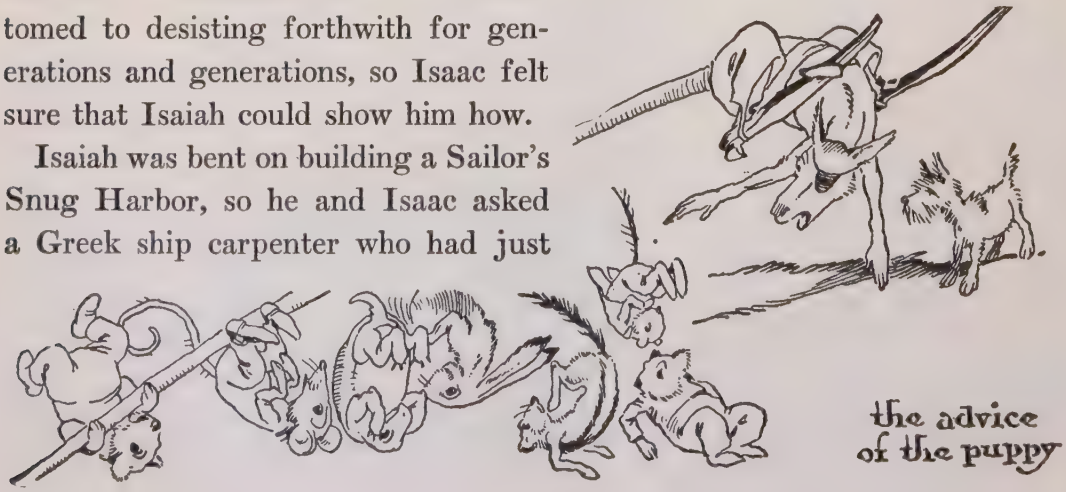
ONCE upon a time there was a Kangaroo named Isaac who had a tail three-quarters of a mile long. He had but one eye, same as his name.

That's why they called him Isaac, of course.

He had never seen the end of his tail, partly because he was near-sighted and partly because it was a perfectly straight tail like a poker. Once he tried to surprise the end of it by chasing it; he did this upon the advice of a puppy he knew, but he knocked the feet out from under such a lot of the animals, that they told him positively that he must desist forthwith.

Now it is extra hard for a kangaroo to desist forthwith, for kangaroos for generations and generations have not been accustomed to desisting forthwith. Therefore it came about that Isaac felt drawn to Isaiah, a Sunrise Circuit Riding Minister who wore specs, one spec for each eye. He had two eyes, same as his name. That's why they called him Isaiah, of course. Sunrise Circuit Riders have been accustomed to desisting forthwith for generations and generations, so Isaac felt sure that Isaiah could show him how.

Isaiah was bent on building a Sailor's Snug Harbor, so he and Isaac asked a Greek ship carpenter who had just



the advice of the puppy

a Kangaroo.

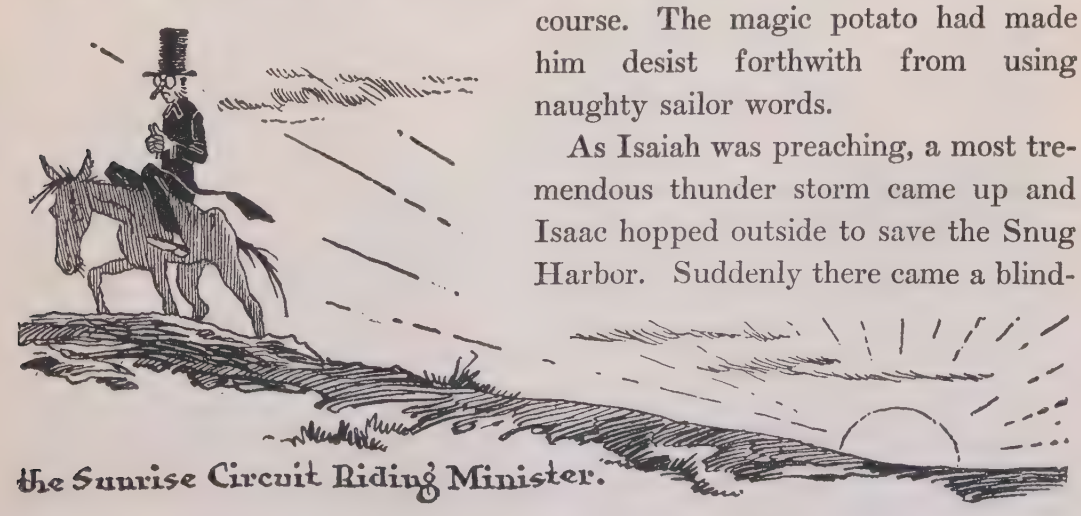
desisted forthwith from chewing gum to help. The name of the Greek ship carpenter was Ixionides, and he had three eyes same as his name, one on either side of his nose and one in the south end of a sail needle he used for sewing sails and other things. That's why they called him Ixionides, of course.

It was instantly decided that Ixionides should carpenter the Snug Harbor; that Isaiah should do the preaching in it, and that Isaac should protect it from burning up and everything.

The Sailor's Snug Harbor was finished on the first of July, and it had a steeple three-quarters of a mile high, so that the sailors all over the world could see where to go and be snug.

The very next Sunday there came a Japanese sailor by the name of Hilipikijimifitigisi to be snugged. He had ten eyes same as his name. There were two in his face and eight in a magic potato he carried in a pocket of his wide trousers. That's why they called him Hilipikijimifitigisi, of course. The magic potato had made him desist forthwith from using naughty sailor words.

As Isaiah was preaching, a most tremendous thunder storm came up and Isaac hopped outside to save the Snug Harbor. Suddenly there came a blind-



The Sunrise Circuit Riding Minister.

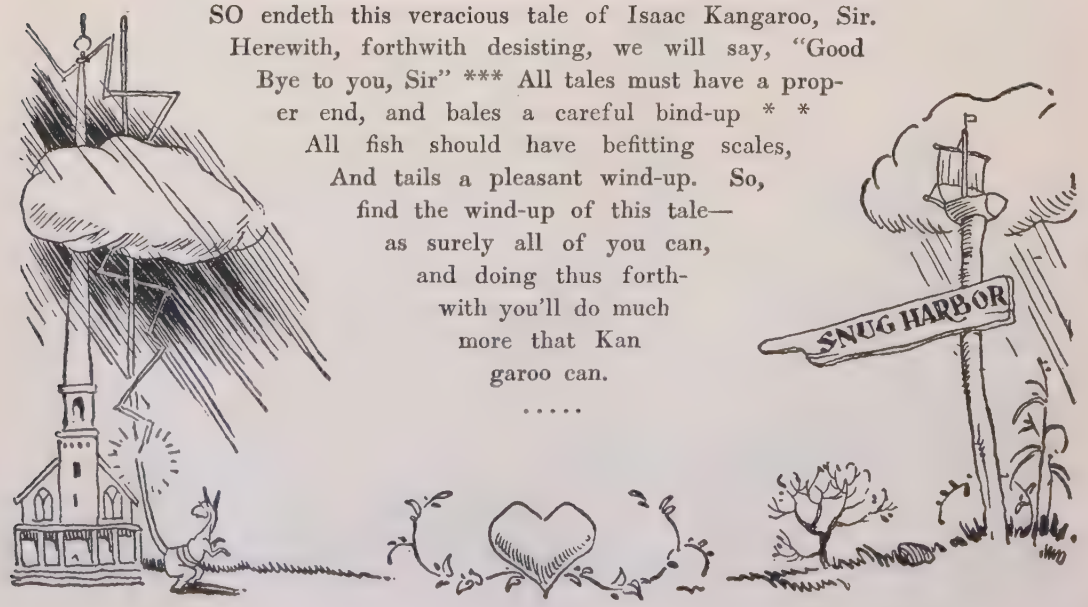
ing flash and a terrific crack of thunder. The Snug Harbor was untouched. The minister and the congregation ran out to see what Isaac had done. There he was, rubbing the rain out of his eye and clapping the sidewalk with a nice stubby tail.

"Oh, speak to us, Isaac," cried Isaiah in a trembling voice.

"I stuck up my bone pokery tail beside the steeple for a lightning rod and jolly well got it burned off—how's that for a tail," replied Isaac, proudly patting his glossy brown fat caudal appendage.

"Now," he added, heaving a deep sigh of relief, "*I* can desist forthwith." Which wasn't bad for a simple, trusting, one-eyed kangaroo. Was it, now!

CHARLES SCHERMERHORN PEASE.



SO endeth this veracious tale of Isaac Kangaroo, Sir. Herewith, forthwith desisting, we will say, "Good Bye to you, Sir" *** All tales must have a proper end, and bales a careful bind-up * * All fish should have befitting scales, And tails a pleasant wind-up. So, find the wind-up of this tale— as surely all of you can, and doing thus forthwith you'll do much more that Kangaroo can.

.....

Dear Little John Martiners

Please excuse Please
my back my dear,
for little Mousies
hole is near. And
if she ventures to
appear I hope to
be the first to see
her. My little
Kits, I'm glad
to say, are very
well and strong
to-day. One's named
Cat-rina, one is Belle
another lovely tortoise-
shell is quite the nicest
of the three-her names
a queer one-Brindle Bee.
It suits her though and you'll
agree if you will look at her
with me. Her mistress gave
her that queer name and pets
her 'cause shes soft and tame. Her coat
is soft as softest silk, she loves fresh cream
and sweet new milk. Although so proud
of all my dears they give me many little
fears, sometimes a Kitty disappears. Each
day I wash each little face and see they
have their daily race with each wee tail
from place to place. But when night
comes we
cuddle
down, the
happiest
family in the town. We sleep
with all our might and main
Till Mister
Sun gets up
again

Mother Tabby.

Verses by Charlotte Brewster Jordan

JOHNNY BEAR *tries*

JOHNNY Bear and his Daddy were very much surprised one day, when they met a Kangaroo.

"Hist! Ha!" said Daddy Bear, "why, there's Old Man Kangaroo. He must have run away from the Zoo. What on earth *shall* we do?"

"Don't be afraid Daddy," said Johnny Bear, "I am sure that I can catch him if I look just one brave look right into his eyes. *Now watch me!*"

—and then—

to catch Old Man KANGAROO

"YOU see Daddy," said Johnny Bear, "that he is going down before my brave look. There is nothing like looking things straight in the face."

"Bless me!" thought Daddy Bear, "I do believe that my brave young Bear-child is going to get Old Man Kangaroo after all! I am indeed proud of my little son."

and—

——*but* JOHNNY BEAR *didn't*—

"YES indeed," said Daddy aloud, "You *are* a plucky little bear. Yes, sit down on his tail, good and hard. Stay where you are, good and *tight*. Steady! We'll soon capture Old Man Kangaroo."

Oh! but—

as you see—by FRANK VER BECK

"SCAT! Shoo-o-o! Scoot! You roley-poley stuffed Teddy Bear. Send a *real* bear to capture Old Man Kangaroo."

"O—O—O!" screamed Johnny Bear, "It isn't an Old Man Kangaroo. It is an *earthquake* full of hind legs—legs—legs."

but Johnny Bear didn't get hurt

THE KINGLY GIFT

A RETOLD LEGEND *of the* CHRIST CHILD

SWEETLY slept the babe in the arms of his young mother as she rode slowly along. Beside the ass trudged her weary and footsore husband.

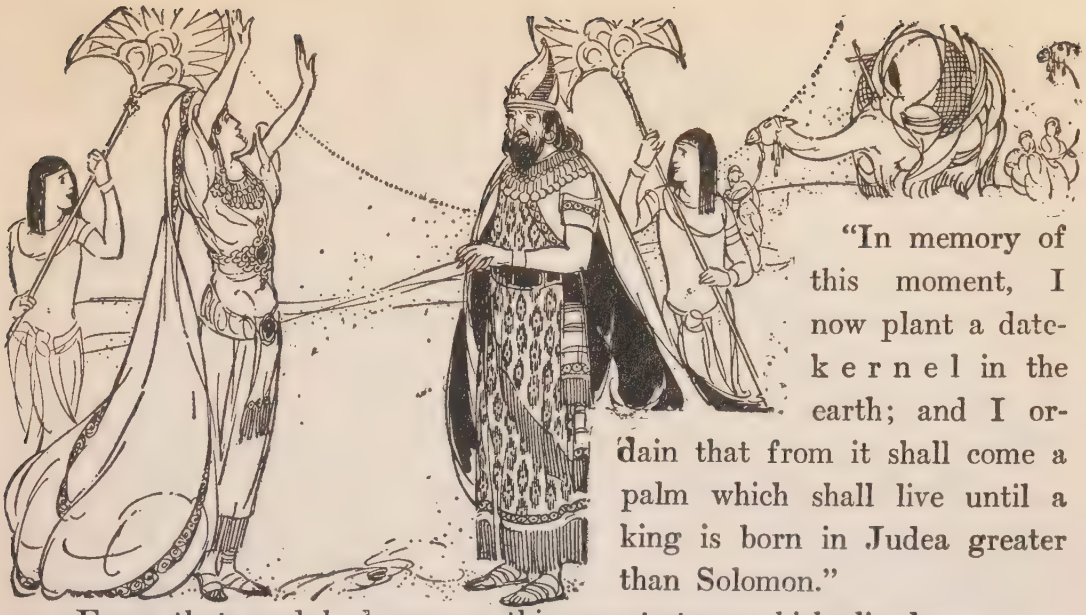
To escape a powerful enemy the family had fled in haste from the little town of Bethlehem, and they were now far in the midst of a dreary desert. The hot sun beat fiercely upon their heads. The dry winds burned their parched lips. And they knew not at what moment the wild beasts or the wild men of the desert might set upon them.

For long hours they had been without food or water; and deep in their hearts grew the fear that beside them stalked an enemy more to be feared than the one from whom they had fled.

At last, far ahead, across the blistering sands, they caught sight of a wonderously tall and beautiful palm tree. They turned that way and hopefully made what haste they could toward the welcome promise of the oasis.

Perhaps they had been told of this kingly tree. It was widely known by all who went to and fro in the desert, for it stood with its crown of leaves and fruit held far above the tops of the other palm trees.

The tree was very old. According to the story-tellers, the seed from which it grew was planted in this oasis by the great Queen of Sheba. It was said that, when this most beautiful of women journeyed homeward from her long visit at the court of the wise King Solomon, he had come with her as far as this place. There the King and Queen had parted from each other. But, during their rest at the oasis, the Queen had said, as she planted a date seed:



"In memory of this moment, I now plant a date-k e r n e l in the earth; and I ordain that from it shall come a palm which shall live until a king is born in Judea greater than Solomon."

From that seed had sprung this great tree which lived on, year after year, through the consuming heat and the burning sandstorms of the desert. Higher and higher it grew, its huge crown of waving frond-like leaves ever beckoning to desert travelers with promise of shade and rest. Among the people of the caravans there were many who believed that the tree would never die.

As the fugitives hastened forward, Mary, the young mother, exclaimed: "Surely we shall find a well of water beneath the tree. Oh, if we can but reach it ere the child awakens!"

"Hasten, then," answered Joseph, her husband.

But when they reached the oasis, they found that the well was dry.

Utterly hopeless in the face of this new disappointment, Joseph cast himself down in despair. What now could he do for his dear ones? He had fled with them from one danger, only to bring them into another one more terrible.

"But God will surely help us," said the gentle young wife, with quenchless faith in the One who had ever pointed their way.

"How can He?" replied her less hopeful husband.

The babe had awakened and was creeping about playing with the little twigs and pebbles upon the ground. As Mary sat watching him, the musical sound of the wind among the palm leaves made her look upward.

"Dates! dates!" she exclaimed, as she saw the heavy clusters of fruit hanging high in the top of the tree.

"Yes, but do not wish for the impossible," answered Joseph, not even lifting his weary head.

The child, however, had noticed the note of gladness in his mother's voice. He seemed to feel that she should have these dates which she desired, and his baby mind busied itself with this problem.

At last, with a smile, he went to the palm, and, stroking it gently with his tiny dimpled hands, he said sweetly:

"Bend down, palm, bend down, palm."

Then a wonderful thing took place. For, slowly but surely, the tall stem of the palm began to bend toward the little child. Farther and farther down it leaned, until it was bowed before Him as men bow themselves in the presence of a king.

At last the crown of the tree rested upon the ground. For even as a great prince might bow to lay his gift at the feet of one who was greater than he, so had the king of the desert palms bowed to place his gift before the King of Kings.

The little Christ ran to the tree and gathered enough fruit to satisfy their needs. When He held enough, again He stroked the stem of the tree and said:

"Arise, palm, arise."

Obediently the tree arose, while all the time the wind played like harps among its leaves.

Mary clasped her precious babe to her breast, and together she and Joseph knelt and gave thanks to God for this miracle.

"Thou hast seen our fear, and taken it from us. Thou art the Mighty One who bends the stem of the palm like a reed. Of whom should we be afraid when thy strength is at hand?"

And so they were fed. But the great palm, from that day, began to wither and die. The desert people noticed and talked of it.

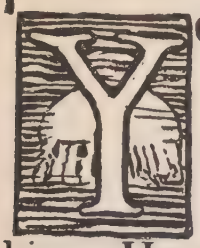
"How can this be?" asked one. "Was not the tree to live until it had seen a king greater than Solomon?"

"Perhaps there is such a king and he has been here," was the answer.

"Who can say?" said still another. "For of a truth the tree doth surely die!"

RUTH R. NELSON

How the Jelly Fish Lost His Shell



OU know, I *hope,* that the Jelly-fish is a poor little wobbly fish just like jelly, without any shell at *all?* Well, once upon a time he had one, and this is how the Japanese say he lost it.

One day Rin-Jin, the Emperor of the Sea, felt very ill. Oh, he was *so* ill! No medicine helped him. He groaned and moaned and squirmed, but didn't get any better. Finally he called Jelly-Fish.

"Jelly-Fish," he moaned, "swim to shore and get me a live monkey! *Live,* mind! I think his liver would cure me."

So Jelly-Fish swam to shore and saw a monkey in a pine-tree. Such a *fine*-looking monkey he was, too! But he pretended to make friends with the monkey.

"Huh!" grunted Jelly-Fish. "I don't think much of *your* home! You ought to see where *I* live, in Rin-Jin's pearl palace!"

"I'd like to see it," said the monkey, looking down at the water. "But I can't swim."

"I'll take you on my back," offered Jelly-Fish, hoping to get this nice live monkey home to his master. So the monkey jumped down to the shell of Jelly-Fish, perched on his back, and away they went. The land soon was far out of sight, and then Jelly-Fish laughed at the monkey.

"I *hope,*" he said, "you brought your liver with you, Mr. Monkey? Emperor Rin-Jin wants to have a nice live monkey's liver to make him well again."

The poor monkey was *terribly* frightened at this. He saw right off how he had been fooled. But he pretended not to mind a bit.

"I wish you had told me that before," he said. "Gracious! Perhaps it is too late!"

"Why, what do you mean?" asked Jelly-Fish, just a wee bit alarmed at the words. "If I had told you, you wouldn't have come."

"Oh, dear Jelly-Fish!" cried the monkey. "You are

wrong! I have a number of livers hanging on that pine-tree where you found me. I am *so* sorry I did not bring one with me! Perhaps there is still time to go back for one?"

Jelly-Fish fell into the trap in *his* turn, and believed the cunning monkey. *Well!* thought he to himself. If Monkey hasn't any liver we'd better go back and get one, *quick!*

So he turned around and swam back to shore as fast as he could. When he got there, Mr. Monkey jumped off with a cry of joy, and leaped into his tree, dancing gaily.

"*Now!*" he cried down to Jelly-Fish. "You poor old silly creature, go catch some one *else!* As if I had any other livers! Ho, ho!"

So poor Jelly-Fish went back home without his live monkey, and Emperor Rin-Jin fell into a *terrible* rage when he heard the story.

"You stupid, good-for-nothing fellow!" he cried angrily.

Then he called his servants. "Take out that foolish fellow and beat him till he hasn't a bone left in all his *body!*"

So they did, and from that day Jelly-Fish has been nothing but a wobbly, twobbly lump of boneless, shell-less jelly, and all the other jelly-fish have been the same ever since. And what do you think of *that!*

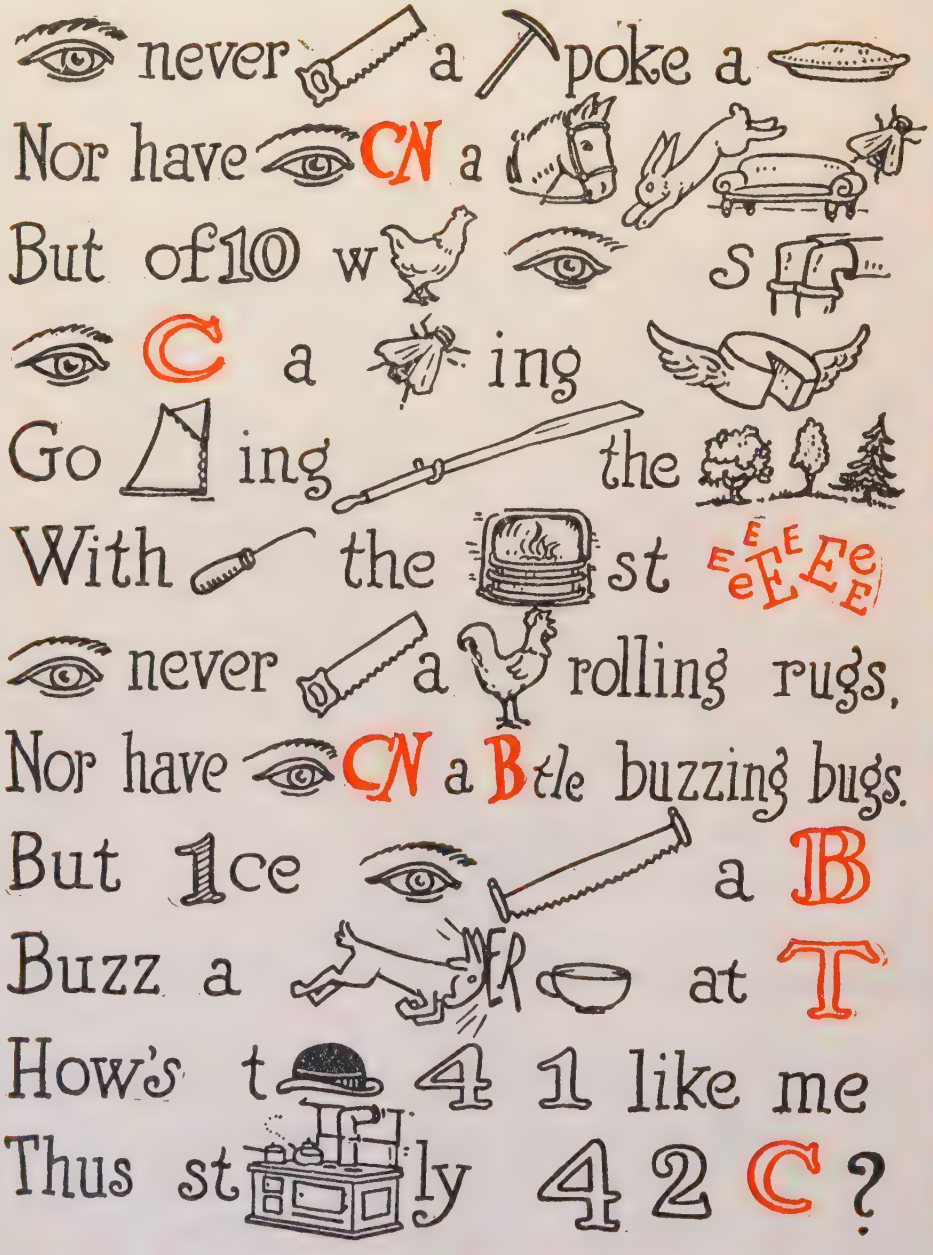
H. J. O'Brien

Tommy's Discovery

MY MOTHER says that I should try
To hold my head up very high.
And now I know just how it feels
When it is lower than my heels.

MURIEL SICHEL

FUNNY QUESTIONS— SILLY JOKES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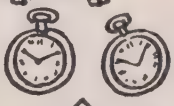
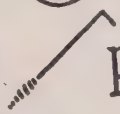
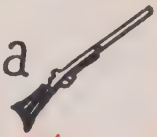
U never a  NE 1

Nor have U CN a  poke a 

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SPRING SONG

YOU know how you feel on the first warm day in spring when you simply have to take off your coat before you get home from school? The day before, you were cold and bundled up for winter weather. Then somehow, just over night, the sun feels warmer, and that pile of snow that has been in the corner of the yard so long melts and runs away. The little tufts of grass around the house are a fresh, bright green.

Next day a bluebird flashes by, and you see the first robin. Somebody brings pussy-willows to school. On the way home you discover the crocuses are up, yellow and lavender and pink. Then, so suddenly that you can't think when it could have happened, all the trees have budded and are covered with a lovely pale green mist.

You feel so happy and free you could dance and shout, and yet, at the same time, somehow, you feel tired and—not sad, exactly, but wistful, as though you were waiting for something to happen that might *not* happen!

Then very soon, the leaves are grown so large that they cast a shadow, and the lilacs and apple blossoms are out, and you know that something *did* happen, and spring has really come.

There is a little piece of music that says all these things, and says them much better than any words can. It is Mendelssohn's *Spring Song*. See if it does not make you feel just the way the spring does. Does it not make you think of bluebirds and swelling green buds and pussy-willows and apple blossoms? Get some one to play it for you on the phonograph or violin or piano and listen! Or perhaps you yourself can play it and can make others feel about it just as you do.

GLADYS WOLCOTT BARNES

THE FEAST of BELSHAZZAR

MANY centuries before Jesus the Christ came into this world to establish His kingdom, there lived a ruler in Babylon whose name was Belshazzar. He was a wicked king, who trusted in his own power, and knew not God. For, although he bowed down and worshipped the gods of the Chaldeans—idols of silver and gold, of brass and iron, of wood and stone—he knew not the One Supreme Being, the "I Am That I Am," who is the one true God. (Exodus 3:14.)

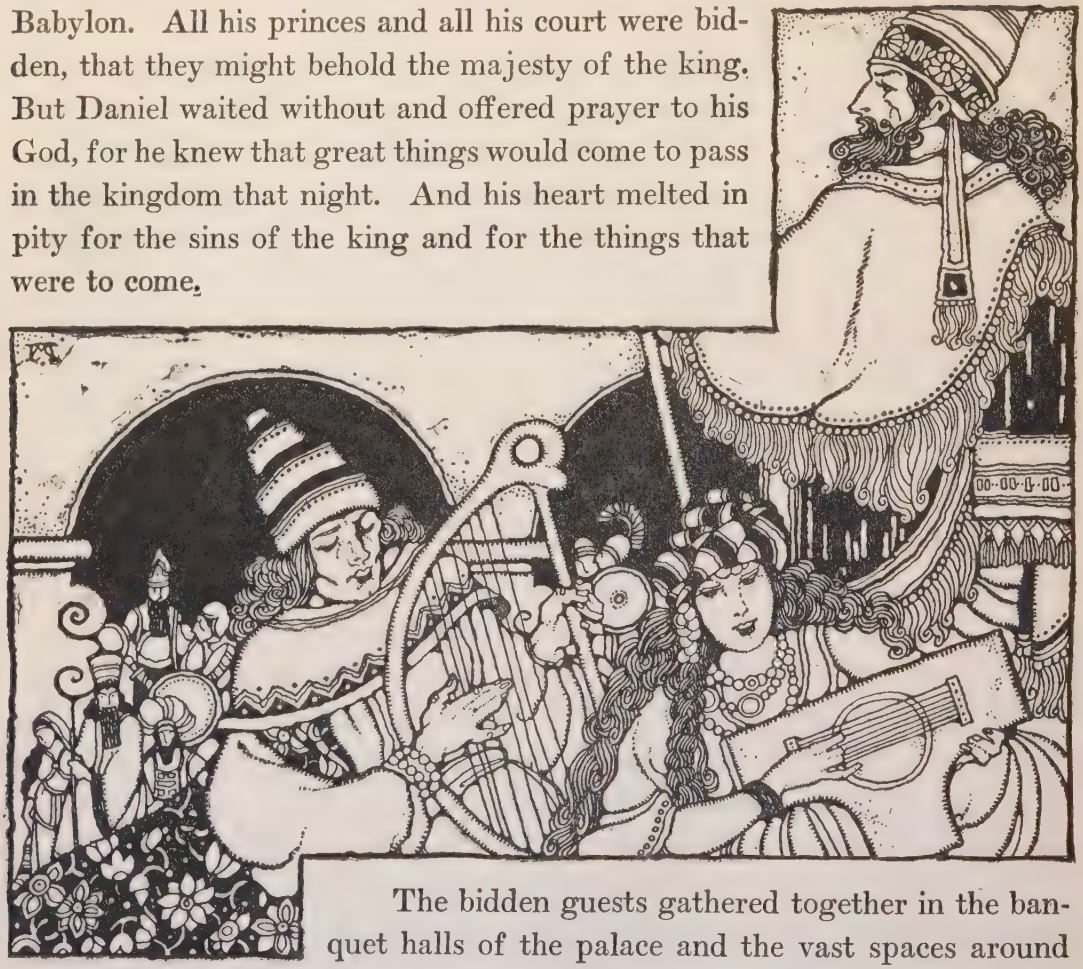
There lived also in Babylon, at this time, a man of Judah, who had been brought captive from Jerusalem. His name was Daniel. Daniel was well thought of by the people, and stood in favor because he was a just man and gifted with vision—able to interpret dreams, to read strange writings, and to foretell the fate of nations and of kings.

But Daniel vaunted not himself in pride, for he knew that all this knowledge and all this power were not of himself, but of the "I Am That I Am," the God of the Hebrews, whom he trusted. Everything he desired to know he sought with prayer and fasting, and waited upon the Lord, and the knowledge came. Thus all his sayings were true, and men dwelt upon the words of his lips.

Daniel did not dwell in the palace of the king, nor seek favor in high places, but in humbleness of spirit preferred the pulse* and water of the captives' lot to the delicate fare of the king's table. Thus it happened that the king paid little heed to the words of the man of Judah, and consulted, in his stead, the soothsayers of his own kingdom.

*Vegetables, such as peas, beans and lentils.

These soothsayers prophesied great things for Belshazzar the king, and he became puffed up with pride and did homage to himself alone, and could not be satisfied with the pomps and vanities that were his. He desired to excel in grandeur anything ever known, and decreed that a feast be prepared which should be more glorious than any before in the kingdom of Babylon. All his princes and all his court were bidden, that they might behold the majesty of the king. But Daniel waited without and offered prayer to his God, for he knew that great things would come to pass in the kingdom that night. And his heart melted in pity for the sins of the king and for the things that were to come.



The bidden guests gathered together in the banquet halls of the palace and the vast spaces around about. The palace glowed with the light of many candles, and the people danced to the sound of many instruments of music—the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery and dulcimer. And they all cried out in praise of the king, saying: "Was there ever a feast like this? Was there ever such royal magnificence?"

The king stood, in his pride, and looked on the multitude that had assembled—there were a thousand who were lords, and perhaps a thousand and one who were not lords. There was the rustle of garments heavy with the richest fabrics of Chaldea—the flash and glimmer of jewels more brilliant than

we can imagine. Belshazzar had set himself to be more powerful than any god, but Daniel waited without and prayed; for he trembled at the vision the Lord his God had given him.

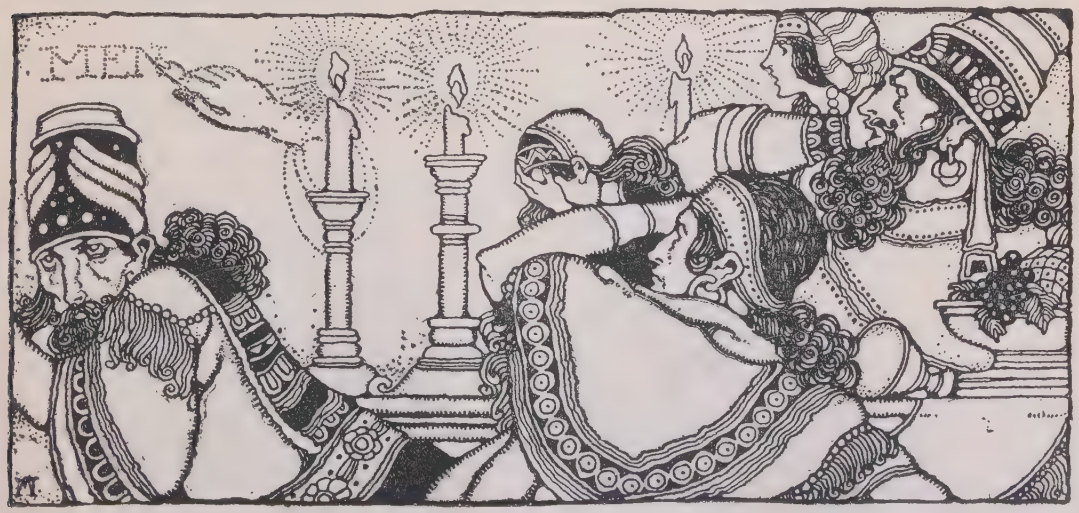
Then called the chamberlains of the banquet, and the king walked before his guests to the feast. In the great halls there was merriment and feasting and the rich sparkle of wine. The candles guttered in their candlesticks and were replaced, the brilliancy was like that of day, and with laughter and jest the voices were as of a multitude.

But hold! The king has spoken: "These jeweled goblets are of too common a mold to touch the lips of a king. Bring on the golden and silver vessels—the golden cups once consecrated to God, and which my father, Nebuchadnezzar, brought as spoil from the temple at Jerusalem."

The sanctified service was brought, the unsanctified wine glistened and sparkled over the golden brims, and the thousands drank. Was ever a feast like this? Was there ever merriment so intense, such exquisite perfection of motion, such music, such wine?

But hush! What awful thing is this? There is no sound of merriment now, nor music, nor laughter. A dreadful silence has fallen upon the multitude.

Suddenly, over against the candlesticks, upon the plaster of the wall, show forth the fingers of a man's hand. And the ghastly members write—write in mystic wording—a message for the king. The king's eyeballs start from their sockets, his knees smite together, his thought is troubled, and his countenance is changed.



"Bring in the astrologers and the Chaldeans and the soothsayers," he cries. The astrologers and the Chaldeans and the soothsayers are summoned, but they can read no meaning in these hidden words.

But now the king calls for the queen, and the queen, by reason of the words of the king and his lords, enters the house of banqueting. And with her woman's quick solution of the problem, she says: "Call Daniel, the man of God."

They call Daniel, who enters and stands before the king. The words of the writing are: "Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin." And Daniel bows not to the king, but interprets as he stands: *"Mene*—God hath numbered thy kingdom, and finished it." *"Tekel*—Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting." *"Peres*—Thy kingdom is divided, and given to the Medes and Persians."

Awful denunciation of God. For, even as the voice of Daniel sounded, the tramp of marching feet was heard from without, and Darius, king of the Medes, was at the door.

In that night was Belshazzar, the king of the Chaldeans, slain.

GRACE ADELE PIERCE.

CAN'T GET THEM UP IN THE MORNING

BREAKFAST is ready; the toaster is red,
But *who* is a-dawdling and romping in bed?

A yawn o'er a stocking, a button or two
Are buttoned with grumbles, with grunts o'er a shoe.

Poor Mother is waiting; the porridge is cooling,
While certain young persons are fussing and fooling.

It's hard to believe it! It cannot be true!
No *children* behave so! *I* wouldn't—would *you?*

THE YELLOW EMPEROR

DID you ever see a Yellow Emperor? It is a great big, lovely moth that usually flies the first warm nights in early June. When you are older, you may read a book called *The Girl of The Limberlost;* in it there is a story about a Yellow Emperor. If you are so fortunate as to live near an arc-light at the outskirts of a city or town, you may be able to catch several, provided you have some sort of net and will linger under the light during the early evening.

The Yellow Emperor is a beautiful moth. Its big floppy wings, some three or four inches across, are bright gold, marked with soft brown that looks like lavender in certain lights. You will have to watch out for the bats that hover around the electric lights, for they are very fond of Yellow Emperors and will grab one almost the instant it flutters into sight. Perhaps if you are very quick, you can cheat Mr. Bat out of his evening meal.

Should you be so lucky as to catch a female moth, you can raise some from the eggs. The female has a bigger body than the male; in fact, the entire

moth is larger and the "feelers" are not so broadly feathered as the male. If you secure one of the little ladies, put her in a small pasteboard box—a shoe box will do—and in a few days she will begin to lay her eggs, unless, of course, she has already done so. This is not likely, for these moths die very shortly after they finish laying. It is not uncommon to get more than a hundred eggs from one moth. You will find them fastened all over the box and sometimes in little heaps upon the bottom.

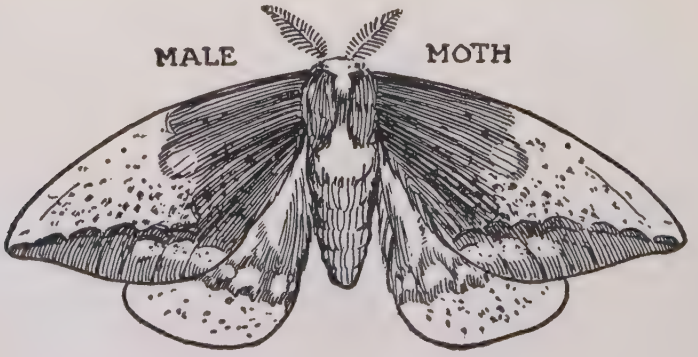
In about ten days, if the eggs are fertile, they will commence to hatch, and out of the little white pellets will come the tiniest wee caterpillars that you ever saw. From then on you will have to feed these worms. The caterpillar of the Yellow Emperor will eat a greater variety of plants than most worms, being fond of oak, persimmon, "sourwood," maple, pine, and many others. I have found pine to be a good food for them, as it does not wilt quickly. The best plan is first to lay a few twigs with tender growth on them in the box with the hatching eggs, and, as soon as the worms crawl upon them, remove them to a good sized screened box with a tight cover,

You must change the food every few days, giving them plenty of fresh leaves to eat. With a little practice you can soon become expert in taking off the little worms and placing them on new food, or you can lay the fresh twigs alongside of the old, if you wish, and the worms will crawl over of their own accord. As they grow bigger, you will have to provide larger quarters for them, for it does not pay to crowd the worms, and a full-grown Yellow Emperor caterpillar will be over three inches long. They are perfectly harmless and will not sting or hurt you in any way. The caterpillars are covered with stiff, prickly spines and usually are a dark green color, although you may have some yellow ones or even dark brown ones, but they will all make the same kind of moth. In October, I have gathered dozens from the pine saplings and other shrubs where they feed.

When the worms begin to reach full size, you must put several inches of fine clean sand in the bottom of their cage, keeping it slightly moist by sprinkling every day or so. They will begin burrowing into this bed and, the first thing you know, some morning you will find one or two funny brown chrysalises poking their ends up through the sand. You must handle them very carefully, placing them in a new screened box that has several inches of clean baked sand on the bottom. This box must be kept away from frost—a cellar is a fine place—and once or twice a week sprinkle them lightly to keep them from becoming too dry.

The Yellow Emperor, as a rule, makes its chrysalis in September or October, and will not emerge until the following June unless kept in a warm place, in which case it may come out sooner. The result of all this work will be a number of the most beautiful moths that you ever laid eyes upon, for those that are bred are much more finely colored than those you catch.

J. Gaither Bonniwell.



WHAT HAPPENED TO SARA-SIT-DOWN

ONCE upon a time there was a little girl named Sara-Sit-Down. That wasn't her real name, of course, but she was so used to hearing her Father and Mother say it to her that she thought it must be. She always told it to strangers that way when they asked what her name was, and she couldn't see why they always laughed. If a flower can be called *Johnny-Jump-Up*, why can't a little girl be called *Sara-Sit-Down*?

There was a lovely wood right back of Sara-Sit-Down's house where she played. She never was allowed to go past the big oak tree, but her Father promised some day when she was tall enough to see on top of the mantelpiece without getting on a chair that he would take her with him for a whole day's trip right into the woods. She used to measure herself every day under the mantelpiece in case she might have grown very fast over night, but there always seemed to be plenty of room for her under it even when she stood on tip toe and put her fists on top of each other above her head.

She spent a great deal of her time sitting under the big oak tree, and she wondered what the people looked like who lived in the woods, and whether their mantelpieces were as high as hers. Then she would get up and measure herself against the tree for she had asked her Father to put a notch in the tree that was just as high as the top of the mantelpiece.

One very hot day, as Sara-Sit-Down was sitting under the oak tree, she thought she heard voices in the woods. They sounded like children's voices and she wanted very much to see what they were doing. She jumped up to measure herself against the tree and to her great surprise she found the notch was just on a level with her shoulder.

"Now I am tall enough to see on top of the mantelpiece," she cried,

joyously, so she turned and ran into the woods as hard as she could go.

She ran on for quite a long time until she was out of breath, so she sat down on a big log.

"What is the matter?" said a voice right over her head.

Sara-Sit-Down looked all around to see who could be speaking, but there was no one in sight except a little bird with a red cap on its head that sat looking at her from the branch of the tree.

"Did you speak?" she said to the bird very politely.

"I certainly did," snapped the bird. "Are you deaf? I asked you what was the matter."

"I've lost my breath," explained Sara-Sit-Down.

"Look in that box and you will find it," said the bird, and it pointed with its wing to a small white box tied with cord that lay at the foot of the tree.

"That is silly," said Sara-Sit-Down. "You couldn't find your breath in a box."

"Oh, very well," said the bird crossly, "if you think you know better than I do." And it flew away.

"What a disagreeable bird," thought Sara-Sit-Down. "It must be the one that always tells Mother when I am bad."

She decided she might as well open the box anyway and see what was in it. So she started to unfasten the string that was tied around it. It had several large knots in it, but she finally got it undone. She took the lid off and looked in but there was not a single thing inside.

"Why, it is empty," she said, in a provoked voice. "That stupid bird!" and she threw the box away as far as she could. Then she got up to go on for she had her breath back by this time.

"Well," said the bird's voice once more, and looking up she saw it sitting on the branch. "Well I see you found your breath again."

"I didn't find it in the box," Sara-Sit-Down retorted.

"I never said you would. I never said you would," said the bird "Ha! Ha!" and it flew away laughing.

Sara-Sit-Down started on again through the woods, but she had not gone very far before she heard something coming along behind her. She looked around and saw a queer looking animal. It was about the size of a horse and was very thin and angular, and instead of walking like ordinary animals it folded itself up and sprang forward every time it moved.

"Hello," it said in a friendly tone as it came up to where she was.

"Hello," answered Sara-Sit-Down. And then, because she was very curious to know what kind of animal it was, she added, "What is your name?"

"I am the Saw Horse," said the animal, "and if you are going my way I shall be glad to take you along." And with that it folded itself up neatly on the ground and waited for Sara-Sit-Down to get on its back.

Its back was sharp and uncomfortable looking, but she was afraid of hurting its feelings so she thanked it politely and climbed up, holding on as best she could, and in a moment more she was jerking along at a great rate of speed. It was not nearly so uncomfortable as it looked, and she soon found that by leaning forward every time it gave a jerk it hardly jolted her at all.

"Where are you going?" asked the Saw Horse after they had traveled along for a while in silence.

"Nowhere in particular," said Sara-Sit-Down. "I heard children's voices and I was trying to find them."

"Well, this is where you get off then," said the Saw Horse, and it folded itself up once more and waited for her to step down.

"There is your path down that way," it said and jerked its head in the direction she was to go. Then it gave another jerk and started off through the woods.

Looking around, Sara-Sit-Down saw a large sign post with its arms pointing in opposite directions, so she went to see what was written on it .The arm pointing the way the Saw Horse had told her to go was marked, "*to nowhere in particular*," while the other arm was marked, "*to somewhere else*".

"This must be the way I am to go," she said to herself and started down the path marked, "*to nowhere in particular*".

She had not gone very far before she heard the children's voices again and in a few minutes she came out on a small open place where there was a crowd of children hurrying about. In the middle of the field was a large pile of kindling wood and on the top of it sat a tall, thin young man with glasses about ten times too large for him. In one hand he held an immense umbrella which was open and in the other a large piece of pumpkin pie. Every time he said anything, he would wave the umbrella around in the air wildly and as soon as he had finished, he would take a bite of pie.

"What is going on?" Sara-Sit-Down asked one of the children as it hurried by, its arms full of sticks of kindling wood.

"Class in Addition," said the Child, and hurried to the wood pile.

"Put down 2 and carry 6," called the young man, waving his umbrella.

Each child put down two sticks, picked up six from the pile and ran off into the woods with them. The young man took another large bite of his pie.

"It is very rude to eat before people, I'm sure," said Sara-Sit-Down, for the pie looked very good and she was quite hungry.

The young man glared at her. "Turn your back then," he retorted, adding in a loud voice, "Put down 1 and carry 95."

The children all rushed to pick up the sticks, but they had hardly begun when with a crash down came the woodpile. The young man came sliding down, too, waving his umbrella more wildly than ever.

"That will do for to-day," he said in a very decided tone as he stopped sliding. "Class is dismissed." He got up, gave himself a little shake, and then with the umbrella still open in one hand and the rest of the pie in the other, and without saying another word, he trotted off through the woods.

"Why does he carry his umbrella up like that," asked Sara-Sit-Down.

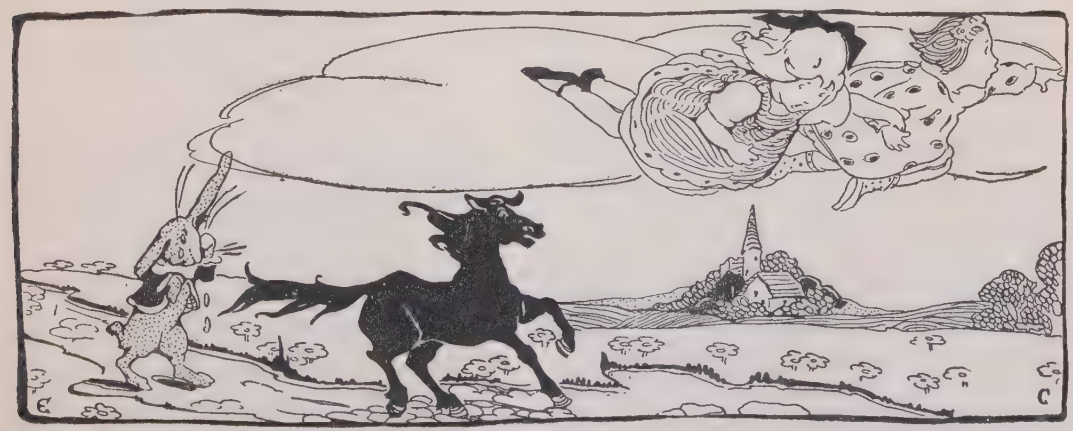
"For a Rainy Day, of course," answered the Child who had come back and was standing at her side. "He is saving it UP. People should always save something up for a Rainy Day, and why not an umbrella?"

The rest of the children by this time had disappeared down the path after the young man, so Sara-Sit-Down and the Child started to follow. There were two strange animals going along in front of them. At first Sara-Sit-Down could not make out what they were, but presently she saw that the smaller one was a yellow rabbit while the other one was a pretty, shiny, little black horse.

"There are the Welsh Rabbit and the Nightmare," said the Child. "They always go together. Be sure not to bite the Rabbit as we go by for you never can tell what the Nightmare will do."

"I'm sure I don't want to bite him," said Sara-Sit-Down. But as they hurried by, he looked so very good that she decided to change her mind, so she leaned over and took a large bite out of his fat yellow ear.

"Oh, dear!" said the Child. "I told you not to. Now we shall have to fly," and started moving her arms and feet as though she were swimming. Sara-Sit-Down hurriedly did the same and in a moment they were both flying along through the air. They were not a second too soon for they could hear the Nightmare racing along behind them. But they were going so fast that they soon left him far behind.



"Here we are," called the Child presently, and they landed on top of a garden wall. In the middle of the garden stood a large pear tree and hanging from its branches were all sizes of pink and white striped candy canes.

"It is the Sugar Cane Tree," explained the Child. "Hurry."

They both jumped to the ground and pushed their way through the crowd of children standing near, all eating canes.

"What do you do when all the canes are picked," asked Sara-Sit-Down.

"They never are all picked," said the Child. "See." She picked a large cane with a broad red stripe marked Peppermint and immediately another cane exactly like it appeared in its place.

"Well," said Sara-Sit-Down, "I always wondered what Sugar Cane was like, but I never thought it was as nice as this."

They picked as many canes as they could carry and then started off through the woods to eat them. As they walked along, Sara-Sit-Down kept tripping over packs of playing cards that lay in the path and insisted on getting in her way, and as they turned a corner she saw great piles of cards everywhere. Some were scattered over the grass and some were piled up in heaps as high as her head.

There was a stream of water crossing the path right in front of them and along its banks was quite a crowd of people all with their hands full of cards, and all talking and scolding at once.

"What in the world are they doing?" asked Sara-Sit-Down, for from the excited manner in which they were going on she thought every moment they would start a fight.

"They are playing Bridge," said the Child.

Just then the crowd parted and Sara-Sit-Down saw that they were building a bridge over the stream out of cards, very much like the card houses she often made, only it was much bigger. In the middle of the

crowd stood the young man with the umbrella. He evidently had finished his pie by this time for he was holding a pile of cards in that hand. Suddenly he tossed his cards up in the air and waved his umbrella.

"It's done. It's done," he shouted, and all the rest of the people started to cheer and throw the cards they were holding up in the air, too. Just then the young man turned around and seeing Sara-Sit-Down, he shouted at her, "It's done. It's done."

"I am very glad," said Sara-Sit-Down, politely, though she thought it was very silly to make such a fuss over a bridge of cards.

"You shall go over it first," said the young man and he took hold of her arm and pushed her down to the edge of the stream.

"I don't care to," said Sara-Sit-Down, holding back as hard as she could. "Don't be silly. You can't get anywhere on a bridge of cards."

"Oh, yes, you can," shouted the people and they gave her a push up on to the bridge. But just as she reached the middle of it the bridge began to fall.

"I told you so," she shrieked, and down she came, bridge and all, and the cards went whirling and flying around her in every direction.

She opened her eyes at last and found that she was sitting under the big oak tree in her own yard. In her lap was a big oak leaf and she could hear her mother calling her from the house. She rubbed her eyes very hard for a minute, but the woods looked just as they always did.

"Dear me," she said, as she got up, "I'm glad that umbrella man magicked me home again. It's very thrilling to be big enough to go into the big woods, but I believe I like real things best, after all." And she ran home to eat her bread and milk supper on the porch with her pet cat, Judy, beside her chair. Welsh Rabbits and Nightmares might do for a lark but Judy was better to live with.

SARA ANNE TWINING.

GROW YOUR OWN BIRD-HOUSES

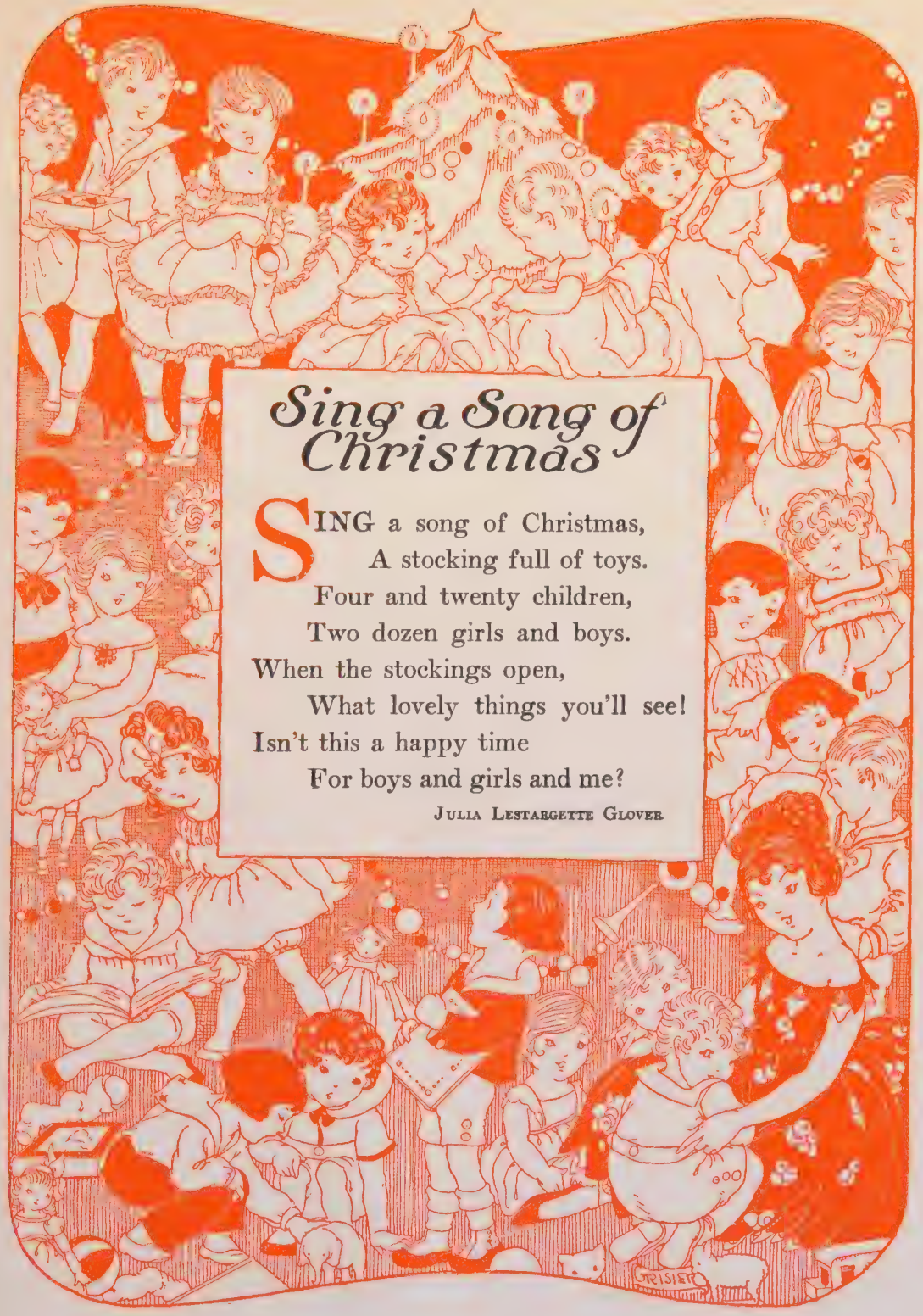
YES, instead of using hammer and nails and saw and wire, let Mother Nature build them for you. Just buy a package of dipper-gourd seed that is to be found in any seed catalog; after the ground gets warm in May, plant them where they will have plenty of sun. They like to ramble over a fence; better still, if you have an arbor for the vines to cling to, they will provide you with plenty of shade all summer. In the fall you will have as many gourd bird-houses as you will need, and some to give to your friends, or to sell if you wish.

All you have to do to the gourd is to cut a hole about the size of a quarter on one side, a little below the top slope, so that the rain cannot enter and dampen the tiny birdlings. The inside pulp and seeds must then be scraped out. A shallow notch may be cut around the stem to keep the string from slipping off, or a tack may be driven in the side to hold it. Then your gourd may be hung to the limb of a tree or in any other desired place. Your house is ready for the little wrens when they are hunting a place in which to start housekeeping.

GOURD VINE

Should the holes in the gourd be too large, the sparrows will enter, not only to destroy the eggs, but to kill the baby birds as well. After each nesting time, the material should all be removed, as the wrens prefer to build their nests from the very beginning. The outside of these gourds becomes very hard and will last several seasons.

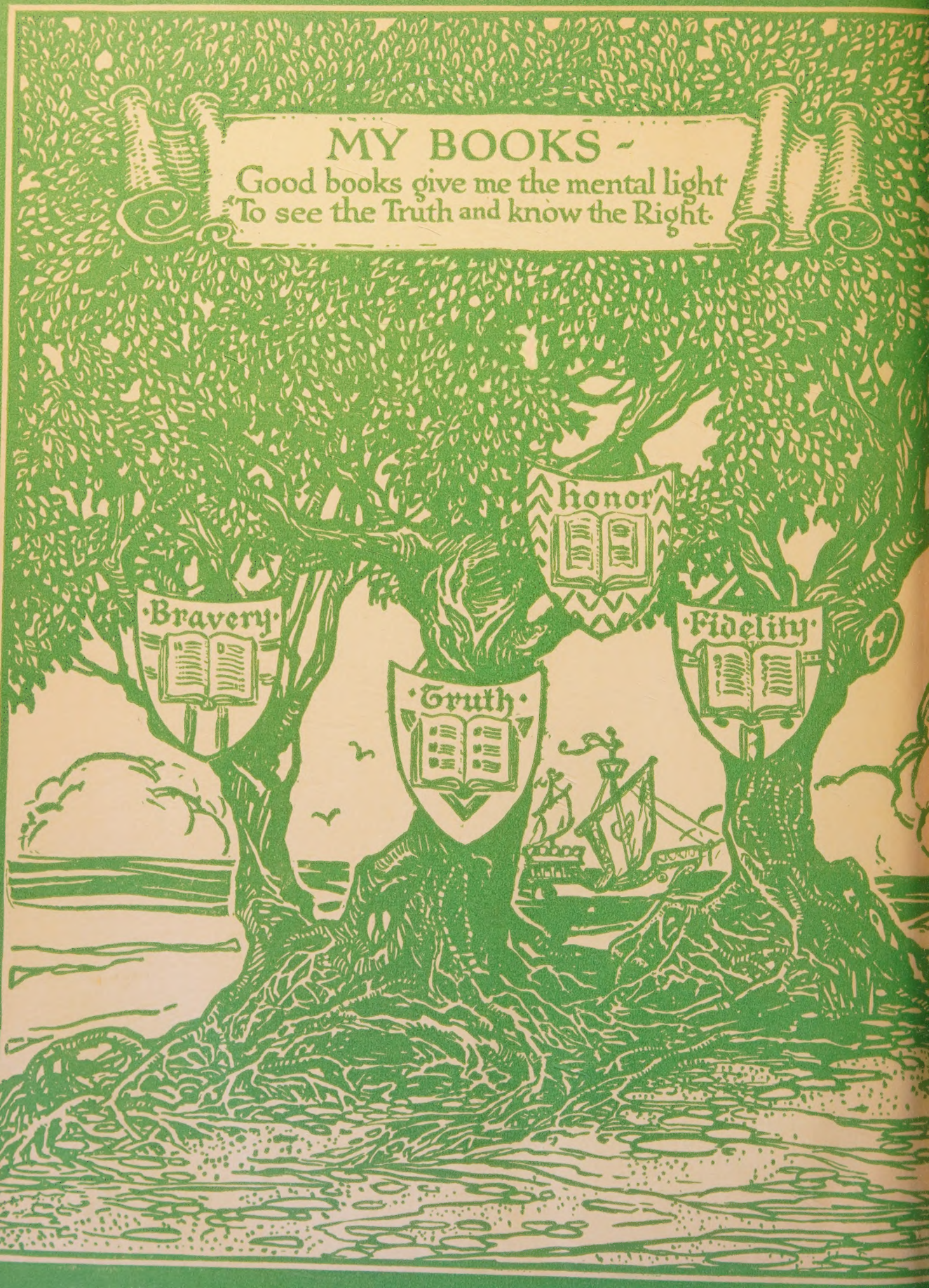
M. N. WILCOX

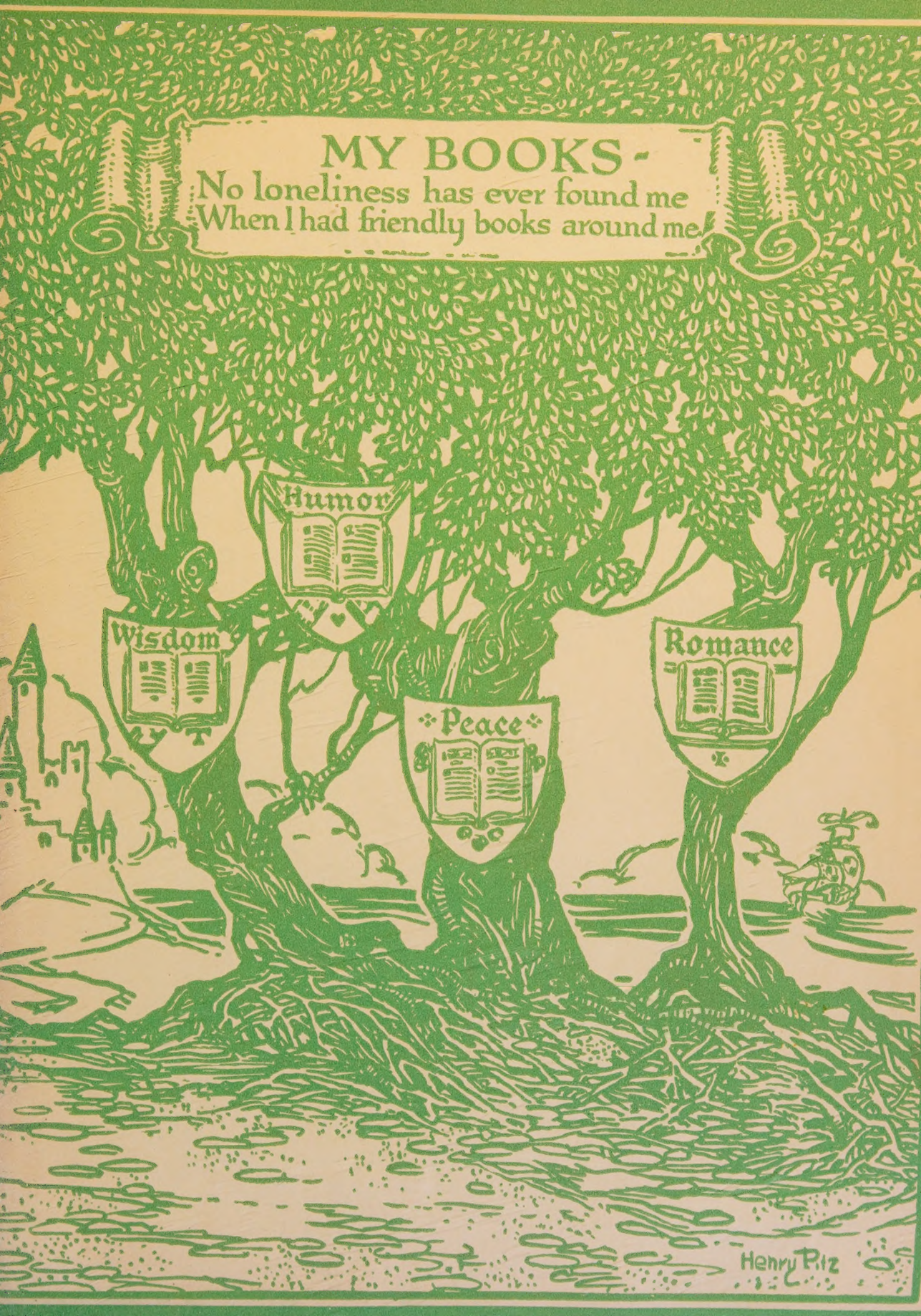


Sing a Song of Christmas

SING a song of Christmas,
A stocking full of toys.
Four and twenty children,
Two dozen girls and boys.
When the stockings open,
What lovely things you'll see!
Isn't this a happy time
For boys and girls and me?

JULIA LESTARGETTE GLOVER


MY BOOKS -
Good books give me the mental light
To see the Truth and know the Right.
Honor
Bravery
Fidelity
Truth


MY BOOKS -
No loneliness has ever found me
When I had friendly books around me!
Humor
Wisdom
Peace
Romance
Henry Pitz